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GUILD, JOSEPHUS CONN.
OLD TIMES IN TENNESSEE.

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POCKET

OLD TIMES IN TENNESSEE,

WITH

HISTORICAL, PERSONAL, AND POLITICAL SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.

Some said, Jo., print it,
Others said, Not so—
Some said, It might do good,
Others said, No.
—*John Bunyan.*

BY JO. C. GUILD,

JUDGE OF THE LAW COURT OF NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE:
TAVEL, EASTMAN & HOWELL.
1878.

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PREFACE.

In the intervals of leisure occurring during my official duties or while engaged in the practice of my profession, I have occasionally jotted down my recollections of historical and political events that have occurred in and about Nashville during the first half of the present century, and within the range of my own observation. It was a matter of mere pastime and for my own amusement, rather than for the edification of others. But some of my many old friends—contemporaries in politics, at the bar, and on the bench—have insisted that it is worth while to select some of these scraps and sketches and prevent their loss to history by printing them in a book. Of course I filed a demurrer; and yet, as the young lady in the play when persistently addressed, modestly hides her blushes behind her fan and gracefully consents, so do I.

Much that I had prepared for this volume has been crowded out, in consequence of having already gone beyond the limit of my contract of publication. In the pages that follow, I have given to the reader the first impression, without the after touch that might have added to the finish and beauty of the work. It is said that Lord Bacon was engaged for thirty years in maturing his great work, "Novem Organum," which he rewrote twelve times. I give to the reader these sketches hastily drawn, as they came from the furnace, without the polish of after-thought and labor, and hope they will afford at least some pleasure to those who take a glimpse through them at the olden time.

83-13313

I desire to say in conclusion, that these chronicles and sketches of the early days in and around the State capital are most respectfully dedicated

To the Old Folks of Tennessee.

If they or their descendants enjoy the reading as much as I have the writing, then the book will not have been written and printed entirely in vain.

Jo. C. Guild.

Nashville, December, 1878.

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Old Times in Tennessee.

I.

Introductory.

It is natural for one who has performed a long journey, starting out in life without an outfit, and without any of the advantages and opportunities that have been enjoyed by so large a portion of those who have impressed their names indelibly upon the times in which they lived, to pause near the end of this life-journey and live over the halcyon days of youth and the sunny and pleasant periods of manhood, to review the few advantages he may have enjoyed, and the many difficulties that beset his path, and to revive in his memory many of the scenes and incidents which have reflected sunshine and shadow on that long journey. An unpretending but somewhat eventful life has developed much which, if not beneficial to those who may come after the writer, may at least interest such as follow him through these pages, while the recounting the same will prove a source of enjoyment to one whose "way of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf." There is much to interest, much to instruct and amuse, in the times through which I have passed, and I shall endeavor to cull a shrub here and a flower there for the generation that has come upon the stage since I was a boy among the pioneers who laid, here in the wilds of an almost unbroken wilderness, the foundations of a great and populous State. After a great battle has been fought, it is natural, when the smoke has lifted itself above the ensanguined field, that the soldier should go over the ground to see who of his companions have been slain and who survive. When I look around for my school-mates and for the friends and acquaintances of my youth, I find that nearly all of them have paid the inexorable debt of nature. A few still exist on "this bank and shoal of time," but they are scattered over this broad continent. Every landmark of the time when I was a boy has passed away; no corner-stones now

stand, and only the names, borne by a noble and gallant offspring, remain to mark the existence of generations that have faded from the earth. Truly, "thus fades the glory of the world."

My father, Maj. Walter Guild, an educated Scotchman, immigrated to America, with his brother, about the year 1796. The latter settled in Baltimore, while my father chose Virginia for his home, where he married Elizabeth Conn, a daughter of a soldier of the revolution, who fought under Col. Washington. My father was a successful merchant for several years, increasing his establishment with the growth of business, the management of which he entrusted to an agent. The unfaithfulness of that agent brought ruin upon my father, and forced him to give up his establishment. He then removed to Stewart county, Tennessee, and settled upon a tract of land lying a few miles from the present town of Erin, the county seat of Houston county. It was mainly a Scotch settlement, the McMillians being the first. Those early settlers were the pioneers of the section lying between the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. My earliest recollections are associated with the county of Stewart, for it was in that county I was born, and where I spent several years of my early boyhood. Haysboro was then the rival of Nashville, but while the latter has grown to a large city, the former is numbered with the renowned places of past ages. In those early days all new-comers were received with open arms, and welcomed to their homes as members of the same great family. The welcome they received made them feel that they had not cast their lot among strangers, but that they had taken up their residence among old friends, if not relatives. A rude log house was put up by the joint labors of those who had settled in a neighborhood, with a puncheon floor and a clap-board roof, the boards being secured and held in place by weight-poles and cross-pieces. It was then chinked and afterward daubed with common clay made into morter. Windows were a luxury not enjoyed by the tenants of these cabins. The fire-place was large, occupying nearly the whole of one end of the cabin, and insured warmth in the coldest of weather. It was in such a house, hastily constructed, that the new-comer would be installed and made to feel that he was not a stranger. There were very few schools in those early days, while here and there was a meeting-house or a camp-ground, for

a strong religious sentiment pervaded the communities who subdued the wilderness and made it to blossom as the rose. These pioneers were the advance guard of civilization, and they were characterized by an open-handed hospitality, a noble and unselfish friendship, a broad and generous charity, unknown at the present day. Their wants were few and easily supplied. The country abounded in game of all kinds, and families were bountifully supplied with wild meats of the most savory and delicious kinds. Small patches were cleared and cultivated, which produced corn, wheat, potatoes, and cotton in sufficient amount to meet the wants of the inhabitants. They also raised some hogs, sheep, and milch cows. The men and boys cleared the grounds, made fences, and cultivated the crops; while the women did the house-work—cooked, milked, spun the cotton on the old-fashioned spinning wheel, wove the cloth on a hand-loom, and made all the clothing for the family. All lived contented, happy, and comfortable, and enjoyed a remarkable degree of health. There were very few lawyers then, for people settled their disputes among themselves, and had no occasion to go to law; and doctors were among the curiosities, for the people were healthy, and had no use for them. Every family was well supplied with medicinal herbs and roots, especially what was called the snake-root, to be used in case any one should be bitten by a copperhead or rattlesnake, which, next to the Indian, were the most dangerous enemies we had to encounter. Vice, dissipation, and vagrancy were unknown in that locality. The people had their social gatherings, their house-raisings, log-rollings, corn-huskings, and reapings. The reap-hook was alone used, the scythe and cradle being unknown to those early settlers. The wheat was threshed with a flail or trodden out by horses. Threshers and reapers are inventions of the present day. The ladies had their cotton pickings and quiltings, at the conclusion of which all present joined in the dance.

> "We danced all night by the bright moonlight,
> And went home with the girls in the morning."

These were enjoyable occasions, for they drew together whole neighborhoods, old and young, and each vied with the other to contribute to the pleasure of those present. The gossip, the bane of every community, was unknown in that region. Those sturdy

old pioneers were not only social in their habits, but they were eminently a hospitable people, and all who came within their influence experienced the genial warmth of these generous and noble impulses.

The trusty rifle was the companion of every man at that day, and the result was that Tennessee produced some of the best marksmen of that or any other age. The well-known crack of the rifle told that the noble stag of the forest had fallen, or that a prowling Indian had paid the penalty of his temerity. The military spirit, aroused by the revolution, and called forth by the skirmishes with the savages in which the pioneers had to engage in the work of protecting and extending the settlements, was cherished and cultivated by the descendants of those brave men, and this spirit was signally displayed by Tennesseeans in the war of 1812, in all the Indian wars, and in that with Mexico, and justly won for us the honorable distinction of the Volunteer State. The citizen soldier prided himself upon attending the periodical musters, each man bearing his arms, and the highest honor sought by the citizen was a command in the militia.

The first settlers of the State encountered privations that might well have appalled the stoutest hearts. Unprotected by the General Government, they fought their way West, extending the circle of civilization amid hunger, privations, and fierce rencounters with the Indians. The two great leaders of the pioneers of this section, Col. Anthony Bledsoe and Col. Isaac Bledsoe, also Capt. Hall, Maj. Winchester, and many others, fell in engagements with the Indians, and enriched the virgin soil with their blood in securing for themselves and for succeeding generations the noble heritage we this day enjoy. Their names have been embalmed in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, and their memory will be cherished with gratitude while time lasts.

As I have said, the wants of families, when the "settlements" were struggling for existence, were few, and easily supplied by an industry essential to health, and such as promotes virtue. There were no drones in the hive to eat up the honey of the working bees; no corrupt rings formed, as they now are throughout the United States, to subsedise Congress, to create monopolies, to contract the currency in behalf of the bondholders, to secure the enactment of class legislation, to tinker with

the currency in the interest of the money power and those ruling the government; to change the debt of the country from the original contract, to be redeemed in the like currency received in its creation, to a gold-bearing debt, principal and interest; to demonetize half the currency of the country, the silver dollar; to create a currency for the people and another of higher value for the bondholder and the payment of government dues. We then had no tariff for the mere protection of New England manufacturers, making the consumers pay from forty to fifty per cent upon the article purchased. We did not then, if we purchased a blanket for three dollars, have to pay one dollar of that amount on account of the demands of the tariff, and in like proportion on other articles. The laws were then made and administered upon the Jeffersonian Democratic principle of giving like protection to all, and exclusive privileges to none. We then had no shoddy aristocracy bearing sway and absorbing the earnings of the toiling millions. All the property we had that was taxable were our lands, and the State and county taxes did not amount to more than one dollar on the hunded acres, and we could pay that in bear, buffalo, or deer meat, delivered at any of the military stations kept up for the protection of the people on the frontier. We had no credit and wanted none. The credit system is a curse to any State or government. It encourages extravagance, stimulates vice, and destroys, when badly or improperly used, as it is apt to be, the virtue and prosperity of any State or government. Look at the embarrassed and prostrate condition of the Southern States. It was not a sufficient misfortune that they should have lost all their property by the late civil war, but the virtue and intelligence of this section were disfranchised under the accursed system of reconstruction, and a parcel of irresponsible adventurers were elevated to high positions in these States. They became law-givers, and issued bonds of the Southern States and cities to the extent of nearly five hundred millions. The money for which these bonds were sold was squandered or stolen, and this enormous debt resulted in no practical good to the people. Since the war Tennessee has been cursed by an issue of twenty-four millions of bonds, and this, added to the other indebtedness of the State, hung like a mill-stone around the necks of our people. The South is languishing under the corrupt in-

terference of the General Government, which has impoverished large numbers of families in every State, thrown the industrious out of employment, paralyzed every industry, and bankrupted the people. All their surplus produce was taken to feed the army of invasion; their farms were stripped of stock; their homes, in many cases, were taken or burned, and their families left to meet the wintry blasts as best they could; their fences were burned and their timber taken or destroyed; in short, upward of four billions of their property was either destroyed or taken by the army, or appropriated by camp-followers and others. And when the Southern people ask for compensation for their property thus taken or destroyed—a debt on the Government as valid as any bond that has ever been issued—their claims are repudiated, and they are coolly told that they never shall be paid. It is in consequence of this immense loss that the Southern people are unable to pay the whole of their bonded debt, State and municipal, and the interest thereon; yet they are willing to make an equitable settlement and pay what they can. God has given them the right to live, and to enjoy life as best they can; and they are willing to deny themselves many of the luxuries in the effort to pay their debts, public as well as private, but are unwilling to disobey the great mandate to provide for their own household. They intend to do just what they honestly can do, and no more, and if that be dishonor, make the most of it. The bonds are generally held by the moneyed power, who have aided more or less in bringing this desolation upon the South. The claptrap of the bondholders about State credit, immigration, and honor, is all *bosh*. They should cast the beam out of their own eyes before attempting to remove the mote out of their brothers'. The chattering of the bondholder about State honor and State credit has a like effect to that of the fool in Lear or the nurse in Romeo and Juliet. It is as the judgment of the inexorable but interested tribune delivering over the victim to the stake, with the request that his execution shall be tenderly and kindly performed.

II.

Scenes of my Boyhood—Death of my Parents—A Lonely Night-ride.

I trust I will be pardoned for again recurring to the scenes of my boyhood while my father resided in Stewart county, for I delight to dwell upon those early times, as the old soldier does to recount the haps and mishaps of his campaigns, and to fight over his battles. What a change has taken place since then, some sixty-five years ago! Then we had little or no commerce, and few if any speculators. An occasional trader put in an appearance, who purchased our fur-skins and supplied us with the few dry goods our wants demanded. There was no store nearer than Dover or Palmyra, on the Cumberland river, some fifteen miles distant from our humble cottage; and what a contrast these stores would present to those of the present day, not only as to the amount of "goods, wares, and merchandize" they contained, but in the character and quality of the same! Nearly the entire male population cultivated the soil, and depended upon their labor for the means of subsistence. Our mothers and sisters spun cotton and wool, which they wove into jeans for the men and boys, and cotton stripes and linsey for the women and girls. Silks, muslins, crepes, poplins, and other expensive dress goods, were then unknown to our people. If a calico dress was bought at our county town, or from a peddlar, it created great excitement, and was "norated" through the neighborhood. The store bills of a family did not amount to twenty dollars a year. There were neither millionaires nor what are called rich men. The little wealth possessed by the people was more equally distributed than in later years, and as a consequence they were more nearly upon an equality than at present. We had our sugar camps in what were called sugar orchards—groves of the sugar-maple—and in winter made our sugar and molasses, which were far superior to what we called New Orleans sugar and molasses. Ten pounds of coffee was a large annual supply for a family, which was used only on Sunday mornings, none but the adults being

allowed a cup. The people were frugal and economical, and generally good livers for the times, and each one lived within his means. The people were orderly and well-behaved, and rarely had occasion to employ a lawyer or appeal to the courts. Crime —such as murder or felonies of any kind—was almost unknown. Sociability and genuine hospitality were traits that characterized the people in the early days of the present century. No stranger was turned from the door of the humble cabin, but was taken in and cared for, and made to feel that he was among friends. But society has greatly changed since those primitive times. The love of money has encouraged pride, stifled the nobler impulses of the heart, stimulated vice, and destroyed that genial hospitality, that sociability and charity that adorned the early settlers of the country. What a change! but it cannot be said that it has been for the better. In the good old days of our fathers and grandfathers they came bubbling up on all occasions, and contributed largely towards making the people contented and happy.

My father removed to Sumner county in 1812, and settled on a tract of land near the headwaters of Bledsoe's creek, which embraced the mountain on either side of the creek, and the narrow valley through which that stream meandered its way to the Cumberland. The valleys of this creek were very fertile, as were also, the adjacent uplands, while the whole face of the country was covered with dense forests. Here we found a poor but industrious population, sparsely settled among the valleys and hills of this section, who gave us a most cordial welcome, and made us at once feel that we were among friends and neighbors. Our parents had but two children, Dr. James Guild, the eminent surgeon of Alabama, and myself. My brother, who was the elder, lived with our uncle, Maj. Jo. H. Conn, at Cairo, in Sumner county, an older settled neighborhood, where the advantages for acquiring an education were superior to those of the section in which our father resided. It was here that I commenced going to school, walking three miles down the creek to a log cabin, in a shady nook near a cool spring, where a school was kept by an old man who taught the boys and girls of the neighborhood to read and write and cypher. In this school many of the men and women of a later generation received their only education. I think I got more whippings than any other boy in school, not

on account of not learning, but because of the "pranks" I played upon the pupils, and sometimes upon the school-master himself. I was a pretty good mimic, and frequently imitated the "gab" of the old pedagogue to the no little amusement of the boys and girls, and notwithstanding I was frequently whipped for it, I still kept up the habit, with a full knowledge that I was endangering my back. Although a boy of only ten years of age, I felt like Col. Robert M. Burton, an eloquent lawyer, and a great wit, with whom in after life I was frequently associated in arguing cases at the bar, while we were often pitted against each other. He took a peculiar delight in indulging his extraordinary powers of repartee and ridicule, which frequently involved him in personal rencounters. So I, for indulging my propensity, frequently felt the rod, well laid on by the old school-master, as well as being involved in "fisticuffs" with the boys. I made it a rule never to apologize through compulsion, and often wore a swollen nose or a black eye as the result of my temerity.

The second year after my father settled on Bledsoe's creek, there appeared in that section a dreadful malady called the milk-poison. It came from the cows eating a peculiar species of weed or licking some mineral, which poisoned their milk, and thus passed into the system of those who used the milk. After eating this weed or partaking of the mineral a few times, the cows would come running down the mountain, plunge into the creek, drink heartily of the water, and then come out upon the bank, lie down and die in a short time. This was a new disease to us, and we did not know the cause of it, but some of the old settlers knew that it was milk-poison that was killing so large a number of cattle. This disease appeared in the month of August. I was the first attacked by it, and was compelled to stop attending school. I was able to walk about for some time, though growing worse all the while. One day I walked down to the creek and there found a dead cow, which was being devoured by buzzards. Finding they could not fly, I returned to the house and obtained from my mother a bunch of "thrums" cut from cloth she had woven. I then retraced my steps to the creek, caught about twenty-five buzzards, tied them together, around the necks, and drove them, like so many circus-horses, up into the yard; but there my fun ended, for my mother made me turn them loose. They wandered

about and died in a few days, from the effects of eating of the carcass of the poisoned cow. I continued to grow worse, and was finally confined to my bed. There was no doctor in the neighborhood, and no one knew of a remedy for the disease. I lay for weeks in a very critical condition, having suffered all the time with terrible inward fevers; indeed, my stomach seemed to be on fire. I had an iron constitution, which finally wore out the disease, when I commenced to mend slowly. I soon regained strength enough to sit up, and while my mother was washing one day, she sat me upon a chair in the shade of our cabin. They had given me warm water to drink for several weeks, and being now in full view of a large cave-spring near our house, I felt a strong desire to taste of its cool, limpid water. When my mother stepped away for a few minutes, I crawled to the spring and lay down in the branch, which cooled me off wonderfully, while I slaked my thirst with copious draughts of water. My mother soon discovered me, and was terribly frightened, lest the water should prove the death of me, as it had been of the cows. She picked me up and carried me into the house, where she divested me of my wet clothes and wrapped me in blankets. I was soon in a heavy perspiration, which happily resulted in expelling the poison from my system. From that day my recovery was rapid.

The educational advantages enjoyed by Cairo were much better than in the neighborhood where my father resided. Cairo was situated on the Cumberland river, and was the rival of Gallatin. It was the home of our uncle, Maj. Jo. H. Conn, and our two aunts, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Tompkins, and my brother, Dr. James Guild, who was some four years my senior, had resided with them from the time my father removed from Virginia. Upon my convalescence, I was taken to their house, and again placed at school.

In the fall of 1813, my dear mother was attacked with the milk-poison, and died after ten days of intense suffering. Her remains were brought to Cairo, and interred in the family burying ground. She was a devoted Christian and an exemplary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her funeral was a very impressive one, the sermon on the occasion being preached by Father James Gwin, the chaplain to Gen. Jackson in his brilliant campaigns.

He was the father of Samuel Gwin, the tried and trusted friend of Gen. Jackson, who had accompanied him in his military campaigns, and who fought a most sanguinary duel with Mr. Campbell in Mississippi, in which Campbell was killed and Gwin severely wounded, from the effects of which he died a few years afterward. Father Gwin was also the father of Dr. Wm. M. Gwin, once a distinguished member of Congress, and now a resident of California. My mother died when young, being not more than thirty-five years of age. She was a woman of remarkable beauty, finely formed, with jet black hair and eyes, a complexion as white as snow, and cheeks as red as a rose. She was well educated and possessed rare accomplishments. Poor mother, she saw her best and most happy days in her native Virginia. My father's mercantile embarrassments left our family poor, but my mother accepted the situation with resignation and Christian fortitude, and acted her part with a nobleness that won for her the highest esteem.

My father was devotedly attached to my mother, and her death made a deep impression on his mind, and at her grave he seemed to have a presentiment that his own death would soon come, for he remarked to my brother and myself that he would soon follow her. Afterward he embraced us and told us again that he should soon leave us; that we must be good boys, and handed us a small Bible, and told us to read it and follow its precepts; that it was the only legacy he had to leave us. This occurred nearly seventy years ago, and his dying words, though he was then apparently in good health, were engraven on my heart and will never be forgotten. The day following the burial of my mother, I returned with my father to our humble cabin of mourning. The day succeeding our arrival, my father was stricken down with the milk-poison in the most violent form. The disease had become so fatal as to alarm the entire neighborhood, and it was feared by all and regarded by many as contagious. In the excitement thus created, neighbors would not visit houses where the disease prevailed. I and a servant alone attended my father, who, all the while, grew worse. He sunk rapidly under his intense suffering, and died during the week in which he was attacked. There was no one present when he died but myself. Calmly, peacefully he passed away to the shadowy land. This sad event occurred about

an hour before sunset. There I was alone, a mere child, with no one to care for the corpse or direct me what to do. In the excited condition of the neighbors, I thought it impossible to get the necessary assistance to give him proper and decent burial; besides, our relatives at Cairo should be apprised of his death. I debated with myself as to what course I should pursue. Should I appeal to the neighbors for assistance, or should I go to Cairo and convey the sad intelligence to my uncle? I finally determined to go that night to Cairo, twenty miles distant; but there was no one to take care of the house and keep watch over the dead until I should return. So I barred the door securely, and leaving my father as he had died, mounted a horse, and started a little after dark on my sad errand. I had proceeded but a short distance when I discovered that a dark cloud was rising in the West, the direction in which I was going. It advanced with great rapidity, accompanied by heavy peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, while the wind blew a perfect hurricane. It seemed to me but the lapse of a few minutes until the storm broke upon me with terrible fury, and I found myself in the heaviest rain-fall I had ever witnessed. My course lay down the valley, through which the creek ran, but torrent after torrent came rushing down the mountains, until the creek became so swollen that it could not be crossed without imminent danger of being drowned. Still the rain continued to pour down in torrents, the thunder to roll in deep reverberations, and the lightning to flash in the most vivid manner. It was an awfully grand spectacle to thus witness the war of the elements. My horse became frightened and refused to go forward. I then determined to leave the valley and the creek, and make for the hills on my left, and make my way through them as best I could. The rain continued for hours, accompanied by heavy thunder and sharp lightning. Utter darkness prevailed, relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning. I was now lost but not bewildered. My heart was nearly broken with grief at the death of my mother, followed so soon by that of my father, the latter of whom now lay a corpse in our lonely cabin, unconscious of the terrible scenes through which I was passing. Byron's description of a thunder storm in the Alps is a brilliant flight of the poet's fancy, and a fine description of just such a scene as I witnessed on that night,

all the more impressive to me now as I look back upon that grand and awful display and think of my sad condition.

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

* * * * * * *

Now, where the quiet Rhone thus hath cleft his way
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bo'ts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shot should blast whatever therein lurk'd."

All this I saw and felt in my lonely night-journey through the hills—a trip rendered doubly lonely by a bleeding heart which still bears the scars placed there by the untimely death of both my parents. In the utter darkness, it was impossible for me to proceed through the dense forest and thick undergrowth, so I remained stationary until the storm had spent its fury, until the tempest-tossed cloud had poured out its watery accumulations, and passed away, and the stars came out as silent spectators to look upon the deluged earth. The wind had veered to the North and blew a mournful dirge to the lone wanderer. I was in a sad plight, with light clothing and thoroughly drenched, for the night-ride before me. There was no road, not even a "cow-path" to direct my way; the only signal I had as to the course I should follow was the roaring of the swollen creek, whose mad volume was rushing down the valley, bearing away or overleaping all opposition. I struck out by the dim light of the stars and kept in hearing of the roaring creek, which emptied into the Cumberland one mile above Cairo. I traveled slowly, nearly frozen, for something like three hours, when, about one hour before day, I saw occasionally, through the openings in the forest, a large and rather brilliant light which seemed to swing in a half circle.

I stopped to consider what it might be. I had heard from old people stories about "Jack o' the Lantern," or "Will o' the Wisp," appearing in the night, which presaged evil to any one who encountered it. The question presented itself to my young mind (for I was only ten years old then), should I remain stationary, in the hope that I would not be discovered; endeavor to escape, by taking an opposite direction from its course; or march up to it and risk the consequences. I had been pelted by the pitiless storm, had been lost for hours, and was almost frozen—an affliction greater than that of Lear—so I concluded to advance, be my fate what it might. I was nerved to go forward with something like the spirit of Hamlet;

> "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
> Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
> Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
> Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
> Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
> That I will speak to thee."

On arriving within about one hundred yards of the mysterious light, I hailed it, to know who or what it was, when the answer came in a cheerful voice that it was Abram, one of uncle Isaac Bledsoe's faithful servants, who was out 'possum hunting. On coming up to me, I told him I was lost, and had been in that condition all night. Learning who I was, and the errand that had taken me out upon so inclement a night as the earlier portion had been, he kindly piloted me to the residence of his master. I had to be lifted from my horse and carried into a room where there was a warm fire. I was kindly and hospitably cared for by the old people, dry clothes given me, and a good breakfast provided for myself and horse. I will always cherish the memory of uncle Isaac Bledsoe and Mrs. Peggy Bledsoe with the most lively feelings of love and gratitude.

I continued my journey and arrived at my uncle's in Cairo about twelve o'clock that day. I there delivered the painful intelligence of the death of my father. Arrangements were made and his remains were brought down the next day. The sermon at his funeral was preached by Father Green, and he was laid by the side of my dear mother, on the very day that he told us the sad event would take place.

III.

Reminiscences of the Men and Women of Half a Century Ago—Their Manners, Customs, and Patriotism.

Having the misfortune to lose our parents, my brother and myself found a home with our uncle, Maj. Josephus H. Conn, and our aunts, who voluntarily assumed the position of *locus parentis* to each of us. They provided for all our wants, and educated us in the common schools and academies. Having achieved pretty fair success in the school at Cairo, we entered the academy at Gallatin, at the head of which was that ripe scholar and accomplished gentleman, John Hall. When he retired I was placed under the charge of the able and learned Christian gentleman, Mr. George McWhirter, in Wilson county, and was subsequently transferred to the academy of the Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, a finished scholar and great theologian, whose school was located on his own premises six miles East of Nashville. The moral principles and great virtues which characterized these gentlemen, the pure and exemplary lives they led, made a deep impression upon my young heart, and served to light the path of duty and honor in my journey through life. I have always cherished their memory, and love to recall their noble example, and I freely acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe them.

I must pause here and take "a bird's-eye view" of the state of affairs in 1812 in the middle portion of Tennessee. The original settlers comprised a large number who had fought the battles of the revolution, and other patriotic citizens of Virginia and North Carolina, who scaled the Alleghany mountains and pushed their way through privations and dangers into the wilds of Middle Tennessee, the reserved hunting grounds of the red men. Their patriotism, energy, courage, and virtues were inherited by their children, and leavened the succeeding generations who assisted in building up a great and populous State.

Col. Bledsoe, and Spencer, and Boon, in 1775, descended the Cumberland river in a canoe and explored the country, which was filled with buffalo, deer, bear, panthers, and wolves; indeed,

all kinds of game abounded in the greatest profusion. Spencer made his home for three years in a hollow sycamore tree that overlooked Bledsoe's Lick, in Sumner county, and from this hiding place slew the buffalo and deer that resorted to the lick. Having visited his native State, he returned to Middle Tennessee early in 1780, and planted a crop of corn. Under the pre-emption act, he obtained a grant for six hundred and forty acres of land, situated near where Gallatin now stands. It was called "Spencer's Choice." He subsequently visited his native State, and returning alone on foot, was attacked by Indians and killed on what is known as Spencer's Hill, where he was buried.

Emigration was early directed toward the fertile valley of the Cumberland. A settlement of less than a dozen families was formed near Bledsoe's Lick in 1778. The following year Gen. James Robertson and eight others, one of whom was a negro servant, settled near the French Lick, and planted a field of corn where the city of Nashville now stands. Shortly after their arrival other emigrants, under the lead of Mansco, joined them. These emigrants also planted corn, and the whole party built block-houses on the bluff preparatory to the removal of their families in the succeeding fall. After the crop was made, three of their number were left to keep the buffalo out of the unenclosed fields of corn, while the remainder of the party went back to the Watauga Settlement for their families and other emigrants. Gen. Robertson was among those who returned. He gathered a company of nearly three hundred, many of them young men without families, who set out late in the fall for their new homes. The route pursued was by Cumberland Gap, and a circuit through Kentucky, which brought them to their destination through Sumner county. While Robertson and his party were thus reaching the Cumberland by the circuitous and dangerous "trace" through the wilderness of Kentucky, others of their countrymen and countrywomen were undergoing greater hardships, enduring greater sufferings, and experiencing greater privations upon another route, not less circuitous and far more perilous, in aiming at the same destination. Gen. Robertson left the Watauga Settlement with the understanding that his friend Col. John Donelson, a wealthy Virginia surveyor, was at once to follow him to the French Lick with a party of emigrants, among whom were

families of emigrants who had gone out the previous spring, Gen. Robertson's family being of the number. To avoid the toil and peril of the route through the wilderness, Col. Donelson conceived the idea of reaching the new settlement by water, a distance of more than two thousand miles. No man, either white or red, had ever attempted the voyage, which was really more dangerous than the overland route, while there were equally as many Indians to be encountered. "The project, in short," says Parton, "was worthy, for its boldness, of the destined father-in-law of Gen. Jackson. Among those who shared the dangers of this voyage was Rachel Donelson, the leader's daughter, a black-eyed, black-haired brunette, as gay, bold, and handsome a lass as ever danced on the deck of a flatboat, or took the helm while her father took a shot at the Indians." Col. Donelson and party left Fort Patrick Henry, on the Holston river, in what is now Hawkins county, on December 22, 1779, in "the good boat Adventure," but they were more than two months reaching Knoxville. Meantime they were joined by several other boats with emigrants bound for the lower country. Many and dire were the mishaps that befel them, but on the 20th of March, 1780, they reached the confluence of the Tennessee and Ohio rivers. Here the boats parted, some descending the Mississippi with Natchez as the objective point, while others were bound for the Illinois; "among the rest my son-in-law and daughter," wrote Col. Donelson in his journal. "We now part, perhaps to meet no more, for I am determined to pursue my course, happen what will." And so he did, and this entry in his journal, under date of April 24, 1780, shows that he accomplished his object after a most hazardous voyage of more than four months: "This day we arrived at our journey's end at the Big Salt Lick, where we have the pleasure of finding Capt. Robertson and his company. It is a source of satisfaction to us to be enabled to restore to him and others their families and friends, who were entrusted to our care, and who, some time since, perhaps, despaired of ever meeting again. Though our prospects at present are dreary, we have found a few log cabins which have been built on a cedar bluff above the lick by Capt. Robertson and company." There was a happy meeting of husbands and wives, parents and children. This company was a great acquisition to the feeble settlement,

and their success encouraged others to try their fortunes in this section.

Boon, as new-comers arrived, became restless and pushed into the wilds of Kentucky, where he performed many heroic deeds. When that State began to grow rapidly in population, though enfeebled by the hardships he had endured, and frequently on "the border of extinction," his adventurous spirit impelled him further west, and he extended the circle of civilization into the wilderness of Missouri, where he died.

Col. Anthony Bledsoe, who had explored this section, returned to his native State, and in 1779 headed a number of emigrants, among whom were his brother, Col. Isaac Bledsoe, Hugh Rogan, Shelby Blackman, Morgan Hall, and John E. Peyton, with their families, and others, and blazed their way through the wilderness amid dangers from savages and wild beasts, and settled in Sumner county. In that year (1779) Col. Bledsoe secured a grant of five thousand acres of land, called the Greenfield Survey, which was perhaps the finest tract of land in the world. It was upon this body of land that these emigrants settled. They built stockades at Greenfield, Morgan's Station, Bledsoe's Lick, Sigler's Station, Keiff's, and Mansco's Lick. As immigration continued to flow in from year to year, in constantly increasing streams, the families occupied the stockades, that they might be secure from the attacks of the Indians. The men cultivated small patches of corn, one portion doing the work while the other stood guard with their trusty rifles to prevent the Indians surprising and killing the laborers. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, many men were killed and many others severely wounded, in the numerous skirmishes that ensued, or by being surprised and attacked while at work. Col. Anthony Bledsoe was killed in July, 1787; Col. Isaac Bledsoe, his brother, in 1793; Capt. Hail, the father of Gen. Wm. Hall and John Hall, heretofore spoken of, was attacked while moving his family from his house to the lick, and he and a son were killed and scalped. The two Bledsoes had each a son killed at the lick, and they had two brothers killed near Gen. Daniel Smith's, a pioneer of great intelligence and bravery, afterward a leading member of Congress from this State. Sigler's Station was attacked and sacked, and Miss Wilson, the daughter of an old pioneer, was captured by the Indians

and held a prisoner for three years, when she was restored to her family.

Greenfield Station was attacked by two hundred Indian warriors, and by a gallant move of Gen. Hall, Billy Neely, Morgan, Campbell, and the negro Abram, in leaving the stockade and occupying a position covered by a cross-fence, opened fire on the advancing foe; and while thus engaged in keeping back the Indians, our pioneer mothers kept up a constant fire from the fort, which caused the Indians to believe that the pioneers were in full force, and after many a warrior had been sent to the "happy hunting ground," and many others wounded, they gave up the contest and retreated. History does not record greater heroism than was displayed by the intrepid men and women in this desperate battle. By their courage and dauntless daring they saved the stockade from being sacked and those in it from a horrible butchery.

To give the reader some idea of the manner in which the Indians harrassed the early settlers, it may be stated that from 1780 to 1794, they killed, within seven miles of Nashville, one person in about every ten days. Men, women, and children were slaughtered indiscriminately. And this ruthless warfare extended to all the settlements in Middle Tennessee. The Hon. Felix Grundy, who passed amid these perils, once alluded to them in the Senate of the United States, when he spoke with touching eloquence. "I was too young," he said, "to participate in these dangers and difficulties, but I can remember when death was in almost every bush, and every thicket concealed an ambuscade. If I am asked to trace my memory back and name the first indelible impression it received, it would be the sight of my eldest brother bleeding and dying under the wounds inflicted by the tomahawk and scalping knife. Another and another went in the same way. I have seen a widowed mother plundered of her whole property in a single night; from affluence and ease reduced to poverty in a moment, and compelled to labor with her own hands to support and educate her last and favorite son—him who now addresses you. Sir, the ancient sufferings of the West were great. I know it. I need turn to no document to teach me what they were. They are written upon my memory—a part of them upon my heart. Those of us who are here are but the

remnant, the wreck, of large families lost in effecting the early settlement of the West. As I look around I see the monuments of former suffering and woe. Ask my colleague what he remembers. He will tell you that while his father was in pursuit of one party of Indians, another band came and murdered two of his brothers. Inquire of yonder gentleman from Arkansas what became of his brother-in-law, Oldham. He will tell you that he went out to battle, but never returned. Ask that Representative from Kentucky where is his uncle, the gallant Hardin. He will answer that he was intrepid enough to carry a flag of truce to the hostile savages; they would not recognize the protection which the flag of peace threw around him, and he was slain. If I turn to my old class-mate and friend, now a grave and potent Senator, I am reminded of a mother's courage and intrepidity in the son whom she rescued from savage hands when in the very grasp of death." There are still a few old men and women in Tennessee who remember scenes similar to those to which Judge Grundy so eloquently referred.

It was thus that Middle Tennessee was peopled. None but brave and energetic men and women had the courage to encounter such privations and meet and overcome such dangers as beset the emigrant on all sides. Their resolution never failed them, and they came off more than conquerors. For fifteen years they were harrassed terribly by the Indians, who committed all sorts of depredations upon the lives and property of the settlers. Indeed, it may be said that for that long period they had one continual war with a savage foe who knew no mercy, and who practiced the most inhuman cruelties. Without any aid or protection from the General Government, the only reliance of the pioneers was in their own brave hearts, while their only protection was their trusty rifles. How well and nobly they used their resources is written on every page of the early history of this State. Peace, with its blessings, was restored to Tennessee by the great victory at Nicojack in 1795. Six hundred as brave men as ever shouldered a rifle or marched to meet a foe, volunteered to pursue the savage depredators into the Indian country South of the Tennessee river. They arrived at the Northern bank of the river in the night, without discovery, and having no boats with which to cross, they constructed rafts, covered with rawhides, on which

they placed their arms and ammunition. Wading and swimming, they succeeded in crossing the river in safety before daylight, and at sunrise attacked the Indian camp and gained one of the most brilliant victories ever achieved over the savage foe. For the first time the Indians sued for peace and laid down their arms.

It is not within the province of this writer to attempt even a sketch of the history of Tennessee. It is necessary, however, to revert to some incidents in this history to give the reader some idea of the struggles of the pioneers, the state of society, and what they accomplished in the self-imposed task of laying broad and deep the foundation of civilization in a country of savages. The great State of Tennessee stands forth to-day a monument to their intelligence, their integrity, their patriotism, and their devotion to a high sense of duty. The territory embraced in the State of Tennessee was included in the first patent granted by an English sovereign (Queen Elizabeth) for any lands in the New World. This patent was issued to Sir Walter Raleigh, March 25, 1584, and its boundaries were "from the Atlantic to the South Sea." The colony of North Carolina, however, never claimed under this grant beyond the Mississippi river. It was nearly two hundred years from the date of this grant to Raleigh before any settlements were made in that portion now embraced in the State of Tennessee. Late in December, 1768, and early in January, 1769, was formed the nucleus of the first permanent establishment of the white race in this State. These settlements were made mainly in what is now Sullivan county, these immigrants being mainly from what is now Wake county, North Carolina, but Capt. Wm. Bean, who came from Virginia, ventured still further into the wilderness, and settled early in 1769 on Boon's creek, in what is now Washington county, his cabin being erected near the Watauga river. This was the first cabin built by a white man south of that river, and here was laid the corner-stone, so to speak, of the Watauga Settlement, which subsequently assumed the functions of civil government. His son, Russell Bean, was the first white child born in Tennessee. The creek upon which Bean settled was called Boon's creek, in honor of Daniel Boon. The first advent of this distinguished pioneer and hunter in this section is recorded as having occurred in 1761, when he

came at the head of a hunting party "from Yadkin, in North Carolina, and traveled with them as low as the place where Abingdon (Virginia) now stands, and there left them." But there is reason for believing that he hunted upon the Watauga earlier, for in the valley of Boon's creek, near the main thoroughfare leading from Jonesboro to Blountville, and only a few miles distant from the Watauga, there stood a few years ago—and perhaps does yet—a large beech tree, upon which had been cut with a pocket knife the following inscription:

D. Boon
CillED A. BAR On Tree
in ThE
yEAR 1760

The Watauga Settlement increased from year to year by immigrants from Virginia and North Carolina. A considerable accession was made to its population by the Regulators, who, after their defeat in North Carolina, took refuge in the Watauga Settlement to escape the vengeance of Gov. Tryon, the Royal Governor of that Colony. When the war between the Colonies and Great Britain broke out in 1776, this large settlement espoused the cause of the patriots. Col. John Sevier raised a regiment of volunteers in Washington county, and Col. Isaac Shelby another in Sullivan county, and armed them with the huntsman's rifle, in the use of which every man in that section was proficient. These regiments took a very prominent part in the battle of King's Mountain, and the victory gained there, which turned the tide of war in favor of the almost despondent Colonies, was chiefly owing to the coolness and intrepid bravery displayed by these gallant mountain-men. The deadly aim of the "squirrel-hunters" and Indian fighters from the Watauga fearfully decimated the ranks of the British and tory troops, and won a victory which gave a new impetus to the American cause. The General Assembly of North Carolina, at its first session after the defeat of Ferguson, who commanded the British forces at King's Mountain, adopted a resolution that a sword and pistols should be presented to both Sevier and Shelby, and also to Col. Campbell, who commanded a regiment from Virginia, as a testimony of the great services they had rendered to their country on the day of this memorable defeat.

The people assumed the name of Washington District, and sent a petition and remonstrance from the Watauga Settlement "to the Hon. the Provincial Council of North Carolina" (probably early in the year 1776), praying, among other things, to be annexed to North Carolina. The prayer of the petitioners was granted, and they were authorized to send delegates to the Provincial Congress at Halifax, which met November 12, 1776. Their delegates hailed from "Washington District, Watauga Settlement." Washington was the first county organized in Tennessee (the date being November, 1777), and embraced the whole State. Jonesboro, the county-seat of Washington, is the oldest town in the State, having been organized in 1779. In the course of time, the thirty-three counties composing East Tennessee were carved out of Washington. Middle Tennessee was named the Mero District, and extended to the Tennessee river on the West. It was composed of the counties of Davidson, Sumner, Wilson, and Williamson, and out of these the forty counties composing Middle Tennessee were organized. The Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians inhabited the territory West of the Tennessee River, and in 1819, the title of these nations to the lands lying between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers was extinguished by purchase, and since that date the twenty counties composing West Tennessee have been organized out of that territory.

In 1785 the bold people of Washington District rebelled against the authority of North Carolina, and set up an independent government, called the State of Franklin, of which Col. John Sevier was chosen Governor. The Franklin government existed only about two years, but during that period it exercised all the functions of a sovereign State.

In 1789, the General Assembly of North Carolina ceded the territory now comprising the State of Tennessee to the General Government, with the reservation that soldiers of the "Continental Line" should have warrants issued to them for services in the war of the revolution, to be located upon lands East and North of the Congressional reservation line. The cession was accepted by Congress, and a law passed establishing the Territory South of the Ohio River. William Blount, of North Carolina, was appointed by President Washington Governor of the

new Territory. Gov. Blount appointed John Sevier Brigadier-General of the Washington District, and James Robertson Brigadier-General of the Mero District. At the second session of the Territorial Legislature, steps were taken to secure the admission of the Territory into the Union as a State. A convention to frame a constitution assembled in Knoxville January 11, 1796, and on the 6th of February thereafter that body completed its work, and the president of the convention was "authorized and directed to issue writs of election to the sheriffs of the several counties, for holding the first election of members of the General Assembly, and a Governor, under the authority of the constitution of the State of Tennessee." The name of Tennessee was given to the new State by the convention, on motion of Gen. Andrew Jackson, who was a member of that body—Ten-as-see, in the Indian dialect, meaning a spoon, the name of the principal river of the State.

At the first election held by the people under the constitution, "citizen John Sevier" was "duly and constitutionally elected Governor of this State." It is a remarkable coincidence, as showing the great popularity of Gen. Sevier, that he was the Governor of the State of Franklin and afterward the first Governor of Tennessee. The Legislature chosen at the same time with Gov. Sevier, elected William Blount and William Cocke the first United States Senators from Tennessee.

We may readily come to the conclusion, from this rapid sketch of the early history of the State, that the pioneers who settled the wilderness and subdued the forest—who had for fifteen years fought the savages, and finally redeemed the country from their domination—were not less distinguished for their courage, their endurance, and their noble resolves, than they were for their patriotism and their high sense of honor. Sharing a common danger, they were drawn together as brothers. They possessed in an eminent degree all the nobler traits of human nature, and their virtues shone conspicuously upon every occasion. The aristocracy of wealth, with its attendant vices and vicious habits, had no foothold in this goodly land.

There was a good deal of speculation in lands at that early day, in which was laid the foundation of many fortunes. A witty writer has said that the circulating medium of Europe was

coin; of Africa, women and men; and of America, land and tobacco. The early settlers appreciated the advantages of education, and established colleges at Greeneville and Knoxville. North Carolina endowed the Nashville University with a large tract of land, comprising a part of the city of Nashville, and exempted it from taxation for one hundred years, and a large sum of money has been devoted to it and to academies. The University of Nashville flourished for nearly half a century, and turned out a goodly number of graduates who distinguished themselves in the various walks of life. But the management of its affairs has been such that it has lost the greater portion of its magnificent endowment, and now the old institution is shorn of its strength and power. Its buildings stand as a monument of the folly of the generation who failed to manifest the good sense and to emulate the noble example of the patriotic fathers of the country. The rising generation, and especially the stripling just from college, are apt to underrate the talents and greatness of the generations that have preceded them. There is no question but that the men of the revolutionary period, who declared our independence, and fought the battles for the maintenance of the principles of that "immortal document," and who framed the constitution of the United States in 1787, and the pioneers who fought the battles of Tennessee and framed the constitution of 1796, were among the greatest men the world has known. They were indeed intellectual giants. They knew more of the rights of man, and how those rights should be maintained and protected by free government, than all the men who had preceded them.

The growth of this country has been marvelous. The thirteen States composing the Union when the machinery of free government was set in motion, have spread out until they span the continent from sea to sea, and number thirty-eight. From a population of three million, we have grown to fifty million. Tennessee, with a population barely sufficient to entitle her to a member of Congress in 1796, now numbers a million and a half. The constitution of 1796—which Mr. Jefferson pronounced "the least imperfect and most republican"—has stood for nearly a century, with comparatively few alterations, the most important being those by the convention of 1870, rendered necessary by

the results of the war between the States. It is true that our social habits, manners, and customs have undergone a radical change. Whether this change has promoted the happiness and prosperity of the great body of the people, is a debatable question. My views touching this matter may be found fully expressed in a speech I made at Erin, Houston county, on Tuesday, August 25, 1874. The good people of that county, where I had spent my early youth—for there I was "native and to the manner born"—had invited me to return and partake of their hospitality, and had prepared an excellent barbecue on the occasion of my visit. There I met and was greeted by three thousand citizens of Houston and adjoining counties. It was an occasion which I shall always hold in most grateful remembrance, for it was an ovation of which any man might well be proud. The following is the address I had the honor to deliver on that interesting occasion:

Ladies and Gentlemen of Houston County:

Some two years ago I was honored with an invitation to visit the home of my youth, and renew an acquaintance that had nearly become extinct by the tooth of time, which invitation was gratefully accepted, but in consequence of family affliction, I was then prevented from performing that pleasant duty. I this day come into your midst to redeem that pledge, and feel myself honored by the presence of the fair daughters and the chivalry of the county of Houston. I return, after an absence of sixty years, again to tread my native heath, to greet my fellow-citizens, to drink again of its limpid fountains, and to breathe my native mountain air. While I deeply feel the honor of the occasion, the presence of so much beauty and worth in this large assemblage, intended as a compliment to one of the native sons of this county, the joy of my heart is saddened when my anxious eye has surveyed this large assembly and has failed to find present any of the old pioneers, be they sires or matrons, that once occupied this high, healthy, and beautiful region; who had bid farewell to their native homes, encountered the privations of settling a new country, and who had pushed the standard of civilization into this section, which then formed the western border of our State. I have looked in vain for the McMillans, the Rushings,

the Edwardses, the Hornbergers, the Nichols, the Brighams, the Guilds, the Gorings, the McDonalds, and other honored names forming this settlement. They have been cut down by the scythe of time, and rest under the clod of the valley; their memory we cherish and honor. From this ancient stock there has germinated a bold, honest, and hardy race, who bear the names of their parents and exemplify their virtues, many of whom are present this day representing that noble ancestry. The old stock has disappeared; not one of them survives who were living sixty years ago, when I left the county to seek my fortune elsewhere. Those who knew me then, on whose hospitable boards I licked their salt, and broke their bread, and often slept upon their pallets, as well as my playmates and associates of those happy days, have all disappeared; they have either gone down to the grave or abide in lands unknown to me. They know me no more, and truly are we informed, that the places that know us now will soon know us no more forever. These reflections have a tendency to sadden our hearts.

"For I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights have fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

But this sadness is relieved by the presence at this assemblage of noble matrons, and beautiful girls as pretty as the mountain pink, and the gallant men who have germinated from this ancient, honored stock, and who have turned out this day and greeted me as one of their native sons. I come among you, not to make a political speech, but to pay my respects and extend the right hand of fellowship to Houston and its citizens. What I may say will be in a rambling, desultory manner, rather in the style of shelling the woods, intending to say nothing but what is pleasant and agreeable, though founded in the history of the country and the times in which we live.

"Who's been here since I've been gone?" Many have come and gone—many and great have been the events covering that long period. Since then, the war of 1812 with great Britain has been fought and won. From a population of about ten millions, we have grown to about forty millions; from the original thirteen States, we now number thirty-seven. The military chief-

tain and statesman, Gen. Sam Houston, in whose honor this county was named—that gallant chieftain who had been schooled in the camp of our own Jackson—led the patriot band of Texans against Santa Anna and his Mexican soldiery, and by the victory of San Jacinto, revenged the death and vindicated the names of Crockett, Travis, and others who had fallen at the Alamo and on the other battlefields of that revolution. The result of that glorious victory established the independence of the Texan Republic. In 1845, Sam Houston bore upon his back this great empire, and United the Lone Star—as one of the States of this Union—with our glorious constellation of States.

During this long period, the wars with the Indians have been prosecuted, and their territory within the respective States has been secured to those States, and they provided with homes in the far West. The war with Mexico has been fought, and the golden sands of California have been added to the Union. Our narrow settlements bordering on the Atlantic and running North to the lakes, have been in an unexampled manner extended from ocean to ocean, and State upon State has been added to the Union, with their teeming millions. "Westward the star of empire takes its way," until our eagle, grown with the dimensions of this great country rests his talons on the loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, drops one pinion in the Atlantic Ocean and bathes the other in the distant waters of the Pacific, while he is billing and cooing with Cuba to come and unite her destiny with that of the United States; and at the same time his tail is cooled and rests upon the icebergs of the far North.

"Who's been here since I've been gone?" By the genius of the American Fulton, the application of steam as a propelling power has been discovered. Steamships plough the ocean, and steamers navigate the Mississippi and all our minor rivers. The invention of the railroad has been brought into practical operation, and the iron-horse, with an eye that never winks, with a muscle that never tires, and wind that never gives out, mounts the rails, and transports human life and freight with more than the speed of the first-class race-horse—almost annihilating time and space. It is the great propelling power of machinery that feeds and clothes the world. Within this period, it required a year to make a trip to New Orleans and back. The river was

descended in what was called "broad-horns." Upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi the produce of the country was thus carried to the Crescent City, the emporium of the South, and the return of sugar, coffee, and other Southern products, was made in keel-boats, that were cordelled or towed up the Mississippi and the rivers of Tennessee, and it required from four to six months to make the trip. Our goods were brought across the Alleghanies by the large six-horse teams from Baltimore and Philadelphia.

While I am on the steam question, I will relate the substance of an interview between the captain of the first steamboat and Billy Haynes, a citizen of Montgomery county, but near the line of Stewart; as the North Carolinian would have it, "in North Carolina, but near the Virginia line." My old friend Hockett Allen used to amuse us with this story upon the circuit; but he, too, sleeps among the honored dead. Much of the gist of this story is in the action of Billy Haynes. He was a rough mechanic, but a man of energy and will, fair genius, much presumption, and high estimate of his own powers. He had never seen a steamboat, but his brother Andrew had told him that one had passed up the Cumberland, and had made a great hole in the water. He was anxious to see one, for he could not understand, under his system of mechanism, how any boat could stem the current of the Cumberland. Well, early one morning Andrew heard the puffing of steam and the boat coming around the bend in the river; he informed Billy of the fact, and they started for the river, the captain having stopped at a wood-yard to take in fuel. Billy appeared with Andrew on the bank, and while steam was being let off, Billy was rather shy in going aboard; a little recovered, he "hollers" from the bank, "Who commands the boat?" which was the usual salutation to a broad-horn. The captain saw that Billy was a little green, and was lame in one leg. He was invited to walk the plank and come aboard. Billy, with some misgivings, went hopping aboard; and while the engine was plying, Billy, putting on a fierce look, says, "Captain, have you any objections to my examining your machinery?" "No," says the captain. During the examination Billy remarked, "Well, this beats anything I have ever seen." The captain turns one of the screws which lets off steam, near Billy's

head, which makes him jump, but seeing no immediate danger, he renews his examination, and says he can make cider mills and cotton gins, but this beats anything that he has ever seen. Then the captain lets off a large quantity of steam, which snorts near the head of Billy, and it not ceasing to blow, he becomes greatly alarmed, and runs for the plank to get on dry land, making one long step and one short one, but going with great velocity for one in his condition. After arriving safely on the bank his courage revives, and he turns upon the captain and says: "You be damned; do you think that you can scare me with your floating distillery, or with your damned dug-out, or double-breasted workhouse? No, sir, you can't do that; for if you fool with me, I will drag your damned dug-out a half mile into the woods and leave it there, so you will never scare anybody with your thing. I want you to know who you are fooling with. I announce to you that my name is Billy Haynes, and I can be found at brother Andrew's, if you want to see me." The captain says, "You go to hell, you damned fool." Billy makes for home, and the captain steams away up the river.

"Who's been here since I've been gone?" Within the last forty years, that wonderful invention, the telegraph, has been put into operation, and upon the wings of the lightning we converse with each other, not only throughout the United States, but, with the aid of the ocean cable, converse and hold direct communication with every civilized people of the old world. The world is indebted again to American genius—Prof. Morse—for this great blessing. Those two great inventions—the application of steam to machinery, and the teaching of lightning how to talk—have revolutionized the commerce, trade, and travel of the world, and added vastly to the wealth of nations. They are the great schoolmasters of the world, teaching and civilizing man.

HABITS OF THE PIONEERS.

"Who's been here since I've been gone?" When I left sixty years ago, industry and economy were the handmaids of virtue, contentment, and happiness. Wealth and luxury were strangers in the land, and unknown to this happy community. I will here give you some of the habits and customs of your fathers, moth-

ers, and grandparents. We may contrast them with the present order of things, which I presume prevails here as in other parts of the State. Our ancient habits and customs may, I think, be favorably compared with those of the present day. A long time ago Middle Tennessee was the great hunting ground of the red men of the forest. They crossed the Tennessee where they abided and pursued and slew the buffalo, the bear, the deer, and game of minor importance. Our fathers emerged from the bloody scenes of the revolution; their bold and adventurous spirits impelled them across the Alleghanies; with the rifle in one hand and an axe in the other, they blazed their way to upper East Tennessee, and formed the first settlements upon the Holston. They then crossed over into the rich valleys of Middle Tennessee, into the great hunting grounds of the savage. In 1780 the first corn was grown, which secured a pre-emption right to six hundred and forty acres of land. There was the first nucleus of a settlement formed at Bledsoe's Lick, Sumner county, and also at the French Lick, now the capital of the State. And in places not far from there, stockades were built, where they cultivated the soil, while some bold spirits stood picket to defend them from the attacks of the savage foe. Many gallant spirits fell in the repeated raids upon the settlements.

In 1794, a campaign was planned for an attack on Nickojack, the Indian capital, South of the Tennessee river. The whole force, of about six hundred, was commanded by Gen. James Robertson. A gallant company of one hundred, composing a part of this command, was led by my wife's father, Major Geo. D. Blackmore, who had fought in various battles of the revolution; had been wounded in the desperate battle of the Brandywine, and was with Washington at Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword and the British army to the father of our country. This band of pioneers arriving upon the North bank of the Tennessee at midnight, swam the river, carrying their guns and ammunition on small rafts covered with rawhides, pushing them before them, and at daybreak surrounded Nickojack, and fought that bloody and victorious battle, which gave peace to their bleeding settlements. After the bloody Indian wars of fifteen years, they drove the tomahawk and scalping knife beyond the borders of civilization; and after this great battle, they could

for the first time sit down and eat of their own meat and drink of the waters of their springs and rivers in peace and safety. From this time the settlements began to open West and South, and in a few years the smoke of the log cabin was seen, and the ring of the axe was heard, amidst the hills and valleys of this immediate section. Lands were easily procured at from fifty to seventy-five cents per acre. The axe was heard felling the forest and fields were opened, while, occasionally, the crack of the rifle announced that the stag of the forest had fallen. Here and there was fouud a contented and happy family, consisting of husband, wife and rosy children. Their wants were few and easily supplied. The men and boys built the cabins, opened the fields, and cultivated the soil, and cared for and attended the stock. The women and girls clothed the family, cooked the meals, and did the housework. All were contented and happy, voluntarily laboring to secure a competency for the household. The pure water, mountain air, and daily labor gave health and robust constitutions to all. In those days I never heard of a case of consumption, gout, or weak lungs. We had a rattlesnake bite occasionally, and an Indian scare. These were the greatest dangers we encountered. Families in those days were not enervated and ruined by luxuries, what is called high living and fashion. They were clothed at home by their honest labor; the boys in their jeans and copperas cotton, and the girls in their beautiful stripes of cotton and linsey. Dresses were made to fit their persons and develop their natural and beautiful forms. One cannot tell now which is the girl and which is the dress. I have looked about over this large assembly to see if I could not find one of those beautiful striped dresses, setting off the rosy mountain pinks of the present day, but the ancient customs have disappeared "since I've been gone." In those early days but few mothers or daughters ever had a calico dress, to say nothing of the silks, cashmeres, muslins, crepes, and poplins of the present day. When a lady went to Dover or Palmyra, our commercial cities in those days, and bought a calico dress, it aroused and excited the whole community more than the killing of a bear, caught in the cow pen, which was a frequent occurrence. When a calico dress was purchased, it spread like wildfire. It was "norated" abroad that such a one had bought a calico dress.

In those days we had our sugar camps and made our own sugar; coffee was bought at our commercial cities and used only on Sundays. Milk, the best and most healthy beverage in the world, was daily used, and the rose bloomed and played upon every girl's cheek. There were no calomel doctor's bills to pay. They have appeared since I have been gone. They are a worthy and useful profession of the present day.

We had meeting-houses in those days, made of logs and clapboards. We called it going to meeting. The elegant phrase now is to attend church, and we go in buggies and carriages. Then we walked from three to five miles in going to meeting, playing with the girls all the way. I have seen not further than five miles from this place, from fifty to one hundred ladies walking barefooted to meeting, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, and on arriving near the meeting-house, sit down along the branch, wash their beautiful feet, and put on their stockings and shoes, preparatory to going into the house. There is a charm in a pretty foot. There was no shoddy wealth in the neighborhood to taint society, to drive the poor to imitate the pretended rich, which in any country is promotive of vice, and will end in bankruptcy. All did their share of the labor; all were on social and equal terms, and made plenty for the rural wants of the family. They were a contented and happy people.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

I have always been in favor of camp-meetings. They bring the people together, who make new acquaintances and revive old associations. They create religious excitement, which is right and proper, and are great pioneers in the propagation of religion. It is as a storm, it purifies the atmosphere. It moves upon the waters and harrows up the deep; in its course it fells the most stubborn oak; it is a religious enthusiasm that throttles sin and purifies the soul. All the Churches should unite, and revive this good old custom. The Methodists are the pioneers in the good work. They first established and pushed forward the camp-meeting, but it now languishes, giving place to the steeples surmounting the large churches of the country. In the revivals of the old pioneers, McGready, Gwinn, and Blackburn, there were

more conversions made in one year, than are now made in five, with all the advantage of increased population.

In ancient times, I have seen at one of those camp-meetings the forked lightning playing over the largest assemblages, and the wild thunder leaping from head to head, and have seen a hundred women with the jerks, the result of religious enthusiasm. In those days our women did not deform their persons with artificial works about the head in the form of rats, chignons, and water-falls. There was no rouge, bespattering the rosy cheek, marring its natural beauty: nor were their beautiful forms destroyed by the hoop or bustle. There was no one taken in by false appearances. The match was a fair one upon both sides. Then there was no rue in the now fashionable form of divorce. In those days our beautiful women had long natural black hair, some auburn, some red, with different shades of color. They wore it plaited, forming a beautiful crescent upon the head, and when the stream of eloquence copiously flowed over the large assembly, when all the fires were lit up, I have heard this plaited hair pop like the crack of a wagon whip.

Girls and boys did not in those days wear shoes until they arrived at the age of twelve. The boys helped tend the crop in the summer and went to the old pennyroyal school with the girls in the winter. They all contributed to their own support and that of the family. Such girls, boys, and parents were not subject to the vicious and dangerous habits of towns and cities, nor enervated by luxuries and fashions like those of the present day. They became the founders of good families, and a bold and courageous people, who made the best citizens in time of peace, and the defenders of their country in time of war.

"Ill fare the land to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay,
Princes or lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

THE DANCE.

In those days we had our rural and innocent amusements. The log-rollings, the corn-shuckings, the house-raisings, and the reapings of the harvest; while the ladies and the girls attended

at the same time their cotton-pickings and quiltings; and when the day's work was performed, the yard was swept, covered by the flowers of the forest, and the dance commenced. The old fashioned Virginia break-down reel, where twenty couples faced and eyed each other, as they moved through the mazes of the merry dance, while the bow was drawn across the strings of the violin (we called it a fiddle), discoursing sweet music. Then "the band" would give us "Jenny, put the kettle on," "Molly, blow the bellows strong, we'll all take tea;" then, "Leather breeches, full of stitches," and by way of variety, "Billy in the wild woods," or "Nappycot and petty-coat," and "The linsey gown, if you want to keep your credit up, pay the money down." The dancing was really enjoyable. In old times we had a favorite reel called "Mrs. McCloud." When the word was given, "Hand all round, set-to and face your partners," giving to each full space to display their activity and gymnastic skill in the various steps of ancient times, the scene was a magnificent one. I have seen several sets at the same time, both boys and girls, cutting the single and double pigeon wing, which caused a thrill of excitement and emotions equal to the brilliant flights of an eloquent speaker.

> "We would dance all night by the bright moon-light,
> And go home with the gals in the morning."

I wish that I could recall those days, and our youth would return, but they will not; they are numbered with the things that were. Our call is as ineffectual as that of Owen Glendower, who could call spirits from the vasty deep, but they would not come. To revive old associations, I frequently get my daughters to play on the piano and sing:

> "Now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
> The trials of life nearly done,
> Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
> When you and I were young."

How changed the times! The country dance, the old fashioned reel, has long since disappeared, and in its place we have the entree and quadrill, lancers, waltz, polka, redowa, schottische, galop, and the mazurka, all of which consist in bowing and trotting about, no display of the person or its charms. It is an artistic abandonment of the ancient dance, in which the young girls

and young men distinguished themselves and received the plaudits of the assembly. The remark of old Capt. Haynie is applicable to this change, and the so-called artistic improvement. Capt. Haynie was an honest and well-to-do farmer, and while uninformed, he had the presumption of knowing all things; he never admitted his ignorance upon any subject. His neighbor, Capt. Reed, an old Indian pioneer, saw in the newspapers mention of the wonderful improvement called the railroad, and did not know what it meant, and went over to his neighbor, Capt. Haynie, and says to him, "I see a great deal in the Eastern papers about the railroad. What kind of a road is it?" Capt. Haynie, being perfectly ignorant of its power or quality, concealed his ignorance, studied awhile and presumed to know, and replied to the neighbor, "That it was called a railroad, they meaning to convey the idea that it was a rail (real) road; but, Capt. Reed, they are nothing but an imposition upon the public." So it might be said of the present system of dancing.

MUSIC.

The like change has taken place in the music of the country. In ancient times we had the banjo and "the harp of a thousand strings, the spirits of just men made perfect;" Monkey Simon with his tamborine, accompanied by the master instrument of music, the fiddle. We sung and played by ear, uncramped by books and the black notes of the masters, which moved the waters of the deep and lit up all of the fires of the heart. Our national song of "Hail Columbia," "John Anderson, my Jo John," "Old Zip Coon is a very learned scholar," "The Arkansas Traveler," and the national song of Scotland,

> "Scots who ha' wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots whom Bruce has often led,
> Welcome to your goary bed, or to victory."

> "Oh, Miss Lucy Neal,
> If I had you by my side, how happy I would feel."

"Black Satan," and the "Nigger in the wood-pile."

> "Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,
> You've come too late to get your supper."

> "Oh! Susannah, don't you cry for me,
> I'm just from Alabama, with the banjo on my knee."

"Row, boatmen, row," and "Floating down the river on the Ohio." These and various other sentimental songs were sung by lovely women and gallant men, accompanied by the fiddle and other instruments of music, which did the soul good, and put us in the happy condition of Parson King, a leader in his Church, as well as politics during the canvass for Congress—which was an exciting one—between Gen. Hall and Col. Burton forty years ago. At a large meeting in Macon county, Col. Burton, one of Tennessee's first orators, stirred up the assembly and salted them down, by telling them that if elected to Congress, he would restore the ancient weight of sixty pounds to the bushel of salt; and having got them up to fever heat on the salt question he closed. Parson King then mounted the rostrum and gave in his adhesion to Col. Burton, and announced to the congregation that he had heard doctrines that day proclaimed that did his soul good, but while he was up he wished to say that "he had lost his old bay mare. She left his premises the day before yesterday with a bridle, saddle, and an old pair of saddle-bags, and in the saddle-bags there was an old bell and rope, and that he would be thankful for any information the congregation might have touching his old mare, saddle-bags, bell, and rope."

"Since I've been gone," wealth and luxury have introduced a new order of things. The music of the wheel and the playing of the loom are rarely heard; the piano and the organ have taken their places. Instead of the old sentimental songs, that moved the heart and stirred the soul, we have the operatic thing that they call music, for the learned, and what is called the chaste and cultivated ear. Whenever I hear a man say that he is not moved by our ancient and sentimental songs, but has a learned and chaste ear for the opera, I put him down as an ass, as a man fit for stratagem, treason, and spoils. What I have to say upon this subject is, that the operatic music is the fly found in the ointment that destroys its perfume, and the sooner we revive and keep up our ancient customs the better for the country.

OTHER CHANGES.

"Who's been here since I've been gone?" The striped linsey and cotton dress has long since disappeared. The fair sex are now so disguised by art and dress, that the natural beauty of the

person is lost in the polonaise, the redingote, the overskirt, the basque, the jacket, the false calves, the bustles, the waterfalls, the chignons, and rats, and the palpitating bosoms, so that no one can tell which is the lovely and beautiful person, and which is the dress and artificial means used to mar and disguise it. I would as soon put my hand on a muskrat as on one of those artificial things used to disguise the person. In ancient times, five yards of calico made a dress, which displayed the natural beauty of the person, which no art could improve; now it takes from twenty to twenty-five, and when silks and finer articles are used, it takes from forty to fifty yards. One good bonnet a long time ago, was amply sufficient to set off and shade the mountain pink for the whole year; now we have the daisy, the sundown, the riverside, and the gipsey hat, costing from twenty-five to fifty dollars each, and which do not cover two inches of the crown, and two must be had for every season, making eight per year. The tyrant fashion will not permit a lady to appear more than once in the same dress. While the fair ones should always appear neatly dressed, always copying nature, they should show their native good sense, maintain their womanhood and frown down the extravagant fashions of the day which neither add to their beauty nor the exalted esteem which we hold due to the fair. Neither does it promote their well-being, but impoverishes families, and leads to the distress of communities. For thirty or forty years it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest natural advantages. All the wisdom of antiquity and the downfall of the great empires, show that it is one of the greatest curses that has ever befallen a people. I maintain that those luxuries and extravagant fashions which are prejudicial to the public taste, and by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone, should be reformed and utterly abandoned. I remain a professed ancient on this head. A great poet and philosopher of human life has well said:

"But times are altered, trade's unfeeling train,
Usurps the land and dispossesses the swain,
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.

And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that fully pays the pride,

Those gentler hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask for little room.

Those healthful sports that grace the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look and brightened all the green,
These fair departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more."

Man can do nothing in the correction of these abuses, but must work himself to death and foot the bills. It is for the fair women of the land, who alone have the power and can successfully move in this great work. Man in his nature is unfit to govern himself or control the destinies of the world. They are the instruments, however, in the hands of woman by which great revolutions and reforms are made. We can do nothing without lovely woman. She fires the heart and nerves the arm to great and glorious deeds. Who would live without a woman? her beauty and heaven-born influence? If there is any such, he is a Comanche, and should be made to join his tribe in the far distant West. Our great ancestor, Eve, by her beauty, blandishments, and importunities, governed and controlled the father of our race, Adam, and the same influence of woman has controlled and governed our race since that day. A basin of water spilt on Mrs. Washam's gown, deprived the Duke of Marlborough, the greatest English captain, of his command, and led to the inglorious peace of Utrecht. The abduction of Helen lost Troy. The indignities offered Lucretia expelled the Tarquins from Rome and gave liberty to Italy. Joan of Arc headed the French army, restored their native courage, and in the great battle of Orleans saved Paris and drove the invaders from France. Cora brought the Moors to Spain, and an insulted wife and husband led the Gauls to Clusium and thence to Rome. The elopement of Dearbhorgial with McMurrough conducted the English to the slavery of Ireland. A personal pique between Marie Antoinette and the Duke of Orleans precipitated the first expulsion of the Bourbons. Esther who, to save the Jewish nation, prevailed on the King to have Haman hanged on his own gallows. History gives other accounts of the extraordinary influence of woman over man. It permeates society and controls it; it is silently and beneficially felt in all the private walks of life. Gen. Jackson knew the force and power of woman's influence. When he was waited upon by the citizens

of New Orleans and asked to be permitted to carry their wives and families up the river, and then they would return and help fight the battle, Gen. Jackson replied, "By the eternal God, no! a woman should not leave the city till the battle was fought and won;" for he well knew that the gamecock fought best when the hens were present, and the result was the glorious victory of New Orleans. Then I appeal to the fair of the land, to exert that influence and make such reforms in the fashions and customs of the country as will elevate our race and make us a more prosperous and happy people. I want again to see that nice striped homespun dress, worn by the fairest daughters of the land. Such would look more lovely, more beautiful, and carry captive the heart of a man worth having, much sooner and more effectually than could the women who appeared at Washington lately at one of the receptions, one covered with jewels and diamonds costing from $50,000 to $100,000, others costing from $40,000 to $50,000. No wonder the government is robbed and plundered when such fashion and gaudy display are being made; it is contagion and becomes engrafted upon the country. No honest labor or honest calling can afford such outlays. I would as lief be bit by a rattlesnake as to have such a woman for my wife. A man to marry a woman of such vitiated taste, would have to become a rogue to be in the line of the fashion and to keep it up, and shortly he would become an inmate of the penitentiary. This change in the fashions might be made by degrees. If wedded to some of these customs, we should do as the temperance lecturer, who, after a temperance speech, and a long ride in the sun, stopped at the house of a friend and was regaled with a lemonade, when his host, insinuatingly, asked if he wished the least drop of something stronger to brace up his nerves after his exhaustion. "No," replied the lecturer, "I could not think of it, I am opposed to it on principle, but," he added with a longing glance at the black bottle, which stood by, "if you could manage to put in a drop unbeknownst to me, I guess it would not hurt me much." So if you keep up the present fashions, let it be unknownst to you.

THE LOG CABIN.

I will give you some other reminiscenses of scenes occurring here upwards of sixty years ago. The fine natural growth of the

forest covered the entire country. Here and there a log cabin might be seen, with a small opening for a field for corn, cotton and wheat; potatoes and other vegetables were also raised and consumed by a hardy, industrious, and virtuous people. Generally we had one large room, with a puncheon floor, and the roof was of clapboards, made without nails, but supported by poles sustained by cross-pieces. In the winter we "chinked" the cracks between the logs, and in the summer we knocked out the chinking, which afforded light and ventilation to the cabin. In those days no such thing as a glass window was ever seen. The whole of one end of the house composed the fire-place. Timber was convenient, and with the oxen we hauled up large logs and put them in the fire-place, filling the entire end of the house, and affording a warm, steady fire all night. Oh, who can tell the comforts of such a winter's fire! around which the family and the neighbors assembled, the boys sitting in the chimney-corner listening to the stirring stories of the Revolutionary and Indian wars. Being in an extensive Scotch settlement, and my father an educated Scotchman, the wars of Wallace and Bruce carried on with King Edward were rehearsed, as well as that of the Douglass. There were no formalities which destroyed the sensibilities and gushing of the heart. We had no visiting cards in those days. You never heard a lady say, "I must make," or "I must return a call." I despise to hear it now. I have commanded my pretty daughters never to use the term, but they wont obey their "daddy;" they say they must conform to the fashion. On this subject I am a fogy. When the spirit moved our people, they came and found a warm welcome. No stranger was driven from their doors, but taken in and freely fed. The poor claimed kindred there, and had their claims allowed.

> "The broken soldier kindly bid to stay,
> Sat by the fire and talked the night away,
> Wept on his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
> Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won."

When more than the family remained over night, curtains were stretched across the room, and comfortable lodgings given to our guests. There were no conventional rules stifling the nobler feelings of the heart, thereby destroying the pleasures of society.

GAME OF ALL KINDS

in those days was abundant—deer, bears, turkeys, ducks, wolves, panthers, wildcats, foxes, and groundhogs. The mountain pike was delicious, as well as the finny tribe of Wells' creek. The deer went in herds of from fifteen to twenty. Any morning during the hunting season they could be seen within a mile or two of the house, and were frequently killed, affording a savory dish equal to that by which Jacob obtained Esau's birthright.

SNAKES.

In those days this was the finest snake country that I have ever seen. The rattlesnake, the rusty highland moccasin, and the cotton-mouth, with their stumpy tails, were the most venomous. Billy Rushing, robust and remarkable for his fine appearance, lived across the branch, about two hundred yards from our cabin, and as he stepped out about nine o'clock on an autumnal night, he was bitten upon the naked ankle by a rattlesnake. I heard him scream. My father ran down and I followed him to see what was the matter. The force of the lick on the ankle where the poisonous fangs were driven in, was so violent that Mr. Rushing thought it was one of the weight poles on the roof of the cabin that had fallen on his leg, and could not be convinced otherwise until the swelling began to rapidly extend up his leg, when by close inspection the entrance of the two fangs was discovered. The swelling was rapidly approaching the body. My father drenched him, as we do a horse, with a bottle of whisky, and got a bed cord and tied his foot up to the joice, keeping it elevated to make the swelling ascend. My impression was, though it may be regarded improbable, his big toe swelled to the size of a small watermelon. Every known remedy was applied, including the various snake roots and the poisoned stone. Mr. Rushing suffered greatly and lingered a long time. My opinion is that the whisky was a check, if not an antidote, to the poison and saved his life. When we moved to Sumner county he was periodically affected by this bite, but survived many years, and now sleeps with his fathers. The next morning we found the rattlesnake under the punchron floor and killed him. He had sixteen rattles, and was, of course, that many years old. This was an awful snake country, sure. The rattlesnakes lived and germinated in

the cliffs, but came down into the settlements, and when molested, struck with terrible fatality. He is a magnificent snake. The rattle is his battle-cry, and while he is giving warning to the intruder, he gets into the coil, with his head in the centre, and when he strikes he throws his whole body.

A RATTLESNAKE STORY.

I must give you a snake story, which is a part of the history of this county, and has been handed down from sire to son. I had my deadfalls to catch squirrels, which was a log, eight feet long, set with a pair of figure-four triggers, to which was attached an ear of corn to decoy the squirrel, and while moving the corn at the end of the trigger, the log would be thrown, which to him was equal to the French guillotine used in those days when France got drunk with blood and vomited crime. Barefooted, with my only wardrobe, my toga, which was a long shirt tied with a tow string, having two slits in the tail, to distinguish me from the girls, I one morning started forth in a long trot, going around the fields to examine my deadfalls. When I got to the far corner, I found one of my deadfalls down, and the tail of a squirrel produding. I knew I had him. My entire attention being drawn to the squirrel, I straddled the log to raise it up, when my naked foot rested on the broad back of the largest rattlesnake ever seen in Stewart county. He was as strong as a mule, and as big around as a large yellow dog. He rapidly threw himself into a coil, and his battle-cry was heard. I knew that this meant business. In trying to extricate myself, I became entangled in his coils. He then had elevated me three feet above the ground, resting upon his broad folds. One of my feet was hung in his coils, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I extracted myself. In disengaging myself I fell headforemost upon the ground. There was no time for swapping horses, or getting upon my feet, so I rolled over and over, until I got fifty feet from the scene of strife. Every time that I struck the ground I thought I received a bite. Then I got up and ran to the centre of the field, and "hollered" all kinds of murder, which alarmed my father and mother, who came running with a hoe and an axe, thinking that Indians, who were troublesome in this section, had either wounded or scalped me. As they came up, I still invol-

untarily "hollered" murder. They partook of the excitement and asked me what was the matter. I could give but a very indistinct account of the situation, in which I spoke of a snake. Then they were satisfied I had been bitten by a snake, and raised up my toga looking for the bite, and asked me where I had been bitten. I told them that I was bitten all over. They could find no marks, and wanted me to go and show them the snake. I told them no, I could not go in that direction, but told them if they wanted to see the biggest snake they ever saw to go up to the corner of the field. I remained trembling and convulsed. They proceeded to the point indicated and found the monster snake still lying by the dead squirrel. He was of such extraordinary proportions that it was not prudent to attack him alone. Billy Rushing and other neighbors were called in to assist in the killing. Five or more came; a long sapling having forks was cut down and was placed upon the back of the snake's neck and held there by four men, when my father stepped up with the axe and cut off his head or guillotined him. We had two large yellow dogs, and the body of this snake was about as large and of the same color as the dogs. He was as long as a fence rail and had twenty-two rattles, being that many years old. When he was thus beheaded, the dogs were set upon him, and bravely he kept up the fight. He would throw himself into a coil, and with the stump of his neck strike the dogs, knocking them eight or ten feet. When the dogs came out of the fight, they were as bloody as butchers. He was such an extraordinary snake that the neighbors concluded to carry him home, but were unable to drag him. The oxen and cart were sent for, and with the aid of handspikes he was rolled into the cart. His skin was taken off and stuffed with bran, with the head attached, and it was hung up by the walls of the house as a trophy, such as the scalps that hang from the girdle of the Indian warrior.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

After my return from the Florida war in 1837, I was elected to the Senate, and took into my circuit the good old county of Robertson, whose citizens I will always respect and love. I then for the first time met with the Eagle Orator, Gus Henry; Boyd, one of the first legal minds of Tennessee; Kimball, Hockett

Allen, and Pepper. There I met my old friend Judge Martin, my schoolmate, whom I voted for in the Assembly, and greatly contributed to elevate to the bench; likewise my old schoolmate, Wiley B. Johnson, the Attorney General of the fifth circuit; Cave Johnson, the member of Congress, a sound Democrat, and one of the best stump speakers in the State, all of whom formed a galaxy of talent and worth not surpassed in Tennessee. All now have passed away, and the clods of the valley have fallen over them, except the Eagle Orator, Gus Henry. Well, to the point. My nature is to be communicative, and quickly to form my acquaintances. I had never played a card, and never intended to use one. After making a few splurges in the courthouse, in a few nights we became hail fellows well met. I branched out and gave my snake story with the expletives. I extorted, by my powers and manner, from them a reluctant assent to its truth by an occasional nod of the head. Being a stranger, they waived, during that court, making any issue, but as they returned to Clarksville they doubted its entire truth. But finding a snake story in one of the Alabama papers, they inclosed it in a letter to me, and stated that when I told them my snake story they could not believe it, but that politeness prevented them from entering a dissent to any part of it. They had since found in the papers the Alabama snake story sent me, and they now felt it their duty to withdraw any reserved implication against the truth of my story, and to extend to me the amende honorable, as they now believed every word of it. It is said objects become larger seen in the distance, and the lapse of time renders an enchantment to facts as well as fiction, yet I still adhere to the entire features of this snake scene, so deeply has it become engraven in my memory.

This was an awful country for snakes, sure! The snakes were so numerous that in the fall the neighbors drove their hogs to the cliffs to eat and fatten on them. The meat of the rattlesnake is fat and nutritous, and they will fatten hogs, if they eat enough of them, equal to corn. The mast and snakes in those days were a great saving of the cereals.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.

If it will not fatigue you, ladies, I will give you another snake

scene of the olden times, and then pursue my rambles. A neighbor, with a wife and one child, built his cabin on a flat rock among the cliffs. The rock furnished him a substantial floor, impervious to floods but not to snakes. Upon this rock Peter built his cabin; his winter fires were built in the center of the house; the chimney-stack of rocks and mud protruded through the roof and carried off the smoke. The fires being kept up during the winter upon this floor, the genial warmth thawed the snakes early in the spring. He and his wife and child occupied their only bed in the corner, elevated some two feet from the rock. Just before day he was awakened by the crawling of snakes over the bed, and their hissing all over the house. He soon became satisfied that his cabin was infested with snakes. It was dangerous to attempt to walk across the rock floor to the door, as he could not avoid being enveloped by snakes, so he whispered to his wife to cover up her head and that of the child with the bed-clothes, and hold them down, and remain in that condition until his return, as he was going to escape through the roof of the house, and bring her relief by morning. He thus escaped, alarmed the neighbors, who assembled at the break of day with guns and ropes. They examined the situation and found that the floor and bed were covered with snakes. They got to the roof, made an opening, let down ropes that had "running nooses," and, after great care and difficulty, they were placed under the arms of the wife, and she, holding to her child, was safely drawn up, and thus were the two saved from destruction.

The rattlesnakes herd together and lie dormant under the rocks and cliffs during the winter, and this rock happened to be one of their headquarters. Having been thawed by the fire, they came out during the night and took up their line of march. There were upward of a hundred slain that morning, and destroyed with the cabin, which was burned in order to exterminate a den of snakes. I do not know how it is now, but I know that sixty years ago this was an awful snake country. But I suppose that the snake, like the bear, the panther, the wolf, and the Indian, has retired before the approach of civilization, and is now but seldom seen.

WHERE IS BEN'S HOLE?

It is about three miles from here, in Wells' creek. And why was it called Ben's Hole? I will tell you. There was but one negro boy in the county, and he was owned by 'Squire Edwards. The boys worked all the week, and Saturday, after twelve o'clock, went to Wells's creek to fish, bathe, and play. Ben was a lone fellow, and we took him into our circle of amusement. We found a hole in the creek some eight or ten feet deep, and in that one we bathed. I was an expert swimmer. Ben could not swim a lick, and in the confusion of the moment, on one occasion, got into deep water. I saw him go down the last time. I called the boys and we rolled a log ten feet in length into the hole, which was held to its place by poles, and I "bulged" in and dived for Ben at the point where I saw the last bubble come up. At the first dive my hand lit upon the head of Ben, and I grasped the wool with one hand, and by the aid of the other and my feet, rose with Ben by the side of the log, and we all made with the log and Ben for the land. Ben was lifeless—could not hold up his head, and when we got to the bank he was perfectly limber. We turned his head down hill, and by his feet lifted him up and let his body strike the ground, which had the effect of a force pump. Not less than a half bushel of water ran out of him, and at last he began to twitch his face and to show signs of life. We rubbed him and blew in his mouth, when low and suppressed breathing was visible, and thus Ben's life was preserved, and ever afterward they called this Ben's Hole. The word went round, "Boys, let us go washing in Ben's Hole." I have diligently inquired for Ben since my arrival, but I can get no tidings of him. I suppose he has long since paid the debt of nature. Ben ever afterward showed for me the most sincere attachment and gratitude. Upon Sundays he would bring me apples or melons as evidence of his gratitude.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

After the short sleep of twenty years on the Katskill mountains, Rip Van Winkle returned to his native home and scarcely recognized the country. He inquired for his faithful dog Wolf, but he had been dead for many years. He looked around for his gun, and he found only a lock and barrel, the stock being

worm eaten, which he did not recognize as his. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none that he knew. Their dress was different from that to which he had been accustomed. Strange children followed him; the dogs barked at him, not one of which he recognized; every thing seemed to be altered and changed. He could recognize nothing but the Katskill mountains. There ran the silvery Hudson in the distance. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face and long pipe; or the school-master, Bummel, doling to a select crowd the contents of an ancient newspaper. In the place of them a lean, billious-looking fellow was harranging vehemently about the rights of citizens, elections, member of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of '76, all of which was Babylonish jargon to him. One fellow asked him on which side he voted; another whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was at a loss how to answer these questions. When he went to sleep he was a subject of George the Third; when he awoke the battles of the revolution had been fought, and the independence of the country established. At last he was asked by a man with a cocked hat, whose keen eye penetrated into his very soul, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he intended to breed a riot in the village." Rip, somewhat dismayed, replied that he was a quiet man, a native of the place, and "a loyal subject to the king, God bless him!" Here the shout was raised, "A Tory, a Tory, a spy; hustle him away!" He was again asked what he came there for, and whom was he seeking. Rip said, "I come in search of some of my neighbors." He was asked to name them. "Where is Nicholas Vedder?" Why he is dead and gone eighteen years. "Where is Brom Dutcher?" He was killed in the storming of Stony Point. Rip's heart died within him at hearing of these sad changes among his friends, and in his native home, finding himself thus alone in the world. I can sympathize with poor old Rip, for I feel on this occasion much like he did, when I return to my native home and ask for the friends of my youth.

WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.

Who is here to-day that was present at the welcome at Nash-

ville, given to Gen. LaFayette in 1825? I pause for a reply. Your silence indicates not one. Then let me allude to that interesting occasion. LaFayette, in 1776, was a young French nobleman. His noble nature was fired by the principles announced in our immortal Declaration of Independence. He saw the distant Colonies oppressed by the British Crown. Though few in numbers and with limited resources, headed by Gen. Washington, they were bravely making the fight for independence. LaFayette put to hazard his large fortune, his life, and his political prospects. He called to his standard the chivalry of France, purchased and equipped various vessels and sailed for America, uniting his destiny with ours. He was appointed by Gen. Washington Brigadier General, and commanded the gallant French in the various battles of the revolution. At the battle of Brandywine he received a dangerous wound. Through his influence France recognized the independence of our country at a time when our fortunes were drooping, which nerved the arms of our patriots in their death-struggle. Nor did Gen. LaFayette and his gallant command leave us in the fight until Lord Cornwallis surrendered the English army, which fixed the independence of our country. Fifty years after this great event the people of the United States invited Gen. LaFayette to visit our country as the nation's guest. He accepted the invitation and was brought over in a government vessel. His arrival was the occasion of bonfires and fireworks displayed in every city in the United States. The American heart was fired by love and gratitude to the associate in arms of our immortal Washington. Every means was put forth to bestow appropriate honors on the nation's guest. I raised a company of one hundred men, who elected me Captain. With a flaming sash and red feather which floated in the breeze, I led them to Nashville, where we encamped with other companies, forming an army of twenty-thousand men. LaFayette was received on the Public Square, an open area being reserved. LaFayette was sitting in a carriage drawn by six white horses, open to public view. The balance of the Square was covered with human forms. All the windows and tops of houses were streaming with a sea of heads. The fair waving their handerchiefs and the floating of banners announced a hearty welcome to the nation's guest. This was the first time that Tennesseeans, ex-

cept a few of the revolutionary soldiers, had seen Gen. LaFayette. He was a square, muscular, well-built man, of about five feet eight inches in height; a full, good-natured, benevolent face; hazel eyes, fleshy nose and lips, swarthy color, with long elephant ears, indicating much kindness and humanity, coupled with manly firmness, but no very eminent degree of talent. As he stood in the open carriage, with the eyes of twenty-five thousand people upon him, another personage appeared upon the scene, a man with whom we were familiar, and in whose presence we often took delight. It was Gen. Jackson. As he strode across the open area to greet LaFayette, it was the tread of a Chesterfield, as well as that of a military chieftain. As he approached the carriage with peacock stride, the entire public eye was turned from LaFayette and rested upon the old hero. I heard an hundred voices exclaim, "My God, just look at old Jackson!" I give this as an instance to show what a remarkable hold he had upon the hearts of the people. There was something in his look, his martial presence, his whole personnel, that chained the public eye and heart to him—certainly the most interesting and wonderful man the United States has produced. No other personage on that occasion could have taken the public eye from LaFayette. In addition to the most extravagant honors and hearty welcome given to LaFayette throughout every State of the Union, large endowments of the public lands were given him, demonstrating to the world that republics were not ungrateful.

GENERAL JACKSON

was a most remarkable man, the greatest the world has produced since the days of Washington and Napoleon. I believe him equal to either. He takes his rank with such men as Cæsar, Charles V., the Duke of Marlborough, Cromwell, the Duke of Wellington, Bonaparte, and our own Washington, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. Such men are the product of centuries. They are bright and brilliant stars that take their place in history at long periods of time. And as time rolls on, and the distant ages come, their brightness increases and their glory is not diminished. Many are the interesting scenes of Jackson's life which his biographer, Parton, has omitted and not brought to light. When a boy, I saw him scare and put to flight twenty

thousand men. The occasion was this: Grey Hound, a Kentucky horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they were afterward matched for five thousand dollars aside, to be run on the Clover Bottom Course. My uncle, Josephus H. Conn—who, by the death of my parents, became a father to me, giving me such education as I received—carried me on horseback behind him to see the race. He set me on the cedar fence and told me to remain till he returned. In those days not only counties, but States, in full feather, attended the race course as a great national amusement, and the same is still kept up in France and England under the fostering care of each government. There must have been twenty thousand persons present. I never witnessed such fierce betting between the States. Horses and negroes were put up. A large pound was filled with horses and negroes bet on the result of this race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard some loud talking, and looking down the track saw, for the first time, Gen. Jackson, riding slowly on a gray horse, with long pistols held in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, and had a mouth that a ground squirrel could enter. In his wake followed my uncle, Conn, Stokely Donelson, Patton Anderson, and several others, as fierce as bull dogs. As Gen. Jackson led the van and approached the judges' stand, he was rapidly talking and gesticulating. As he came by me he said that he had irrefragible proof that this was to be a jockey race; that Grey Hound was seen in the wheat field the night before, which disqualified him for the race, and that his rider was to receive five hundred dollars to throw it off, and "by the Eternal God," he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track; that the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and the fire from his eyes. I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious looking animal that I had ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of twenty thousand people. If they felt as I did, every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wanted some lead in their hides, to just bring their horses on the track, for "by the Eternal," he would kill the first man that attempted to do so. There was no response

to this challenge, and after waiting some time, and they failing to appear, Gen. Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some that he acted hastily and without consideration. He would give the scoundrels a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a court to investigate this matter, who would hear the proof, and do justice to all parties. Thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proclamation was made that the court was open, and was ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. No one appearing, Gen. Jackson introduced the witnesses, proving the bribery of Grey Hound's rider, who was to receive five hundred dollars to throw off the race, having received two hundred and fifty dollars in advance, and that Grey Hound had been turned into the wheat field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and contradict this proof, and vindicate their innocence. They failing to appear, Gen. Jackson told the court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which, in a few moments, was done in accordance with the facts proved. I was still on the fence forming one line of the large pound containing the property bet on the race. Each man was anxious to get back his property. Gen. Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said, "Now, gentlemen, go calmly and in order, and each man take his own property." When the word was given the people came with a rush. It was more terrible than an army with banners. They came bulging against the fence, and in the struggle to get over they knocked it down for hundreds of yards. I was overturned, and was nearly tramped to death. Each man got his property, and thus the fraudulent race was broken up by an exhibition of the most extraordinary courage. He did that day what it would have required two thousand armed men to have effected. All this was effected by the presence and action of one man, and without the drawing of one drop of blood. A certain knowledge that in one event streams of blood would have flown, effected this great and worthy object.

GEN. JACKSON PROTECTING A COURT.

If it will not fatigue you, ladies, I will give you another scene in Gen. Jackson's life not found in Parton. Although Parton's life is interesting, and written with reasonable ability, it should

have been written by a Southern man, who had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the old hero, who had been inspired by his genius, and had imparted to him the fires which burned in his patriotic breast. I was employed in the great will suit of Col. Anthony Bledsoe, who was killed by the Indians on the night of the 20th of July, 1787. It became necessary to look through the old muster records of Sumner county. I found the following entry upon the records of the fall of 1787: "The thanks of this court are tendered to Andrew Jackson, Esq., for efficient conduct." Signed by the two Douglasses and Musklewrath, Justices. Esq. James Douglass still survived. I took him to the clerk's office, read that entry signed by him, and asked him if he could explain the occasion of its being made. He informed me that he recollected all the circumstances well, and said the first County Court was held in a log cabin on the bank of the creek at one of the station camps. They had jurisdiction, and took steps to put down the fights and personal rencounters that were in those days very frequent. Gen. Jackson was the Attorney General for all Middle Tennessee. Two men named Kirkendall were the great bullies of that creek. They were spirited and powerful men. They held that the sitting of the court, taking such jurisdiction, invaded their dominions, and they went in, in a bullying manner, and dispersed the court, and ordered it never to meet again. Gen. Jackson heard of it and attended the next term, carrying upon his arm his saddle-bags, containing his long black bull dogs. He placed his saddle-bags in a corner of the house. The justices took the bench and the sheriff proclaimed the court open. The Kirkendalls appeared and ordered the court to disperse. In the confusion and terror of the hour the sheriff failed to arrest the parties and restore order. At this juncture Gen. Jackson appeared before the court and denounced the bullies and their conduct, and told the court if they would appoint him their officer he would arrest them and have order. His proposition was readily accepted. Jackson seized one of the Kirkendalls, who was a terror to the county; they clinched and got outside, and being on the edge of the bluff, the bully threw Jackson, and they rolled over and over down the bluff into the creek. When the bully thought he had conquered Jackson he left him. But the old game cock came rush-

ing up the hill, as wet as an otter, in search of his bull dogs. He grasped them, and pointing one at each of the bullies, arrested them and brought them before the court. They were heavily fined and order was restored, and hence the thanks of the court were tendered to Gen. Jackson for efficient conduct. Many are the pleasant reminiscences in regard to Gen. Jackson, handed down from sire to son, with which I might interest you, but I must hasten on and bring my address to a close.

THE CIVIL WAR AND OUR TROUBLES.

We come now to look over our desolated South, our burnt houses and rifled fields, our noble dead, who have been slain or fallen in the greatest civil war that has ever marked the earth. The ruins of Fort Donelson may be seen but a few miles from this spot. The fort was named in honor of its founder, Gen. Daniel S. Donelson, a bold, patriotic, and able General, who fell in that war with his armor on. The vandalism of that war did not leave a single house standing of the ancient village of Dover, situated on the bank of the Cumberland, which comprised a part of the battle-field of Fort Donelson. It was there that my friend and partner, Col. Alfred Robb, fell at the head of his regiment. In private life he was as gentle as a lamb, in war as fierce as a tiger. Take him all in all, I believe that he was the best man I ever knew. It was here that about thirteen thousand gallant Confederates, during three days of hard fighting, resisted the approach of seventy-five thousand Federals, commanded by Gen. Grant, aided by his fleet of gun-boats. In this great battle many of you this day present fought, and continued to rally around our Southern flag until it was furled and laid away forever upon the surrender of Gen. Lee and his army in 1865. Many were its glorious victories, and sad were its reverses, made more so by the fall of the flower of the American youth, whose places can never be supplied. It is not necessary here to inquire into the causes of this great civil war. It is sufficient to say that the South honestly believed that their cause was just, and they devoted their property and their lives to its maintenance. They are content to leave it to posterity, whose opinions will be freed from prejudice, to pass upon their conduct in this great struggle, confident that their manhood was maintained, and that their honor stands unsullied. We had just reasons to hope that

when the war ceased peace would return, the Union be restored, with equal rights to all the States and all of our citizens, as had been voluntarily announced by the action of Congress and the terms of the surrender; but instead of these pledges being met and faithfully complied with, we have seen and felt—amidst our own ruins, bereft of fortunes and estates, having nothing left but our honor and good name, a public character unsullied and untarnished—that there has been an undying hate, as ferocious and as unrelenting as that of the savage, on the part of the Republicans of the North, who had control of the Government, toward the Southern States and the people of the South. We have witnessed the trampling upon the constitution by the nest of vipers; their reconstruction measures, reducing sovereign States to military provinces, striking down the liberty of the citizen; their desolated homes made the scene of plunder and public robbery, in the form of legislation without representation, saddling the Southern States with a public debt of from $25,000,000 to 100,000,000 each, without any returning advantages to the people. We have seen an American Senate, with great unanimity, pass the civil rights bill, a misnomer which should be called a "social rights bill." These and other measures have gone through either house, without their constitutionality being challenged by the pickets placed upon the battlements of the constitution, to warn the people of the coming storm. This is the last feather attempted to be placed upon the camel's back. Although it has not yet met with the approval of the House, it only sleeps; the snake is scotched, but not killed. It is the Pandora's box with all its evils and poison, destined to be poured upon the devoted heads of the white race. It is intended as an insult and disgrace to the white race, but it is certain that the direful evils attending its train will not be confined to that race; for the greatest woes and distress attending its march will fall upon the colored race, with whom we were living upon terms of peace and good will, exchanging our labor for theirs, and getting along reasonably well, while they were enjoying the sympathy, aid, and protection of our race. The whites submitted to heavy taxation for educational purposes, in which the colored race equally participated. For party purposes, the Republicans of the North have attempted to force this measure upon the people of the

South. The great body of the negro race, we believe, have no desire to see this fatal issue pushed upon the white race, for they know that if the pillars of the temple are carried away, all will be buried under the same ruins. This social law is an off-shoot of the old blue light Puritanical law that imposed fines and penalties upon a husband for kissing his wife on Sunday. Just think of that! A man's young wife, dressed and adorned as a bride for the wedding, dallying around him, and if he dared to kiss her on a Sunday morning he was fined and imprisoned! This was oppressive to the man. I know I should have been often punished under this law. I appeal to you, ladies, was not this hard upon the women? The fact is, the women had that law repealed, and I say that they were right. If we shall ever enjoy our liberties again, the administration of our government must be brought back and made to recognize the great principles announced by the fathers of the revolution and the authors of our system. It was by these principles, fairly brought to bear, that all of the great achievements of the past were made. If this shall not be, it is in vain that we may expect to be free. We are fast approaching centralism and despotism. The legislation of Congress and the action of the Executive department are hastening us to this dangerous gulf. Sovereign States are denied the right of local self-government; they are regarded as having no sovereign rights; that Congress may trample upon the constitution, come into the States, set aside their organic and statute laws, and legislate for States and counties, control their taxation, schools, marriages, and all the social relations of life. When this is consummated, our free institutions, established by our common ancestors, will be subverted and an empire will be established in their stead. We have no power to divert this dire calamity from befalling both races. We can not resist. We can only bear with patience and fortitude as best we can. The time has, however, I hope, arrived when the people of the North will see the dangerous tendencies of all these unconstitutional measures; that they are destroying the rights of the States and of the people; taking away their local self-government; that the wrong done to the Southern States will ultimately extend and fall upon the States of the North. The States must be all equally free, or, under a despotism, all ultimately enslaved. The union of these

States can not always be sustained by physical force, but by the much stronger attractive principle of equal justice to each State and mutual convenience and advantage. The sober sense of the masses of the Northern people may, and I hope will, save our country from being engulfed in such a despotism. Through the harmonious working of the true principle of the rights of the States, local self-government, we are destined to enter upon a new career of greatness, and arrive at greater achievements than we have heretofore attained under the patriotic administrations of Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson.

But if centralism is ultimately to prevail, if the institutions of our patriotic fathers are to be subverted, and an empire to be fastened upon the people; if that is to be the last in the great drama now being enacted, then the gallant people of the South will be acquitted by the judgment of mankind from responsibility for such a terrible catastrophe, and from such an atrocious crime against liberty and the rights of humanity. If this shall be our fate, produced by the hate and maddened fanaticism of the North, our honor and good name shall remain untarnished. The Southern people will ever maintain their manhood unsullied. Their affections will still cling to their native South; they will still cherish the memory of their noble dead, "and the land of memories," and will have the nerve to express their sentiments of the past, as well as their hopes of the future, and endorse and cherish the noble sentiments of Father Ryan, one of the most eminent divines, and one of America's best poets:

"A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without liberty! A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautyless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history! Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure! Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transcient, they pass away and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations!

"Yes, give me a land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just!
Yes, give me the land that hath legend and lays,
Enshrining the memories of long-vanished days.
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the Right with the Wrong.

Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot!
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory in gloom!
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of Might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of Right!"

Ladies and gentlemen, I am now done. I retire with the most profound feelings of love and gratitude for the honor you have conferred upon me by this friendly greeting, and hope that happiness and prosperity may attend each of you through life, and that our children's children may live to see a restored Union, with the sovereign right of the States to local self-government, with all the rights and liberties of the citizen enforced and maintained.

AN OPINION OF THIS SPEECH.

Judge John L. T. Sneed, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, addressed a letter to the author, under date of "Near Memphis, Aug. 28, 1874," in which he expresses this opinion of the speech just given:

"I have just read with great interest your remarkable speech at Erin, and while I write in my office, my wife is reading it aloud to a number of ladies in our little parlor. Measured by Mr. Jefferson's rule of criticism as given to William Wirt, I must be allowed to pronounce it the best thing of the kind I have read in many a day. Whether viewed as a graphic and somewhat truthful retrospect into the olden time, or as a delicate satire upon the fashions and follies of our own degenerate days, it is a success, and utterly inimitable by any one except the venerable author himself. Please count yourself my creditor for about forty of the most hearty 'cachinnations' I have enjoyed in years. I can only regret that I was not present to observe the 'stage effect' with which you delivered yourself; but having known your manner so long, I can well imagine how 'the thing was done.' I hope your literary executor will place this fine contribution to the humor of our day and generation into some more permanent form for preservation, for the benefit especially of the votaries of fashion as well as fun who are to come after us."

IV.

Reading Law and Some of its Incidents—Pictures from Memory of the Men and Women and the Manners and Customs of Fifty Years Ago.

I do not aspire to write a history—it does not come within the purview of these sketches. I merely intend, as I advance along the path of life, to give an occasional view of the sunshine and shadow that illumined or darkened my way; the smooth and rugged places as they have appeared to me; a notice of the men who have filled the public eye, and who seemed to shape the course of events. My uncle, Maj. Jo. H. Conn, placed my brother and myself in the common schools until 1815; then at the academy under the charge of John Hall, Esq.; then I was sent to the academy of Mr. McWhirter, in Wilson county, and then to that of Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, near Nashville. My uncle died in 1820, which cut me off from all resources, except some $1,500 I received from his estate. I was then thrown upon my own resources, and had to become self-reliant and make my way through the world as best I could. Necessity was continually spurring me in the side, and driving me forward to dare and do. I concluded to make the law my profession. I had witnessed the intellectual tournaments of Felix Grundy and other distinguished lawyers at the bar, which fixed me in my determination to study law. Anthony Shelby, born to a fine estate, was the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Sumner county, and had been a lawyer with a good library for the times. I proposed to take charge of his office and perform all the duties of clerk for my board and the privilege of reading his books, which proposition was accepted, and I entered upon the duties of my new position. I became very popular with the members of the bar, being always promptly at my post and accommodating in the discharge of my duties. The distinguished lawyers who practiced at the Gallatin bar in 1820, were Felix Grundy, John H. Bowen, Wm. Hadley, John J. White, Andrew Hayes, Wm. Williams, Samuel Houston, and Gen. Wm. Trousdale; all good lawyers, and some of them

great orators, especially Felix Grundy. I am certain he was the greatest advocate that Tennessee has produced. I believe he had no superior in the United States, and as to Cicero and Demosthenes, he could knock them into a cocked hat before a Tennessee jury. Three of these gentlemen—Grundy, Houston, and Bowen—became distinguished members of Congress, while Houston and Trousdale became Governors of the State. Gov. Trousdale acted a noble and conspicuous part in the Creek and Seminole wars, distinguished himself in the battle of Chalmette, led his victorious columns through the battle-fields of Mexico, was twice wounded in this campaign, but still held his position until he saw the flag of his country waiving over the city of Mexico. On his return to Tennessee he was elected Governor of the State, and was afterwards appointed minister to one of the South American republics.

At the time of which I am now writing the public distress growing out of the financial embarrassment of the people was appalling. The Bank of the United States was chartered in 1816. It stimulated speculation and the extension of the credit system, with all its deleterious bubbles, which brought about wide-spread calamity. The paper system of which it was the head, with its thousand State Bank co-workers, produced a vast expansion, which suddenly collapsed, spreading desolation over the country. This was a period of gloom and bankruptcy. The people had an abundance of shin-plasters, but no money, neither gold or silver nor paper convertible into specie; besides, there was a universal shrinkage of one hundred per cent in values of all kinds of property, real, personal, and mixed. There was no market for property of any description, and no sales were effected save those by the marshal, sheriff, or constable, and there were no purchasers at such sales except creditors or Shylocks. All industry was broken down, and there was no demand for labor, millions being thrown out of employment and on the highway to starvation. The sound of the hammer of the shop had died away, and in its stead was heard that of the auctioneer. It was at a time, too, when no exemptions of property were granted to heads of families. I have seen the last bed and cow and calf taken from a distressed and almost starving family, and publicly sold at a great sacrifice. It was then that the people rose up and demanded relief through

the Legislatures of the several States. Stop laws, property laws, loan-office laws, replevin laws, and stay laws were enacted. Felix Grundy was elected to the Legislature from Davidson county, and he became the leader of that body, and all such laws were enacted as gave temporary relief to the people. These "relief-laws" acted somewhat like stimulants administered to a sick man, which, when the effect passed off, left him in a worse condition than before the stimulants were administered. The Supreme Court delared all these relief measures unconstitutional, on the ground that they impaired the obligation of a contract, which was prohibited by the constitution of the United States. An additional cause of distress to the people resulted from heavy purchases of public lands during the flush times of 1818. These lands were purchased at exorbitant prices, the purchasers paying one-fourth of the purchase money down—which was more than the land was really worth—and giving their notes for the remainder, payable in three annual instalments. It was "nominated in the bond," that a failure to pay either of these instalments upon becoming due, would work a forfeiture of the whole amount previously paid, while the land should revert to the Government, which was as heartless as the forfeiture exacted of Antonio by Shylock. The purchasers being unable to take up these notes when due, applied to Congress for relief. President Monroe recommended the relief prayed for, and Secretary Crawford devised a measure which was carried through Congress, annulling the sales and requiring the lands to be sold again at a minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, for cash, and those who had previously bought and paid the first instalment should have the privilege of repurchasing their lands, and with any surplus they could purchase other lands. Thus relieved, the people by their native energy and industry, stemmed this storm, and within a few years, had overcome the embarrassments that pressed so heavily upon them. Richard was himself again, and in a short time they became a well-to-do, prosperous people. These were some of the brakes and rough paths the people had to tread on my first starting out in life for myself.

The war of 1812 brought some difficulties and embarrassments to the people of the United States, but then, on the other hand, it resulted in lasting advantages. At the close of the war the

national debt amounted to nearly two hundred million dollars, then considered a very large sum, and that with the wear and tear of the war furnished the leading argument for the passage by Congress of the bill chartering the United States Bank notwithstanding the vexed question of its constitutionality. A like feeling prevailed in the States, and resulted in the wholesale charter of State banks and private banking corporations, by which the currency was inflated and speculation stimulated, resulting in the disastrous panic of 1820. But the result of that war elevated our national character throughout Christendom, and as a necessary consequence, put an end to the insults and outrages upon our flag on the high seas. We have had no more impressments, no more searching of our ships; our flag has since then been respected and become the ægis of those who sailed under it, upon whatever sea our vessels have entered. Wherever the white sails of commerce have penetrated, there the flag of our country is honored as the ensign of a great and powerful nation. The war was necessary to assert our rights and maintain the honor and interests of the United States. It was bravely fought, gloriously concluded, and is one of the great eras in our history. It is said that it was the exertions of three men, Mr. Monroe, in the Cabinet, and Henry Clay and Felix Grundy, in Congress, that carried this great measure through, which constitutes the greenest chaplet to their memory.

Having served an apprenticeship of one year in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Sumner county, I concluded to go to Nashville to pursue the study of the law in the office of some distinguished lawyer of that city. We had no law schools in Tennessee at that day. I was determined to live within my means, by practicing the strictest economy. I wore good jeans clothing, made my own shoes and boots, and was, withal, a pretty fair tailor. I like to sew on buttons yet. I had heard of Judge Trimble and a distinguished lawyer of Nashville, named Wm. L. Brown, and determined to apply to one or both of them. I started on foot to Nashville, and stopped at the residence of Judge Trimble; introduced myself, told him I was looking out for a good man with whom to read law, and that I had stopped to see whether he would take me in and furnish me his books to read and give me the necessary instruction. The Judge excused him-

self, saying that he had retired from the bar and that it would not suit him. I supposed, however, that being an overgrown, goslin-looking sort of a fellow, with jeans apparel, I did not fill his eye. I continued my walk towards Nashville, and stopped over night at Hinton's tavern, three miles from the city. Mr. Hinton was a kind old man, and learning the object of my visit to Nashville, did not charge me anything. I bulged into Nashville about ten o'clock one morning in the spring of 1821, to make my observations. I was a stranger and consulted no one, relying on my own judgment. I had heard that Wm. L. Brown was a great lawyer, and I concluded that he was my man, provided I was satisfied with his looks. He was pointed out to me. He was a thin, dark, Cassius-looking fellow, with heavy black hair, that covered his forehead and fell down near to his eyes, with bushy eyebrows and a piercing eye. He was a quiet, taciturn man, with no parade or show or even address. I did not think he was the make of a great lawyer; in short, I did not fancy him. I said to myself, I will not interview him, but will go further. I sauntered into the court-house that stood on the Public Square upon the ground now occupied by the present magnificent "temple of justice." I was a stranger, a "looker-on in Venice." Then for the first time I saw Col. Ephraim H. Foster. He was arguing a case in the County Court, that then had civil and criminal jurisdiction. Col. Robert Weakley, as I afterwards learned, was the presiding justice. Col. Foster and the old Judge got at loggerheads; high words ensued, and each being game-chickens of the most approved blood, a fight ensued. Foster threw a book at the Judge, who left the bench and drew his arms, and prepared to give battle to his antagonist. Foster quickly drew his, and a bloody rencounter would have ensued had not the numerous friends of each interfered and put a stop to the difficulty. There were not less than a dozen pistols drawn on both sides. I admired the gallant and noble bearing of Col. Foster. He was a man of commanding person, of courtly address, of fine conversational as well as of speaking powers, a fiery Hotspur that would stake his life upon even a doubtful question of honor. I was so taken with him that I followed him all over the city, with his troops of friends, to hear him talk and give a hearty laugh. At length he made his way to his office, which was on

the corner where the Commercial Hotel now stands. Watching my opportunity to find him alone, I stepped in and, addressing him, said, "This is Mr. Foster, I presume?" His sharp reply was, "Yes, sir, I am the man." Having been once rejected, I determined that I would make my speech without allowing him time to give an unfavorable answer, and I said to him: "I have come to Nashville for the purpose of reading law. Wm. L. Brown had been recommended to me, but I have seen him; I have examined his appearance and looks; I do not think he is either a great man or a great lawyer, and for that reason I did not make my business known to him. [The best of the joke is, I did not then know that Brown was Foster's partner in the practice of the law.] But I was up at the court-house and admired your gallant bearing with that old Judge. I have been following you all round the city to hear you talk, and you are the very man that fills my eye. I want to read law in your office. I just want to read your books and get your hang of doing business." He eyed me with my rough apparel and country looks, and asked, "Do you think you can make a lawyer?" "O yes," I said, "there is no doubt about that. I will go out and get my board. All I want is to read your books, and observe your tact and manner of doing business. I am a working boy, sir. I will bring your water, become your messenger, make your fires, and keep your office in apple-pie order, and you shall have no cause of complaint." Col. Foster replied with a strong expletive, "You are the very boy I have been looking for. You shall, sir, read law with me, so take your seat and consider yourself at home." This was my first introduction to Col. Foster, and I felt happy. At this time the firm of Brown & Foster had the largest and most lucrative practice in the State—all the eastern collections and large fees in the numerous contests growing out of entries and grants and the statute of limitations, which swelled the coffers of the lawyers of that day. Their practice was worth from $40,000 to $50,000 a year. At that time Col. Foster had four other young men in his office reading law: Frank Foster, Arch. Goodrich, Berry Gillespie, and Wm. Cooper, the latter now one of the most distinguished lawyers in Alabama. The next morning in stepped Wm. L. Brown. I then ascertained that he was Col. Foster's partner. I was fearful Foster would mention what I had said the day before about

Brown's appearance, as he was very fond of a joke. There was a crowd in the office, and he could not let the opportunity slip, so he repeated to them what I had said of Judge Brown, greatly to the amusement of all present except Brown and myself, for I felt like a sheep-killing dog. After the laugh had subsided, I remarked that my opportunities of forming an opinion were bad; that I intended to reserve my opinion until I could have an exhibit of his powers in some great case. I had that opportunity in a very short time, and I found that Wm. L. Brown was the greatest "bite" that ever came across my path. He possessed one of the finest intellects in America. In argument and in a knowledge of the law, he was the peer of any man that Tennessee ever produced. He was the author of the celebrated statute of limitations of 1819, which gave repose to the land titles of the country, and this of itself would be a proud feather in any man's cap. He was afterwards made a Judge of the Supreme Court.

I must give another incident touching myself, which was "fun to the boys, but death to the frogs." About one month after my arrival in Nashville, I was toled off by my associates in the office to a ball at a house on Broad street, near the landing. Our associate Goodrich was a good fiddler, and he carried his fiddle with him. We entered the house and engaged in a dance with the ladies. We had been there but a short time when a fellow named Gerty and five keelboatmen came in. I knew them, for I had been in a fight with them when they threatened to storm the village of Cairo, where I then resided. The citizens of the place rose up and whipped them out. Their manner at the ball was insulting to our crowd. I wished to avoid a fight, but did not intend to be run off in the presence of our women. At last I saw that nothing but a fight would satisfy them. They ordered us to leave forthwith, and one of them knocked the fiddle out of Goodrich's hands, and stamped it into pieces. This I regarded as an unlawful setting upon our persons, and blazed away with my hickory stick and knocked him down. Now war became flagrant. All our boys fought with determined bravery, I standing in the front line of battle, with one of my associates on my left. A boatman with a stick struck at him, which he dodged, and the blow fell on the left part of my head, knocking me to my knees, and causing me to see a shower of stars. I quickly recovered

my position and knocked the boatman down. The fight was long and desperate, but at length we drove them from the house. I knew they would come back reinforced, so I said, "Boys, we have made a good fight; let us leave, for I know they will be upon us again." We took up the line of retreat, and arrived at the office at about ten o'clock, meantime I had been bleeding profusely from my wound, and my breast was bespattered with blood. My associates saw I was a green boy, just from the country, and that I had not yet got the hang of things in the city, so they concluded they would play a joke upon me the next morning. The plan they laid was well calculated to deceive me. I had seen old man Brooks, with one short leg, every day riding his bay pony and auctioning a horse on the Public Square. He seemed to know every body; had strong lungs, and could be heard almost a mile away, crying the sale of a horse or other property. I took him to be the United States Marshal, from the fuss he generally made. My associates knew that it was my business every morning after breakfast to go to the post-office, which was kept by Mr. Curry in a little white frame house on the East side of the Public Square. They posted themselves on my route from the post-office to the law-office. After getting the mail, I had gone but a few steps when Wm. Cooper accosted me with, "Guild, have you seen Brooks this morning?" The question pierced me like a dart, and I responded somewhat excitedly, "No; does Brooks want to see me?" He said that Brooks was inquiring for a young fellow by the name of Guild. I said nothing, but thought that Brooks was after me about that fight. As I turned the corner of the court-house, Frank Foster hailed me with, "Guild, have you seen Brooks this morning?" I answered, "What does Brooks want with me?" He did not know —heard him inquiring for a young man by the name of Guild. When passing through the market-house, Goodrich met me and inquired, "Have you seen Brooks this morning?" I replied, "No; what does he want?" He said he did not know. I proceeded, turning my head in every direction, looking for Brooks. Gillespie met me at Kirkman's corner, a short distance from our office, and put the same question to me, "Guild, have you seen Brooks this morning?" I replied very excitedly, "My God, where is Brooks and what does he want?" He said, "He came

to the office about ten minutes ago with a paper in his hand, inquiring for a young man by the name of Guild." "Ah!" I said, "he wants to arrest me for that fight. I have no one to bail me out of jail. Here, take Mr. Foster's mail; I am determined to die before Brooks shall take me." I then walked swiftly along College street, then up Church, then round the hill where the capitol now stands, and took my position in the ravine of Lick Branch, the while looking back at almost every step for Brooks. There were no houses then between the Public Square and the French Lick. I crawled up the embankment many times and cast an eye across the long open commons towards Nashville, looking for Brooks, and frequently imagined I saw him coming upon his pony, with his short leg digging the pony in the side. Awful were my reflections during the long hours of my self-imprisonment in that ravine. The bells rang for dinner, and I concluded, as I could not stand Brooks, that I would go to Cairo, thirty miles distant, on foot. I went to the lower landing (Mr. Page's), where I found a canoe, which I boarded and set myself upon the opposite bank, and then struck a long trot for Cairo. When I got to Williams' long lane, four miles from Nashville, I looked back from the hill there, and imagined I saw Brooks coming on his pony. I jumped over the high fence and ran about two hundred yards to a big oak tree, which yet stands in that beautiful ground. I got behind it. I had so often been deceived as to the identity of Brooks, that I determined to be certain this time. If it should prove to be him, I had the fence between us, and felt satisfied he could not catch me. I peeped around the tree as he came opposite and found he was not Brooks. I resumed my journey, and when I arrived at Manscoe's creek, the line between Davidson and Sumner, I felt relieved, for I felt sure it was not lawful for Brooks to cross the line and make an arrest in Sumner county. I arrived that night at Cairo before my friends had gone to bed. I assembled them together; told them of the fight, and that Brooks was after me. I expressed the belief that he would get some authority from the Governor to arrest and take me back to Nashville. There was a general rubbing up of arms, and it is very certain that if Brooks had come to Cairo to arrest me, he would have been driven from the village. I remained at Cairo two weeks, expecting Brooks and prepared

to resist to the death, when I received a letter from my associates telling me to come back, as it was all a joke—that Brooks had not been looking for me. I returned with my hickory stick, prepared for war. I stepped into the office, but spoke to no one except Col. Foster, who at once saw that something serious was the matter, and he inquired of me the cause. I told him how my fears had been worked upon, that I had left to avoid an arrest, and that I had come back to have a general settlement. The joke was so good Col. Foster roared with laughter, and then with an imperious air that carried a world of meaning in it, demanded that the matter should be settled, and that the necessary apologies should be made to me, and they were promptly and frankly made. He then insisted that we should "make friends," which was done, and thereafter everything went on harmoniously; Col. Foster would frequently rehearse the story to his numerous friends, so good did he consider the joke and so highly did he enjoy it. Brooks lived some thirty or forty years after this event, but I never saw him afterwards that his presence did not give me the cold chills, so deeply was the name of Brooks, with its associations, impressed upon my young mind.

I remained in Col. Foster's office eighteen months, devoting my entire time to study. I readily put my hand to every thing connected with the business of the office. There was a continual flow of clients to the office. Col. Foster devoted his whole time to his profession. He was exceedingly popular, and regarded by all as every inch a gentleman. I regularly brought a can of water from the Judge's spring an hour before day. My habit was to read until nine o'clock at night, and rise at three or four o'clock in the morning, make a fire, sweep the office, and read until just before day, and then bring my water. Col. Foster's dwelling was on the same lot as his office. He rose early, dressed, and was ready for business by the time the sun was up. I always heard and recognized his peculiar stride on the pavement. When he entered the office he found it swept, and a good fire burning, while I was pouring over the law. His correspondence was very voluminous, and it was his habit to preserve every communication, which was copied into a blank book by some of the students in the office, and he had thirty or forty of these large letter-books, while the more important letters were carefully labelled

and filed away. In complicated and difficult suits, this correspondence was of great value. Some one of Col. Foster's young men was constantly engaged in delivering his orders, bringing him books or papers, seeing the clerk, sheriff, or other officer. I was soon able to draw up his declarations on bills of exchange, notes, or other obligations, fill up writs, and make up pleadings in cases not involving great difficulty. So extensive was the business of this firm, that Col. Foster was occupied constantly in preparing the office work. His great popularity, promptness, and honesty brought an immense amount of business to the firm. It devolved upon Judge Brown to prepare briefs and argue the principal cases before the various courts. As before stated, the income of this firm was from $40,000 to $50,000 a year, far exceeding that of any law-firm in Nashville since that day.

The students in the various law offices in the city at that day organized a moot court, which familiarized them with the practice and the rules and principles of pleading. Questions of law were raised upon an agreed state of facts, and these questions were discussed by the young men. Frequently considerable learning and ability were displayed in this court, while those participating gained a vast deal of information. I know I received marked advantages from the proceedings of this court, which, in connection with my services in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Sumner county, prepared me to commence the practice of the law under much more favorable circumstances than those who had not enjoyed these advantages. In those days we read and studied Blackstone's Commentaries, Coke on Littleton, Fearn on Remainders, Sugdon on Vendors, Williams on Executors, Chitty on Pleadings, Bills, Contracts, and the Criminal Law, Jones on Bailments, and other elementary works, many of which are now ignored in our law schools. No man in those days applied for a license unless he had devoted two years to the study of the law. Now a period of four to six months is thought sufficient to entitle a young man to a license, and yet in that time he cannot learn the a b c, much less the great principles of the law; and when such men come to the bar they find that they know almost nothing of law, become dispirited and quit the practice, or rather the attempt to practice. I read Blackstone carefully ten times before I applied for a license. That author

is now ignored in the law schools, notwithstanding he is the greatest law writer in the English language. His style is as pure and charming as that of Addison or Junius.

I had read law two years, and contemplated reading a year longer, but my means would not admit it, and two months before I was twenty years old, I applied for a license. I had frequently seen Judge John Haywood on the Supreme Bench, had heard him deliver some of his ablest opinions, and had read his two volumes of North Carolina Reports, in which State he had practiced with marked ability and acquired great distinction. He had removed to Tennessee, settled on a farm near Nashville, and commenced the practice of his profession in this new field. Old men who had heard him at the bar, have told me he was one of the greatest orators they ever knew. His great legal ability soon elevated him to the Supreme Bench, in which position he was equally as distinguished as at the bar. He was of immense size, weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds, but a grum, bull-looking old fellow. I concluded to ride out to his residence and apply to him for a license. It was in October, 1822, and quite warm for the season. I found him lounging on a bull's hide in the shade of a large oak standing in his yard. I approached him with fear and trembling. He looked as big as a slaughtered bullock. He turned upon his side and asked my business. I told him I wished to get a law license. He commenced growling and grumbling, saying he could not see why young men should disturb his rest by asking him to examine and license them to practice law. His growling manner forcibly reminded me of an incident in the life of Sir John Falstaff. While sleeping at the Boar's Head tavern he was aroused from his slumbers by the hostess, who demanded that he should pay what he owed her, adding, "Now you pick a quarrel to bequit me of it," to which Falstaff replied, "Shall I not take my ease in mine own inn? I'll not pay a dernier."

I remarked to the Judge that I regarded myself qualified, and had an ambition to be examined by a Supreme Judge, and secure his signature to my license. He called for two negro fellows who waited on him to come and bring a chair. The sun was encroaching upon his dominion of shade, and he directed his two men to take hold of the tail of the bull's hide upon which he

was reposing and haul him into the shade. This done, I took my seat near him, and he carried me through a most searching examination, which I stood remarkably well, no doubt greatly to his disappointment, for I saw very clearly he desired to feel justified in refusing me a license. He carried me through a wide range of the civil and criminal law, and then made a brush at me upon the difficult and abstruse law of contingent remainders, executory devises, the statute of uses, called the statute of *de donis*, fines and recoveries, entails, the laws of primogeniture, and the feudal system. I answered him promptly and correctly, much to his surprise, as I could plainly see. Then he raised up on his elbow, shook his head, and with a growl asked me what was an estate tail, with the possibility of issue extinct. That, I replied, was a vexed question; that the authorities did not agree in their definition, but the most approved of them maintained "that it was a circumcision in violation of the canon law, carried to the utmost limits." He burst out in a loud laugh that caused the bull's hide upon which he reposed to quiver. He said that was the most practical definition he had ever heard, that he was now satisfied, and would sign my license. The scowl now passed from the old Judge's brow, his face was lighted up with a smile, and he became exceedingly pleasant, which was gratifying to me as indicating that I had made a very favorable impression upon him. He then gave me some advice which contributed no little toward shaping my future course. It was equal to that given to Villiers by Lord Bacon, when the former was elevated to the position of chief cabinet officer of the Crown. Judge Haywood said to me that I was about to enter upon the practice of the law; to tread the paths of a profession which was beset with many rough places and many obstacles that would be hard to overcome, and added: "You must enter that path impressed with the idea that your studies have just commenced. Your knowledge of the law is to be acquired by long and arduous studies. You will meet with many discouragements and disappointments in climbing the steeps of the profession, yet they can be overcome by constant toil and a firm resolution to become a man. You must show self-reliance. Take an office to yourself, and do not be like the vine, supported by the oak around which it twines. Be courteous and affable to all, but familiar with none. Spend

neither your days nor your nights in rounds of festivity or dissipation, either in drinking, gambling, or any other vice. Let not pleasure encroach upon your time, for time properly spent will bring wealth; and above all, maintain an unblemished reputation, and strive at distinction at the bar. Be prompt in attending to your business, and reliable and honest in all your transactions. When retained in a law suit, take down all the facts given by your client, examine the authorities diligently, ascertain what action or bill will lie, and whether the law is with your client. If you are satisfied upon these points, advise your client to sue. If you entertain reasonble doubts, frankly state them to your client, and decline to bring the suit, unless he shall take the responsibility and demand it. During your reading in vacation, have an eye to each case you have brought; take notes of the decisions, and when you come to argue each case, be fully prepared with a brief, showing the authorities. Some lawyers have a series of stereotyped questions which they put to all witnesses; a vicious practice, which frequently slays their own clients. Always have in view some important object, some point in the suit that will control it, and bring this out strongly, if favorable to you, but avoid or weaken its force if attempted to be made by your opponent. Never keep a client's money an hour after it is collected; find him and pay it over to him; thus you will acquire a character for honesty, promptness, and reliability, which, to a lawyer, is a jewel above all price." I heartily thanked the old Judge for his kindness, especially for the advice he had given me, expressing a hope that I should profit by it, and then, the Judge having signed my license, bade him an adieu. Judge Haywood died a few years after this interview, but it was the last time I saw him.

I returned to Gallatin in November, 1822, and hung out my shingle as a practicing lawyer. At that time the resident lawyers were John H. Bowen, John J. White, Wm. Hadly, Wm. Trousdale, and Anthony Shelby, all in full practice except the latter. Here was a galaxy of talent which it would seem presumptuous in so young a man as I to attempt to contend with. Besides these, a number of lawyers from other portions of the circuit attended the courts of Sumner, headed by Felix Grundy, Wm. Williams, and the Attorney General, Andrew Hayes, who

was "a trump card high in the pictures." Afterward came Gen. Sam. Houston, Duncan, O. B. Hayes, and others. Here was a strong array of talent for a boy of twenty years to enter the lists with. My brother, Dr. James Guild, had graduated in medicine in Philadelphia, and had settled at the Indian town of Tuscaloosa, on the Black Warrior river, in Alabama, so I was left alone to fight the battle of life. But I found sympathising friends among the old neighbors of my father and uncle, who came to my relief.

At the first term of the court after I hung out my shingle, I charged the grand jury, through the courtesy of that good and able man, the Attorney General. It was said I made a fine speech; at any rate, it gave my little boat a good send off. I was employed in several cases that were tried at that term, and received about twenty dollars by way of fees. I was very proud of this, the first money I had earned at the bar. I retired to a grove hard by after court adjourned, where I think I counted the money at least a hundred times. Its ring was music to my ear far sweeter than that of the fiddle.

Judge Thomas Stewart was our presiding Judge. He had long, bull-frog looking legs, a head and face the counterpart of a monkey, and wore a long red que. He was an honest and able Judge, possessed a clear, incisive intellect, and loved justice and never failed to see it administered. His circuit embraced the greater part of Middle Tennessee, extending from the Cumberland mountains to the Tennessee river. He was "as hardy as a pine-knot." He was kind and merciful to all except a horse-thief. One of the tribe had stolen the sorrel mare upon which he rode the circuit. He was greatly attached to this mare, and it was said there was a marked resemblance between the two. He always thought of that mare and the rogue when charging a jury in a case of horse-stealing, and the poor rascal received but little mercy at his hands.

My outfit consisted of a fine horse and a few law-books. I endeavored to follow the advice given me by Judge Haywood, and assiduously devoted myself to my profession. My old school-mate, Col. Bailie Payton, and myself, took in a large circuit, and my practice continued to grow gradually, and in a short time I began to see daylight breaking. At that early day Col. Peyton

and myself took a deep interest in the blood horse, which never abated in either of us. As a picture of the times of which I am writing, I here reproduce an article that was printed in the *Nashville Union and American* five years ago:

Fifty years ago a trip to New Orleans was performed in broadhorns, floating the produce of the country to market; and returning, the river was ascended by keel boats bearing the sugar, coffee, salt, and other supplies, and it took four months to make the round trip. The merchant reached Baltimore and Philadelphia on horse-back, carrying his silver by pack horses, and purchased his goods, transferring them across the Alleghanies in wagons drawn by the big six-horse teams of that day.

Many came from the Old World to the New in sailing ships, which required a voyage of from three to six months. Scarcely any ever returned from the new to the old country. The amusements of the day were mainly athletic sports, the county frolics, the log-rollings, the house-raisings, the meetings in the harvest-fields with the reap-hook, the quiltings and cotton-pickings in the day and the dance at night; then the country weddings with the large infairs, interspersed with the best of fighting and fine horse-racing, and unequalled shooting matches, and squirrel hunts, and fish fries. We then had a bold peasantry, a happy and united people; the men who bore the flag under Jackson through the Indian wars and gave an undying lustre to our country in the decisive and glorious battle of New Orleans. Now how changed the times! The commercial world is revolutionized by the American discovery of applying the irresistable power of steam to machinery, giving a propelling power that stems the Mississippi river, and within six days brings the Southern products from the Crescent City to Nashville, and returns with Tennessee products in less than that time. We now mount the iron-horse, whose muscles never tire, and traverse the continent at the rate of forty miles an hour—faster time than Lexigton ever made in a four mile race. We land in New Orleans or New York in forty or fifty hours. We can bathe upon the shores of the distant Pacific in less than six days. By means of the telegraph, we hold communication with distant friends and relations thousands of miles away. We can speak to them across the great deep, and within a few hours receive a response.

We now have our rings, monied rings, bank and bond rings, credit mobiler rings, Congressional grab rings, corporation rings, railroad rings, and every kind of rings that dispense with labor and place the yoke upon the toiling millions.

These reflections upon old times have induced me to give a short sketch of two races of the Old King, a saddle horse with which Judge Guild rode the circuit when a young lawyer in 1825 and 1826. These races were made and run by the Hon. Bailie Peyton and Judge Guild in the fall of 1826. These young men had been school-mates, read law together, and commenced the practice in the upper counties at the same time. In those times any young lawyer who had expectations took a circuit, a first-rate horse, Blackstone and the Statutes of Tennessee, with an old pair of saddle-bags containing his wardrobe, as his outfit, relying much upon his vim and natural genius; and these young men had a full portion of each, with a high resolution and untameable will. They were courageous and spirited, and a fine match, hard to handle in any thing they undertook. They have been thrown together for more than fifty years, and during that time they have been unswerving friends. They met on the circuit the gifted Burton and Caruthers of Lebanon, and Rucks and Overton of Carthage, and for many years broke a lance with these able men. They also met on the circuit Felix Grundy, then in his glory as an advocate, and the rising Samuel Houston, and the great land lawyers, Jenkins Whitesides and Patrick Darby.

FELIX GRUNDY.

It was a great intellectual feast to hear Booth in his Richard the Third, Forrest in his Macbeth or King Lear, Miss Cushman in Lady Macbeth, or Jo. Jefferson in his Rip Van Winkle, but to hear Felix Grundy in a closely contested case of homicide, when all his fires were burning, his passions aroused; to see his actions, the flash of his gray eyes, the vivid flashes of lightning bursting from his lips; at times to witness his scathing sarcasm, and then his sparkling wit: take it all in all, it was the grandest exhibtion that any Tennesseean ever witnessed. He found himself carried away by a storm of eloquence that was irresistible. He felt that he was aroused by the same feeling and passion that moved the godlike advocate. I have heard Felix Grundy speak

a hundred times. If he were alive I would go a thousand miles to hear him again. Under the influence of his magic eloquence, I have seen great assemblies tremble and shudder. I have seen the Judge on his bench forget his position, loll out his tongue, and clap his hands for joy, and refined and enlightened galleries have wept and fainted in the excess of feeling. I have heard most of the American orators, read the speeches of the ancients, as well as the great orators of France, England, and Ireland, and my opinion is that Felix Grundy was the greatest advocate the world has produced. He died in 1840. What a calamity that so much intellect perished with him, and that eloquent tongue is forever silenced, and will never again stir the American heart.

America has produced two great natural orators, Patrick Henry and Felix Grundy. Their speeches were never written out like those of Cicero or Demosthenes. Their genius could not be chained down to paper, or fairly represented by the copyist. It was a wasteful and ridiculous excess to attempt to report them. It was an attempt

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly;
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper light,
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish."

The fame of Patrick Henry and Felix Grundy rests in tradition, and will be handed down from sire to son for many generations yet to come.

Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, Mr. Grundy's youngest daughter, yet lives. She is a woman of talents and fine accomplishments, with the same general contour of feature and person that marked her accomplished father; a woman devoted to charity and care for the Confederate dead. If her lot had been cast with the sterner sex, and she had been brought to the bar, she would have been a fit representative of her gifted father. She would have been the younger Pitt of the family.

THE RACE OF THE OLD KING.

Now as to the first race of the Old King. Young Guild and Peyton were attending court at Carthage, got a few five-dollar

fees, and left for their residence at Gallatin, taking the races at Hartsville in their route. They rode very fast, eighteen miles that morning, to get to the races. The Old King was a large sorrel, finely formed, of immense stride and powerful action. He was fatigued by the rapid ride, they not expecting to run him, but so soon as they arrived they were bantered for a mile race with Cook Lewis' horse, who had been in regular training, for $100 aside, to carry one hundred pounds. The young lawyers accepted the proposition, and the race came off in one hour. They had no time to plate the Old King, so they removed his shoes and cupped him. He made a splendid run and won the race in gallant style. The young lawyers remained in Hartsville that night to enjoy their victory, and the next morning started for Gallatin. Riding six miles they came to Banks' old stand, where they found some strangers, when they were again bantered for a race of one-quarter of a mile for a purse of $200 aside. They were conducted to the stable where they found a heavy muscled, compact horse, which they afterward understood was a celebrated Kentucky quarter-horse lately brought to Tennessee. His appearance rather alarmed the keen eyes of the young lawyers. Upon a conference, they knew that, he being a stranger in the county, and from his general appearance, he was a hard customer. But at last they concluded to carry him beyond his accustomed distance and run him six hundred yards for $200 aside, and each to carry one hundred and forty pounds; and the race was made to come off in thirty days. The Old King was high spirited, was restive, extremely hard to start as well as ride. Bailie Peyton, then being the best rider in the State and of the right weight, the young men fixed the weight with the intent to put up that celebrated rider. The forfeit being put up, the young lawyers left the courts for a season, and both being good trainers, immediately put the Old King into regular training in accordance with the then improvements in the art. They established their head-quarters at Capt. Jack Mitchell's Hotel, Gallatin, where they boarded. All the paraphernalia of a regular training stable was adopted, and there is no doubt that they put the horse in as fine condition for the race as the most celebrated trainer could have done. Their old friend, the eminent Judge John J. White, boarded at the same tavern, and

had a very fine Pacolet riding horse, who had distinguished himself on the turf, and an old bay, afflicted with the bighead, who had been turned upon the commons. The young trainers captured the old bay and made him a pack-horse to go to mill and to bring hominy and oats, and desiring to give the Old King a quick motion, and to bring his driving muscles into play, and to give a rapid and quick motion for so short a race, each day they trotted him one hour, and the manner of doing this was to place a rider on the Judge's old bay and run him at full speed around a circle, the rider leading the Old King, making him trot, giving him his most rapid stride. One evening while this operation was going on, the Judge and the young lawyers walked out upon the common. The Judge observed that one horse was going at full speed around a circle, with the other following in the rear. He asked, "What does this mean; they seem to be going round and round?" At length he said, "Gentlemen, I do believe that is the old bay that the boy is riding in front." They had to admit the fact to the Judge, and endeavored to make the necessary explanations. He kindly remarked, "Now, boys, you may use the old bay moderately to go to mill, but its too bad to run him around a circle in that way." They faithfully promised to comply with his request, which was done. The training of the Old King went on satisfactorily. A few days before the race, Guild and Peyton desired to test the powers of their horse, and to break him to go off at the word. The only reliable test that they had was to run the Old King against the Judge's Pacolet horse. From great kindness, he had been gentle to ride, and they knew that the Judge would not consent for him to be run with the Old King. They concluded that they would take them out by the light of the moon and run them six hundred yards. Guild rode the Judge's horse and Peyton the Old King. Many were the false starts. Guild would turn the Judge's Pacolet and rush by Peyton on the Old King to get him to start rapidly. At length they got off together. The whip and spur were freely used, and each horse was fully up to his topmost speed, and the result was that the Old King beat the Pacolet some forty yards. This fully confirmed the young trainers that they had an extraordinary race horse. They kept their own secrets, pushed their credit to the utmost extension in raising funds, and then borrowed several

horses to bet on the race. They resolved to make a spoon or spoil a horn. The day before the race, which was to come off at Cairo, they broke up their stable, and with their baggage train slowly moved upon the battle-field with all the circumstance and pomp of glorious turf racing. They bivouaced upon the battle-field that night, and their thoughts were upon the morrow. Like the chieftains of old, they next morning looked for omens and signs in the heavens foretelling the result of the coming contest. The approach of the king of day was looked for with deep interest, whether his great eye was full and bright, or covered with dark clouds. Their horse was a red, bright sorrel, the other was a dark brown. The coming of the sun was without a cloud, resembling the beauty and brightness of the Old King, and indicating success. This gave Guild and Peyton double assurance that victory would perch upon their standard. Their object was to get odds in the betting, at any rate even bets, as their capital was not very large. In this there was some finessing, which is deemed fair on the turf. They gave out that they had no rider. They weighed one awkward boy and then another; all the time they had their agents out betting their money and horses. The hour having arrived to go upon the track, Guild announced to Peyton that there was no chance for them to procure a rider of the right weight. Then Peyton remarked that rather than there should be a failure he would mount the Old King and ride himself. So the contestants were led upon the field, and Peyton was stripped for the battle.

The Judges were selected for the start and outcome. Guild was not less distinguished as a turner than Peyton as a rider. Guild seized hold of the bit, and many were the false starts, yet he was determined never to let go until the start was a fair one. The rider, young Peyton, with his spurs and whip in hand,

> "I saw rise from the ground like feather Mercury,
> And vault with such ease in his seat,
> As if an angel dropped from the clouds,
> To turn and wind the fiery Pegassus,
> And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Great were the difficulties in getting off together. At length the word was given, and both bounded off even. In a few strides the horses arrived at their topmost speed. For four hun-

dred yards it was a dead match, and an umbrella would have covered both riders, and the race rested in great doubt. There was a large post standing on the edge of the track within two hundred yards of the out-come, and the contest being equal, it evidently appeared that the rider of the Kentucky horse was bearing the Old King against that post. He was borne so closely to it that Peyton's leg brushed it. So soon as they passed it, Peyton struck the opposite rider in the face with his whip, and a running fight ensued, which lit up afresh all the fires of the Old King, and as he came to the Judges' stand a victor, there was the thunder of battle in his stride and the noise of the tempest in his wing. While hundreds of voices proclaimed that the Old King was the winner of the purse, there was a rumbling discontent proclaiming foul riding. In these times it was of the first importance to have good and willing fighters as chiefs of staff in case of emergency. Guild and Peyton had defended them in the courts, and were attended with a reliable reserve. Guild saw the difficulty and fight progressing between the riders, and, like Roderick Dhu, blew his whistle, and his clansmen, Johnny Outlaw, Bird Fallice, and others of tried grit, were by his side. They ran six hundred yards to the head of the stretch; they found Peyton had dismounted and was heavily pressed, putting his assailants at bay with his drawn knife. Guild announced to Peyton, "Here we come!" and perfect order and peace were re-established. The judges decided that the Old King had fairly won the purse, and it was so awarded. He was led back to his stable with the triumph equal in noise and feeling to that given a Roman General upon his return from a glorious campaign.

A JOHN GILPIN RIDE.

The young lawyers now retired from the turf and resumed the practice of the law. Shortly after this celebrated race, Judge White was visiting *Craig Font*, and one morning had his fine Pacolet brought out to ride. He mounted him while his head was turned West. Guild knew he would break as soon as he was turned East, and told him to turn his horse before mounting. He disregarded the suggestion, and as soon as his head was turned East he bounded off like a brick, and at a few strides he was at the top of his speed. While the Judge was a poor horse-

man, he was one of the finest lawyers and one of the purest men that Tennessee ever had. At the first bound of the horse, the Judge let go the bridle and held by the mane and saddle. Shortly afterward his hat fell off; the flapping of his great coat inceased the alarm and rapidity of the horse, then his saddle-bags fell, then his wig, and as he turned the Wilson corner the reflection of the rising sun upon his bare head was like unto a meteor in the East. Guild and Peyton ran for two miles to give him relief, apprehending the worst results, but fortunately they found him returning on foot leading his Pegasus by the bridle. They congratulated him upon his safety. The Judge expressed astonishment at his horse bounding off as he did, and could not account for it. Guild remarked to him that he must have struck him with the spur as he mounted. The Judge said that he was very careful, and did not touch him with the spur. Although Guild and Peyton knew the cause, they never ventured to explain to the Judge the reason of his running, but devoted themselves assiduously to taming and gentling the Pacolet, so the Judge afterward rode him in safety. This able jurist and good man fell a victim to the war in the spring of 1863.

About 1836 he selected Kitty, a beautiful orphan child of four years, and adopted her as his daughter. He educated and made her a charming and most accomplished woman. She is now the wife of the Nashville merchant, C. A. R. Thompson. The shattered remnant of a fine estate he gave to his wife and Kitty, havdonated his large and valuable law library to the bar of Gallatin. These acts, coupled with his judicial life which appears in the reported opinions of the Supreme Court, are a monument to his memory more lasting than stone, marble, or brass.

PEYTON ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

I will close this communication, now too long, with one more incident of the olden times.

Guild and Peyton, after this race, devoted themselves to the law, and in 1832 had acquired a prominence remarkable for men of their age. After the retirement of the old patriot soldier, Gen. Hall, from Congress, the people of the district looked upon either Peyton or Guild to become the candidate for the succession. Guild having then a successful run of practice, yielded, and

urged his old and long-tried friend, Peyton, to assume the position. He announced himself in opposition to Col. A. H. Overton, of Smith county, who was a speaker of marked ability, and had a voice as sweet and musical as a violin. He relied upon his age and fine oratory to carry him into Congress, and spoke to Guild rather disparagingly of Peyton's running against him. Guild said to him that he would find Peyton rather a tough customer, and very hard to beat, adding, "When you meet him upon the stump, without disparaging your oratory, you will hear it thunder, and you will witness the forked lightning jumping from crag to crag." In a few weeks after this they met on Defeated Creek to address the people of Smith county. Col. Overton anticipated a great victory. Peyton had made this appointment upon the war-path and battle-field of 1790, where his father and uncle had gallantly fought. Peyton opened the discussion to a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. He went back to the revolution of 1776, and the various battles of that glorious struggle. He alluded to the old pioneers of that revolution, after having achieved the independence of their country, coming to the far West to reclaim Tennessee and Kentucky from the hordes of savages who possessed these delightful regions. He described them as blazing their way over the Alleghanies with a tomahawk in one hand and a rifle in the other, and by their courage and endurance had reclaimed Tennessee and Kentucky from the dominion of the savage foe, and had made this wilderness blossom as the rose. He pointed out the battle-field upon this creek upon which his father and uncle fought, both being badly wounded, and by their courage and endurance covered the retreat and saved our gallant pioneers from the tomahawk of the savage. He referred to the battle of Nickajack in 1794, when they swam the Tennessee river, and at daylight fought the great battle that gave peace to the settlements and opened the door to civilized man. He stood here as a representative of one of those old pioneers, asking the people to honor him with a seat in Congress. The reply of Col. Overton, though able, had no effect in allaying the storm that Peyton had put in motion, and which carried him into Congress. Guild having heard of this meeting, a few weeks afterward met Col. Overton and said, "Well, Col. Overton, I understand that you and Peyton met at Defeated Creek;

what was the result? what do you think of the young man?" "Why," said Col. Overton, "I went to the appointment for the purpose of discussing the great national questions of the day as a statesman should have done, but let me inform you, sir, that Peyton touched not one of those great questions. He had not been speaking five minutes when I discovered that all of our Indian wars were being fought over again. I saw the bloody battle of Defeated Creek. I saw his father shot through, his uncle badly wounded; yet they, with their brave followers, still stood up and fought bravely and covered the retreat, saving themselves from the tomahawk of the savage. Why, sir, I imagined that I saw an Indian warrior behind every tree with his tomahawk raised. I shuddered; I felt that the entire assembly would be massacred. In fact, Col. Guild, Defeated Creek ran blood all the time he spoke." Guild replied that this was only an introduction. "You will find, Col. Overton, that you will see sights before you get through with this young man." The truth is that Peyton painted the bloody battle of Defeated Creek, assimilating it to the battle between Mortimer and Glendower.

> "On the gentle Severn's sagey bank,
> Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
> Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds
> And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
> Blood-stained with these valiant combatants."

Col. Overton was never able to resist this tide which triumphantly bore Peyton to Congress.

Guild and Peyton have since filled many public trusts, interspersed with a vigorous practice of the law, which more or less interfered with their social intercourse, but never with their friendly relations. It is said that the ruling passion is strong in death, seldom extinguished during life. This has been illustrated in Guild and Peyton in their love and appreciation of the blooded horse. On each of their farms in Sumner county, they have raised and placed upon the turf many distinguished runners. The Hon. Bailie Peyton can point to Fanny McAlister, Muggins, Satterlite—who ran successfully in England—Chickamauga, Rosseau, and Richelieu. Judge Guild may refer to a brilliant galaxy of names, Caroline Malone, Little Red, Beeswing, Oliver, Flight, Gloriana, Patrician, Lucille, Nannie Douglas, Duke of Orleans, Capitola, Jack Malone, and Hiawatha.

V.

CARRYING THE MAILS BETWEEN NASHVILLE AND NATCHEZ — ADVENTURES WITH ROBBERS — DEATH OF LITTLE HARP—THE INDIANS, ETC.

HEREWITH I give some reminiscences of the olden time, derived from John L. Swaney, a worthy and respected citizen of Sumner county, a short time before his death, which occurred a few years ago at the advanced age of ninety-six years. These reminiscences, besides being very interesting, will serve to show how rapid has been the advance of the tidal wave of population, commerce, wealth, education, the arts, agriculture and mechanics, transportation, and whatever tends to make a great and powerful nation. Nashville, now the capital of the State, had, in 1800, nothing but huts built of cedar logs with stone or mud and wooden chimneys, and a population of about one thousand, and no commerce of any description. Now it has the finest State capitol in America; the State Normal College (formerly the University of Nashville), the Vanderbilt and Fisk Universities, besides a number of colleges and academies—making it a great educational center; a large number of churches, and many elegant residences; and a population of nearly fifty thousand, while it enjoys a heavy and lucrative trade. Such has been the advance at home. In 1800 the great Valley of the Mississippi was a vast wilderness. One might then travel a thousand miles without seeing a white settlement, and only occasionally an Indian town. Now what do we behold? Westward the star of empire has taken its way until its course has been stayed by the mighty Pacific. Some fifteen or twenty States, containing a bold, courageous, and enterprising population of nearly twenty millions, occupy this vast territory—greater in extent than the empires of many European monarchs—which was "a howling wilderness" within the memory of men yet living, and the enterprise and energy of these inhabitants have literally made this wilderness to blossom as the rose, adding to the power and glory of our republic.

Mr. Swaney carried the mail on horse-back from Nashville to Natchez in early times, and frequently saw and talked with the noted robber Tom Mason, the leader of a band who laid in ambush in the Choctaw Nation, and robbed traders and boatmen as they returned from New Orleans and Natchez. He began carrying the mail about 1796 or '97, and continued in this employment for nearly eight years. Nashville was then quite a small town. Every house in the place was built of logs, and many of them had stick and dirt chimneys. The post-office was kept on Market street, a few doors below where the St. Charles Hotel now stands, by an Irishman named Wm. Tab. Soon afterward Robt. B. Curry was appointed post-master. Mr. Swaney says he was an exceedingly accommodating and clever man. Col. Benjamin Joselyn, an old Indian fighter, was the contractor for carrying the mail. The distance from Nashville to Natchez was estimated to be five hundred and fifty miles. The road was a mere trace or bridle-way through the woods and cane-brakes. He would leave Nashville on Saturday night at eight o'clock, and in ten days and four hours the mail was due at Natchez, but being a good horseman, he would often be ahead of the time; then the same time back to Nashville, would consume three weeks in making the trip. Starting from either place, he had the mail (which consisted of a few letters and government dispatches, with a few newspapers), half a bushel of corn for his horse, provisions for himself, an overcoat or blanket, and a tin trumpet. Thus equipped, he would leave Nashville and pass Tom Davis' (the last white man's house, which stood near where Franklin now is) at midnight. Sunday morning he would get to Gordon's Ferry, on Duck river, fifty-one miles from Nashville, which was then the line between Tennessee and the Chickasaw Nation. There he fed his horse and ate breakfast. He then had to ride eighty miles to Colbert's Ferry, on the Tennessee river, before night set in, where the Indians would set him across. The Indians were contrary, and would not come across the river for him if he failed to get to the landing before bed-time. Then resting and feeding his horse, he would have to go to the Chickasaw Agency, one hundred and twenty miles, before he would see a house, or even an Indian wigwam, and would have to lie out one night in the woods or canebrake. In cold weather he

carried a flint and steel and a tinder-box to assist in making a fire. The Chickasaw Agency was kept by McGee, who was the agent, with Jim Allen as interpreter. Allen was a man of fine address, and was a lawyer who came to Nashville, but failing in business, went off among the Indians. At the Chickasaw Agency, two hundred and fifty miles from Nashville, Mr. Swaney made the first exchange of horses. He rode a large black horse between Nashville and the Chickasaw Agency five years. Mr. Swaney contended that none of our horses of the present day could do as much service. From the Chickasaw to the Choctaw Agency the distance was two hundred miles, and the route was entirely through the Indian country. Sam. Mitchell was agent and John Peachland interpreter at the Choctaw Agency. The distance from this point to Natchez was one hundred miles. Gen. F. L. Claiborne was post-master at the latter place.

At the time Mr. Swaney carried the mail, traders and boatmen came from New Orleans and Natchez by the route he traveled, bringing their provisions and supplies on pack-horses and mules. Kentuckians and Tennesseeans took boats loaded with produce down the river, which they sold at Natchez or New Orleans, and then returned to their homes by this route, carrying their money, which was gold and silver, sewed in raw hides, and carried on horses and mules with their provisions and such supplies as they had purchased. When they stopped at night they would hide their money in the woods some distance from camp before they would make a fire. This precaution was taken to prevent being robbed, as these were the class of men Mason and his band preyed upon.

Tom Mason lived several years near Cross Plains, in Robertson county. He went from there to Natchez, where he organized his band, which consisted of himself and his two sons, Tom and John, and seven or eight other men. The leader of this band was then about fifty years old, weighed about two hundred pounds, and was a fine looking man; rather modest and unassuming, and had nothing of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones appearance which his character would indicate. He frequently sought interviews with the mail-carriers, and was always anxious to know what was said of him by the public. Mason told Mr. Swaney that he need not be afraid of him, as he had nothing but the mail, while he

(Mason) wanted nothing but money. Mason told Swaney repeatedly that he did not desire to kill any man; that money was all he was after, and that if he could get that without taking life, he would certainly shed no blood. Mason's band was a great terror to the boatmen and travelers who came through the Indian nation. Before leaving Natchez those who were coming through the wilderness supplied themselves with provisions to last them until they should reach the agencies or all the way through, and capturing these supplies gave Mason and his men ample means to support themselves. This band knew every foot of the road, and every place where parties would be likely to camp, particularly the springs, etc., which enabled them "to ply their vocation" the more successfully. Among Mason's first robberies was a party of Kentucky boatmen returning home from Natchez. They had camped at what was called Gum Springs, in the Choctaw Nation. They ate supper, and as a matter of precaution, were putting out pickets before retiring for the night. In going to their positions, one of the pickets stepped on one of Mason's men, who were hid in the cane and grass, awaiting an opportunity to pounce upon the boatmen. The robber thus carelessly trod upon, jumped up and gave a yell and fired off his gun, calling upon his comrades to shoot and kill every boatman. This was so unexpected to the Kentuckians, that they became panic stricken and ran off in the wildest confusion, leaving every thing, some even their wearing apparel. Mason and his men went to the camp and carried away every thing. The next morning, just at daylight, Mr. Swaney came along, and seeing the camp-fires burning rode out but could find no one. He was going toward Natchez, and having met no party that morning, he instinctively knew that something was wrong, and he began to blow his bugle. The boatmen recognized the familiar sound, and commenced coming to Mr. Swaney, one and two at a time, who asserted that they were the worst scared, worst looking set of men he ever saw, some of them having but little clothing on, and one big fellow had only a shirt. They immediately held a sort of council of war, and it was unanimously agreed to follow the robbers and capture their property. It was an easy matter to follow their trail through the cane and grass. Their plan was, as they had no arms, to provide themselves with sticks and knives, and when they should over-

take Mason and his men, attack them by a vigorous charge, knocking down right and left with their shillelahs, and if those in front fell at the fire of the robbers, those in the rear were to rush upon, overpower and capture the robbers and recover their property. They started in pursuit of the robbers, under the lead of the big Kentuckian. They had gone about a mile, when they began to find articles of clothing which had been thrown away by the robbers. The big Kentuckian found his pants, in the waistband of which he had sewed four gold doubloons, and to his great joy the robbers had not found them. After this it was noticed that the big Kentuckian's valor began to fail him, and soon he was found in the rear. The pursuit was kept up about two miles further, when they were suddenly halted by Mason and his men, who were hid behind trees, with their guns presented, and who ordered them to go back or they would kill the last one of them. This caused a greater stampede than that of the night before, and the big Kentuckian distanced the whole party in the race back to the camp. They abused the big Kentuckian at a round rate for his want of courage, but he only laughed at them, saying he had every thing to run for. But to his credit be it said, he spent his last dollar in procuring supplies for his comrades.

Soon after this Col. Baker was robbed by Mason at a place then called Twelve Mile creek, but from the time of the robbery to this day it is known as Baker's creek. Col. Baker lived in Kentucky, and was quite wealthy. He had taken several flat-boats loaded with produce, and one or two with horses and mules to New Orleans, where he had disposed of his cargoes at handsome prices in gold, amounting in the aggregate to a large sum. He set out on his return with five pack mules to carry his gold and provisions, accompanied by four men. He and his companions were mounted on excellent horses and well armed. Knowing the danger, they would stop at night in the cane-brakes in out-of-the-way places, hide the money, and do without fire or water to avoid surprise. They met with no trouble until they reached Twelve Mile creek. They all rode into the creek and were allowing their horses to drink. The banks of the creeks in Mississippi (then the Choctaw Nation) are not like ours in Tennessee—they are a great deal higher and steeper. As there was only a little bridle-way into and out of the creek, the reader will

appreciate the great advantage Mason and his band of ten or twelve men had over Col. Baker and four men, when they jumped up on the bank with their guns presented almost in Col. Baker's face and ordered them to surrender. Col. Baker felt that he was at the mercy of the robbers, and there was no alternative but to surrender, which he did. Mason made them drive the pack-mules over to his side of the creek, when two of his men took charge of them. He allowed Baker and his men to keep their horses and arms. Baker and his men returned to Grindstone Ford, forty miles distant, where they raised a company to pursue Mason and his band. They took the trail of the robbers and followed them to Pearl river, and learned that Mason had just crossed. Col. Baker had with him a quadroon (Indian) named Brokus, who swam across the river to learn what route the robbers had taken. While climbing up the bank, one of the robbers punched him in the breast with his gun. Brokus thought he was shot, and letting all holds go, fell back into the river, swimming and diving until he reached the opposite bank. Mason then made his appearance and notified Col. Baker that he could not recover his money. This seemed to be accepted as the final arbitrament, for the pursuit of the robbers was abandoned.

Emboldened by their success in robbing Col. Baker, Mason's band committed many other robberies and outrages upon travelers through the wildernesses of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations, and so hazardous did it become to make the trip through that section, that Gov. Williams, of Mississippi, offered a reward of one thousand dollars in gold for the apprehension of Mason, and if he could not be taken alive, the reward would be paid for his head. This stimulated search for and efforts to arrest him. The Indians were induced to engage in the hunt for the robbers, and being familiar with the country soon made it too hot for Mason's band. Mason hid his money, crossed the Mississippi river, and made his escape. These facts were learned by Mr. Swaney from the wife of Tom. Mason, Jr., who, after the band had left, started to the Chickasaw Agency, where she would be able to communicate with her friends. When Mr. Swaney met her she was making her way through the Chickasaw Nation on foot, carrying her babe—which was two or three months old, and which had been born in the wilderness—together with some pro-

visions. Mrs. Mason begged Mr. Swaney to assist her on her way, which he did by allowing her to ride until he would get tired walking, when she would walk and let him ride and carry the child. He spent nearly a whole day in assisting the woman along in this way, and then made up lost time by riding all night. Mrs. Mason told Mr. Swaney that Mason's band were safe out of reach of their pursuers; and that before leaving they buried their gold in the bottoms near the river, and cut the letters "T. M." on trees near the spot so they could easily find it in the future.

The reward of one thousand dollars offered for Mason was a great inducement for unscrupulous men to use means to get it dishonestly, and it was not long before two men, calling themselves Sutton and May, brought into Greenville, Miss., a man's head, which they represented as that of Mason, declaring that they had endeavored to arrest him in the Indian Nation, and were compelled to kill him, and claiming the reward. Something in the appearance and manner of the men caused Gov. Williams to doubt the truth of their story, and he invited a number of men who were well acquainted with Mason (Mr. Swaney among the number), to identify the head. Not a single one of them recognised the head as that of Mason, but they were unanimously of the opinion that it was not his. Gov. Williams thereupon had Sutton and May arrested and committed to jail on a charge of murder. They were subsequently tried upon this charge and convicted of murder in the first degree, and were hung at Greenville. Mr. Swaney saw them executed. They were brought out of jail with their hands tied behind them; were made to mount each a ladder, their feet were then tied, and the ropes around their necks fastened to a cross-beam, when they were turned off the ladders and left to swing until dead. At the time of the hanging Gilbert C. Russell and Washington Sevier, of Knox county, Tenn., were commanding each a company of volunteers at Greenville, Miss. Capt. Russell's company was detailed to act as a guard. As soon as the prisoners were brought out of the jail, John Bowman, of Knox county, recognized May as Little Harp, and addressed him by that name. May denied being that person, but Bowman insisted that he was Harp, and said that Harp had a scar under the left breast which he (Bowman) had put there with a knife in a fight between himself and Harp some years previous in Knoxville.

To settle the point Bowman stepped forward and opened the bosom of May's shirt, and there was the scar as he had described it, and could be plainly seen by every one. Some years ago an article was published in a Cincinnati paper stating that Little Harp was identified at this hanging by a missing toe, but such was not the case. He was identified, as reported by Mr. Swaney, who was present, by the scar under his left breast. There were two Harps, brothers, one a large man, called Big Harp, and the other a small man, known as Little Harp. Mr. Swaney knew them in Knoxville when he was a race-rider, and he rode the race at that place when their horse was beaten by one belonging to Sam. Gibson and party. The Harps had bet everthing they owned, and having lost, were completely broken up. The night after the race the two Harps killed and robbed an old man two miles West of Knoxville, and ran away into Kentucky, when they entered upon a career of robbery and murder. They soon became a terror to the community, and a company of men was organized to capture or kill them. They were soon discovered by these men, when Big Harp was killed, but Little Harp made his escape, and Swaney had no doubt that he was hung with Sutton at Greenville, Miss.

After the dispersion of Mason's band, other men encouraged by their success tried following the road for robbery, but they were not so successful as Mason. The road had now become comparatively safe, and there was considerable travel through the Indian country. Frequently men would wait at the line to come through with the mail-carrier. John B. Craighead, of Nashville, was once employed to take some boats with produce down the river to Natchez, which he sold at that place. On his return home he stopped at the line of the Indian country so as to come through with Mr. Swaney, who was carrying the mail. They started just at nightfall. The night was cloudy, but the moon shone out occasionally, revealing to them glimpses of the country through which they were passing. They had gone eight or ten miles when they discovered two men on horseback and carrying guns in their rear. Mr. Swaney told Mr. Craighead that they were robbers, and that they were after him. Swaney made Craighead ride in advance, while he drove his pack-horse and kept between him and the robbers. The robbers would frequently

come up to within twenty yards of them but never spoke. In this way they "trailed" Mr. Craighead for about two hours. Mr. Swaney told Mr. Craighead that a dark woods lay but a short distance before them, and he dreaded to pass through this place, as he thought the robbers would make an effort to capture him (Mr. Craighead) there, but just before reaching the woods they saw a light some distance off from the road and went to it. Here they found some Indians encamped, and Mr. Swaney got two of them to slip down in the direction of the road and ascertain what had become of the two men who had followed them. In a few minutes the Indians returned and reported that the two men had dismounted and were taking positions behind trees. Mr. Swaney told Mr. Craighead that then was the time to elude their pursuers, and mounting their horses, they struck out through the woods and kept parallel with the road for about three-quarters of a mile, when they returned to the road; then quickening their pace to a gallop, they rode ten or twelve miles without stopping, leaving the robbers far behind. After their escape from the robbers Mr. Craighead would not consent to stop to feed their tired and hungry horses or to eat anything themselves until nearly noon the next day. They then stopped at a fine spring, where they fed their horses and rested themselves. Here John Donley, another mail-carrier, who was on his way down, met them and begged Mr. Swaney to take his place and go back to Natchez, as he (Donley) was very sick aud could not go through. Mr. Swaney consented, and after resting and chatting an hour or so, mounted Donley's horse and started alone to Natchez, Mr. Craighead having promised to see Donley safe to the Chickasaw Agency. That night Mr. Swaney was very sleepy, and stopped after dark, made his horse fast, wrapped himself in his blanket, and slept soundly until about an hour before daylight, and found that he had slept longer than he should. Mounting his horse he started at a lively gait, and just at daylight as he was descending a little hill to the Boage Tuckalo (the Indian name of the two creeks which meet here), he heard some loud talking. Hoping it was some boatmen, who were always anxious to give Mr. Swaney something to eat and in return get from him the news, he began to blow his bugle and rushed down the hill. He heard men calling upon some one to surrender, and just as he turned around a large tree that had

fallen across the road, a man standing a few feet in front of him, fired his gun and Robert McAlpin fell from his horse shot through the heart. The man who fired the fatal shot passed between Mr. Swaney and the tree that had fallen across the road. The robber caught McAlpin's horse and led him away. McAlpin fell across the path with his pistols in his hands. Mr. Swaney's horse, in passing over the body of Mr. McAlpin, became very much alarmed, and came near throwing his rider off. Putting spurs to his horse, he soon overtook two men going back, one the son of Mr. McAlpin and the other Maj. Ellis. They went on to Pigeon Roost and got some Indians and then returned to look after the body of Mr. McAlpin. It was found that he had been robbed of his outside clothes, but his money was found in a belt next his body. The men who had killed him failed to find his money. Mr. McAlpin and his son and Maj. Ellis lived on the Apalachie river, in Georgia, and the three had been to Mississippi to buy land with the view of settling there, but were not pleased with the country and were returning home when they were attacked by the robbers. Young McAlpin buried his father near where he had been murdered, and cut a large chip from a tree, made the place smoothe, and cut on it with his pocket-knife the inscription, "Robt. McAlpin, murdered and killed here, July 31st." Mr. Swaney thought the year was 1800, but of this he was not positive. The last time he passed over the route, the letters could be seen very plainly. Some years ago Mr. Bowden, a Presbyterian minister, well known here, told Mr. Swaney that he had been to the tree often when a boy. The men who killed Mr. McAlpin were no doubt the same who pursued John B. Craighead, and but for the manœuvering of Mr. Swaney the night before would have killed him. It was said, as Mr. Swaney suspected, that after killing McAlpin and getting no money, the murderers came on through the wilderness passing themselves off as Kentucky boatmen.

Mention has been made in these reminiscences of Jim Allen as being the interpreter at the Chickasaw Agency. Allen was raised and educated by a wealthy and indulgent father in North Carolina, where he studied law and then came to and settled in Nashville. He brought with him two splendid mares, and also a negro boy to wait upon him. He made many warm friends at

Nashville, but finding no law suits to attend to, he spent his time and money in frolicking about the town and country. Soon he found not only his money but his credit gone. His pride was mortified beyond measure, and he determined to go back to his father and get the money with which to pay off his debts. With this intention he left Nashville one afternoon and went out two miles to Mr. Nichol's, where he remained all night. Here he determined that he would not go back to his old home in North Carolina, but that he would try his fortune among the Indians; so taking a circuit North of Nashville in order to avoid seeing any of his old friends and acquaintances, he steered for the Indian country, accompanied by his faithful negro man. Being entirely unacquainted with the country, he experienced great difficulty in reaching the Tennessee river. Here he had to swim his horses across, and then taking a path he reached Big Town, in the Chickasaw Nation, in a few hours. The Indians seeing him and his negro mounted on such fine animals, judged they were strangers, and as they were at war with some other tribe, suspected that their visitors were spies, so they began to beat their little drums and form a line of battle. This demonstration frightened Allen, who confessed that he would have run away if he had had any place to go or anything to eat. But he could not retreat, and so putting on a bold front, he and the negro rode on until within two hundred yards of their line, when they dismounted, and leading their horses, gave them to the Indian in command, all the time trying to make him understand that they wanted to live with them. The old chief was sent for, and he soon appeared with a negro who could speak both English and the Indian lingo. Through this negro Allen made known to the chief that he desired to live with him and become one of his people. The chief gave him a welcome. Here in Big Town he spent five or six months under a close watch. He conducted himself in such manner as to win the confidence of the Indians, and early in the spring they began to take him and the negro out on their hunting excursions. While out with one of these hunting parties Allen was shown his mares, which were reduced to mere skeletons from starvation. Allen lived a year or more with the Indians, when he went to the chief and told him he wanted a wife, and that he had fixed upon Susie Colbert as the one he desired. The manner

of choosing a wife among the Chiskasaw Indians was for the swain to make his desire to wed a particular maiden known to the chief or to the parents of the young woman, and having gained the consent of the one applied to, the suitor would return to his wigwam and there wait until his lady love should be sent to him. Allen received the consent of the chief, and then repaired to his wigwam, where he waited until nearly dark when Susie Colbert made her appearance at his door with a blanket drawn closely around her head, leaving only space enough for her to find her way, and in response to his invitation, walked in and took a seat. This was Allen's courtship and marriage.

After he had taken Susie Colbert for his wife he felt himself more closely identified with the Chickasaws, and concluded he would go with them to fight the Creeks, with whom they were at war. In the first engagement on this expedition Allen was severely wounded, and had to be carried back to his home on a litter attached to two ponies; and he was an invalid for more than a year. Allen used to tell Mr. Swaney that this satisfied him with war, and that he never went out again with a war party. The Chickasaws and Choctaws were kind and peaceable in their disposition, and, according to Indian tradition, constituted one nation some years anterior to that period; but the Creeks, who were great warriors, in order to control them had divided them. The Chickasaws always boasted that they had never shed the blood of a white man in anger, and that they had always been friends of the white man. Allen often told Mr. Swaney that the Chickasaws and Choctaws were once the happiest and best people he ever knew. They were free from the vices which corrupt society among the white people. They could not say anything in their native tongue worse than "skena" (bad) and "pulla" (mean); and that in all his knowledge he never heard of the crime of adultery being committed but once. The punishment in such a case was to cut off the end of the nose of the woman. In passing through the Chickasaw Nation for eight years, this was the only woman Mr. Swaney saw marked in this way.

Jim Allen raised a daughter, Peggy Allen, who was regarded by Mr. Swaney as the prettiest woman he ever saw. She was known to all the boatmen as a great beauty, and Mr. Swaney said it was almost incredible the number of travelers and boat-

men who stopped at the Agency to see her, attracted alone by her reputation as the most beautiful woman on the continent. While Jim Allen was interpreter at the Chickasaw Agency, his brother having discovered his whereabouts, came on from Hillsboro, in North Carolina, to visit him. Allen's relatives not having heard from him in a long time supposed him dead, but the brother could not persuade him to abandon his semi-barbarous life and return with him to the comforts of a pleasant home. The brother also tried to get his beautiful daughter to go with him to North Carolina, where she would have enjoyed every advantage that education and society could have given, but she would not leave her wild-wood home and those she loved. Sam. Mitchell, the agent for the Choctaws, became enamored of this beautiful half-breed maiden, and made overtures to her grandmother (old Mrs. Colbert), who, not unlike many anxious grandmothers of the present day, thought she saw honor, position, and wealth in her granddaughter marrying Sam. Mitchell, and urged her to do so. But Peggy Allen did not look with favor upon the proposed alliance. However, her grandmother had her way, and Peggy, with eight or ten negroes and as many ponies as a dowery, was sent to the Choctaw Agency to marry the man who was suing for her hand and heart. But Peggy was immovable, and would not become the wife of Sam. Mitchell, declaring that she would never marry a drunken white man or an Indian. She remained at the Agency about two weeks, when Mitchell abandoned his suit and sent her back to her father. Mr. Swaney was at Allen's when Peggy returned, and heard her father advise her against staying at home, as her grandmother, who would be greatly exasperated at her refusal to marry Sam. Mitchell, would come with some Indians and do them great injury. He told her that a young man named Simon Birney would almost give his life for her, and advised her to take him and go to Natchez. This she readily agreed to do. Birney was sent for, the matter submitted to him, and he gladly "accepted the situation." They were married and immediately set out for his father's near Natchez. Birney amassed a large fortune, and raised and educated a nice family.

Mr. Swaney learned that the Chickasaws and Choctaws entertained great fear of the Creeks, and were constantly making over-

tures to them to preserve peace. Although the Chickasaw line extended a long way this side of the Tennessee river, there were no settlements of Indians East of that stream. Not only was this true of the Chickasaws, but was the case with the Cherokees and Creeks. This extensive tract of country was regarded as the common hunting grounds of the tribes, and held sacred to that use.

Mr. Swaney often talked with the Indians about the mounds which are so frequently found in this section, but they knew nothing of them, "the oldest inhabitant" having no tradition about them. Mr. Swaney learned that the mode of burying their dead as practiced by the Chickasaws and Choctaws was this: When one would die they would set poles in the ground from fifteen to twenty feet high, upon which a scaffold was erected. The body was placed upon this scaffold, and permitted to remain until the flesh was decayed, when the "bone-picker" would come and separate the flesh from the bones, and then the latter were buried in a hole dug in the ground and lined with large pieces of stone. While the body was on the scaffold the relatives and friends of the deceased would come at sunrise and sunset and spend about fifteen minutes each time in wailing for the dead. If the deceased had a wife she always led in this demonstration of mourning, and was loudest in her expressions of grief. The chorus was then taken up by another relative or friend, and so on until all took part in the wailing, but only one at a time would thus give expression to the sorrow felt at the death of the relative and friend. When the days of mourning had passed and the time had arrived for taking down the scaffold and consigning the bones to their final resting place, mirth and jolity succeeded. It was called a pole-pulling, and was a gala day with the Indians. On such occasions the widow was the gayest of the gay. She would dress in her best toggery, and bedeck herself with all the trinkets she possessed. Mr. Swaney saw as many as several hundred Indians meet on such an occasion, and if the weather should prove favorable they would spend a number of days in frolicking. They would often have their green-corn dances at these funerals, if the friends were able to furnish the green corn for the crowd. Mr. Swaney regarded it as highly amusing to hear them sing and see them dance. They would also run races with their ponies.

When the ponies were unequally matched as to speed, they would run the race over, but would put an extra rider on the fleetest pony, which caused great amusement to the spectators. These funerals generally wound up with a big drunk and a fight, which resulted in a good many broken noses and bruised heads.

The early settlers of Middle Tennessee had to fight the Cherokees as well as the Creeks. Old Jack Walker, a Cherokee, was the leader of most of the parties of his tribe who made raids into Davidson and Sumner counties to steal the stock of the inhabitants, and to kill men, women, and children whenever opportunity presented. Occasionally they would take prisoners with them to the Indian Nation, but these were always women and children. The negroes they captured they prized very highly, and regarded them as the whites did, as so many dollars added to their wealth. Old Jack Walker was the leader of the party that captured Zigler's Station. He surprised the Ziglers and Wilsons, who were living at the station, killed several, took some of the Wilson family prisoners, together with a number of negroes belonging to the Zigler family, and carried them to the Cherokee Nation, where the white children were kept several years. Some years after he quit carrying the mail, Mr. Swaney was employed by the late Charles Morgan to go to the Cherokee Nation on some business, and while there he met the negroes that once belonged to the Ziglers. They were then claimed by old Jack Walker. This same Jack Walker was in command when the Cherokees made a raid on the Bledsoes. Old Jack Walker told Mr. Swaney that the bravest men and women he ever fought were the Bledsoes and the settlers in what is now Sumner county.

VI.

Perils and Pleasures of the South-west Sixty-five Years Ago.

Having been personally favored with a glace at some thirty or forty pages of manuscript in the large and fair hand of Mrs. Thomas Martin, of Davidson county, when eighty-three years of age, descriptive of events witnessed or shared in by herself sixty-five years ago, the privilege of the following references for publication is granted.

Her husband had bought a plantation on Bayou Teche, Louisiana, and left Nashville to occupy it with his family on a flat-boat February 4, 1811. They had a tedious passage of eight weeks down the rivers, frequently annoyed when stopping at night at the riverbank by Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. What is now Memphis was then called Chickasaw Bluff—Vicksburg was called Walnut Hills. Passing through the bayous and over the lakes of Louisiana, it looked as though no boat had ever floated in that wild region before. There were thousands of alligators all around, and all on board were constantly shooting them. Reaching their plantation, Mrs. Martin was delighted with the orange trees in full bearing, the abundance of vegetables, and the prairie appearance of the land most suitable for growing cotton and sugar. She says the mode of making sugar in those days was by grinding the cane with mules, and two or three barrels was considered a good day's work. The price of sugar advanced during the war with Great Britain, and cotton declined, but the latter rose again very suddenly at the close of the war. When they reached their place they found that nearly all their neighbors were French, Spanish, and Indians, but they were soon joined by families from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, some of whom were Irish, who gave the name of Irish Bend to the settlement, which name the locality on the river still bears. Their communication with New Orleans was by small schooners across Berwick Bay, and up the La Fourche to the Mississippi, seventy-five miles above the city. They were

only ten miles from the Gulf and two from the lake, and fish and game of all kinds were abundant. A schooner in which Mr. Martin had gone to get some supplies that were very scarce there during the war, was wrecked in a storm and the cargo lost, but he was relieved by a man who he afterward found to be Lafitte the Pirate. The outlaw took him aboard his vessel, gave him breakfast, provisioned a boat, and sent him home, sending to Mrs. Martin a demijohn of Madeira and the first pineapple cheese she had ever seen. After a year in Louisiana, Mrs. Martin accepted a pressing invitation from her father, Joseph Phillips, who lived near Nashville, to revisit Tennessee, and commenced the journey in June. Her own narrative of that trip, with some omissions of personalities, is as follows:

"The first night we spent with our friend Mr. Crow. When we reached Berwick Bay next day we could not cross until night, the winds were so high, and even then on a platform of plank upon two barges, not getting over till two o'clock in the morning. We heard at the city that Lafitte, who had been taken and sent to New Orleans, had escaped from prison, and a large reward was offered for him. We took supper on landing with a mixed company of French, Spanish, Americans, and Indians, and all slept in a room with berths round the sides like those on steamboats. When we reached Donelsonville Mr. Martin said he had some private business with a gentleman which would not detain him long, but he would not tell me what it was. Some time afterward he told me that the man he stopped to see was Lafitte the Pirate, who was concealed there, and who had entrusted him with private letters to be delivered at Donelsonville. Lafitte, on meeting him, had said, 'Sir, I think I can trust you.' The reply was, 'You can; your kindness to me when I was shipwrecked will never be forgotten, and whatever I can do for you I will do with pleasure.' Lafitte then said, 'I have just heard of your arrival; I have determined to trust these letters for persons at Donelsonville to your charge; I know they will be safely delivered.' To which Mr. Martin responded, 'They will be delivered promptly.' He was always silent and quiet on that subject. The next we heard of Lafitte the Pirate was that he was fighting with Jackson's forces at New Orleans against the British.

"In consequence of accidents, we did not reach Natchez until

September, and then in a wagon with two horses. We started on a journey of four hundred miles to Nashville through the Indian country. At that time many white families lived with the Indians, sent there by the Government to learn them to spin and weave. Wherever we stopped we were treated with great kindness, if we were kind to them. One night we heard them howling and mourning, and on approaching them found about fifty sitting on the grass in a circle, with their blankets over their heads, lamenting the death of a chief they had just buried near the line between the Cherokee and Chickasaw Nations. The agent told us they were to have a war-dance that night, and were to leave the next morning for Pensacola. We stayed there, and it was truly a sight to be remembered. Males and females joined in the dance, and they kept it up till after midnight. At sunrise they were assembled to depart; all hands joined, men, women, and children, all going round and round in a ring crying and mourning; and when the braves took leave of their wives and children, their sorrowful yells were loud and shocking.

"The Indians on the route were very hospitable. Although we had plenty of our own provision, they gave us suppers of venison, potatoes, and coffee; and the white families amongst them were all kindness and attention to the travelers. We took breadfast one morning with James Colbert, the Indian Chief, and his wife, both of whom had just returned from Washington, with others of their tribe, where they had been to talk with their 'Great father, the President.' He said the talk was about fighting the British. Mrs. Colbert was delighted with her trip to Washington; said the President gave them a dinner, and had all the fashionable ladies and gentlemen there. She was dressed in the latest Washington fashions, but was bare-footed! She gave me a lunch for us all when we left. We camped in the woods one night, and as we were lighting our fire, the mail-carrier came along on horse-back, and getting down, took his coffee, ham, and crackers with us. He told us we were fortunate in not coming along two days before, as a party of Creek Indians had been that way, killing every one they met. Seven boatmen who had been down the Mississippi in their flatboats, and sold out at New Orleans, were returning home, when five of them were killed at the Big Spring near that plce. The old Indian who entertained

us with a good supper of turkey, corn, and potatoes at Big Spring, pointed out the graves of the five flatboatmen, killed by the Creeks, near his house. He would not let me and my child sleep in his own house, but assigned us to another, where slept not less than fifty Indians, and many of them drunk, while my husband and others sat up all night. It is not their custom to permit strangers to sleep in the house with their families.

"Arriving at Nashville, we were met by my father and little brother, and taken out home. Two beloved sisters had passed away during my absence. We all wept together, but there was no little joy left in my own heart that we had at last reached the home I had toiled so long to get back to.

"In 1816 a disease prevailed in and about Nashville called the cold plague, which was more fatal than cholera. Very few that were attacked by that terrible disease ever recovered. In 1817 many new houses were built in Nashville. Our merchants were principally Irishmen, who realized handsome fortunes in a few years from their large mercantile transactions.

"When a child seven years of age, my mother took me into town to witness the obsequies of Gen. Washington, and I never had seen so many people together. I really thought his mortal remains were in the coffin. Where now could I find another that was there on that occasion? A few years afterwards my father had all the army officers stationed at Nashville out to dine with us. They were accompanied by their wives. There was Gen. Jackson, an elegant gentlemen, with his long queue and powdered hair (the fashion of that day), always noble in his manners and appearance, and others, all of whom seemed to enjoy their dinner, and especially the old peach brandy, of which my father kept a large supply.

"Mrs. Rachel Jackson lived but a short time after her husband was elected President, and he never had that happy and cheerful face of his afterwards. He stopped at our house on his way to Washington after his re-election, and asked my daughter to play Auld Lang Syne for him. He looked very sad. When he reached Washington he sent my husband his likeness, which I still possess. When last I visited him at the Hermitage, he was unable to leave his room. After dinner, and just before leaving, I took a stroll in the garden, and picking a rose entered his room

and gave it to him. He took me by the hand as I came away, saying, 'Farewell, my dear—God bless you.' Two weeks afterwards I attended his funeral. Dr. Edgar preached from Revelations vii, 14.

"In the spring of 1825, Gen. LaFayette visited Nashville. Well do I remember his noble bearing, and his happy manner of receiving all who were introduced to him. My husband was one of those who were appointed on the reception arrangements. There was a handsome arch over and across the street near the Public Square, and a large platform on which to welcome the guests. Gen. LaFayette and George Washington LaFayette were with Gen. Jackson in a carriage, drawn by four handsome gray horses. Dr. Philip Lindsley delivered the address of welcome with much feeling. The old revolutionary soldiers came from all parts of the State to shake hands with LaFayette. One old soldier threw his arms around him, exclaiming, 'You have not forgotten the soldier, my dear General, that killed a bear and brought it to your tent when you were out of provisions, have you?' The General embraced him, responding, 'Mr. Hager, is it possible you are still with us?' That night the city was illuminated. The next night there was a splendid ball. The old and the young were there, and the scene was one of beauty, fashion, and smiles. On a dias at one end of the hall were the guests and the old ladies—Gen. LaFayette with Mrs. Rachel Jackson, Gov. Carroll with Mrs. Shelby, Gen. Jackson with Mrs. Priestley and Mrs. Carroll, George W. LaFayette with Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. McNairy, and Dr. Shelby with Mrs. Minnick and myself. Mrs. Andrew Erwin (*nee* Miss Webster) danced the first set; Miss Susan Trimble and Miss Ramsey afterwards, and then Miss Elizabeth Williams and Mrs. McIver were also in the first sets. Not less than twenty were on the floor at a time.

"The morning before the ball a large party went up to the Hermitage with Gen. LaFayette in a steamboat (a new method of conveyance at that time), and in passing the residence of Dr. Priestley, who had died a few years before, they fired a salute, and at the ball that evening his widow made a beautiful acknowledgment to Gen. Jackson (who was of the party on the boat) of his kind remembrance of her husband. That night the guests

left for Louisville. This brilliant affair gave our Nashville people something to talk about for a long time after it was over."

In the eighty-sixth year of her age, Mrs. Martin is still in excellent health, and all her mental faculties are most remarkably preserved. She enjoys her green old age on her place near Nashville, where she has resided for sixty years, and where she still gracefully receives her numerous relatives and host of friends. May she live to celebrate her own centennial. We hold not to the poetical falsehood that "whom the gods love die young," but rather to the wholesome truth that "whom the gods love die old; go through their appointed career, fulfill their appointed duties, and sink to their rest, knowing no more of death than of birth, and leaving no death-stricken mourners at their tombs."

VII.

Some Reminiscences of the Bar—How an Overbearing Judge was Taught an Important Lesson.

About the year 1833, James C. Mitchell was elected by the General Assembly one of the Circuit Court Judges of the State. Judge Mitchell first settled and commenced the practice of the law in the Sequatchie Valley. He represented the county of his residence in the Legislature, when that body met in Murfreesboro; then he was elected a member of Congress, and afterwards removed to Rutherford county. He was a tall, well-proportioned man—vain, presumptuous, and tyrannical. He possessed a fair knowledge of the law, which he had acquired more by observation than from books. He had no regard for the feelings of others; was coarse and rude in his manners, and overbearing and insulting to the bar, but was devoid of the instincts of a true-hearted, brave man; in other words, he lacked the courage to back up his indefensible course.

I commenced the practice of the law in Sumner county, and had extended my circuit so as to embrace six counties, among them Smith, the bar of which county was represented by Judge Rucks, Col. Overton, McClain, Wade Hubbard, and others, all good lawyers and men of ability. In the early days of Tennessee large circuits were taken by lawyers, all riding on horseback, each taking his branding-irons. A lunch was also taken along, which was eat at some cool spring on the road. These associations were the happiest days of the lawyer's life, as they served to break off the rough corners and smoothe the asperities growing out of the frequent collisions at the bar. In those early days the circulating medium consisted mainly of calves, steers, and milch cows. I have said that each lawyer carried his branding-irons with him. Their fees were paid in a calf, a two-year old steer, or a cow, and each lawyer applied his brand to the animal, so he could identify his property, and it was then turned out in the range under the care of a trusty shepherd. John H. Bown, an eminent and popular lawyer, practiced in the entire mountain

circuit, and at one time was the owner of two hundred and fifty head of cattle running at large in the range. He was elected to Congress in 1810, and died in the fall of 1822.

I put in my first appearance before Judge Mitchell at Carthage, who held the court at that place by interchange with the Judge of the circuit. I arrived early in the forenoon of the first day of the court. I wore a wine-colored coat, which was somewhat the worse for wear. It retained its original color under the arms, but showed "the sear and yellow leaf" on the back. I was shaking hands with the citizens in the court-house yard, and running on with jokes and pleasantry, as Judge Mitchell passed into the court-house. It was reported to me that the Judge stopped and inquired who was that "swaggering young fellow, who was making the people laugh." He was told that it was young Guild, a lawyer from Sumner county. "Well," said he, "look at his sun-burnt coat and swaggering manner; I'll bet he is an impudent fellow, with more brass than brains." This remark stuck in my craw, and I meditated how I should be revenged.

After the opening of court, the grand jury was organized, and the Judge charged them all along the line with a diarrhœa of words. He carried a large hickory stick, and he frequently knocked it against the bar, commanding silence. He then commenced fining the sheriff and lecturing the bar about the most trivial matters. His manner was ferocious, reminding one of "a bear with a sore head." There were many small cases of certiorari bringing up the judgments of magistrates. He made a rule dismissing every one where the amount involved was less than five dollars. He would say, "Mr. Clark (clerk), strike that nasty, contemptible case from my docket." John H. Martin appeared as attorney in one of these cases, and protested against its being dismissed. Mitchell asked him, with much asperity of manner, "Do you want to violate my rule?" Martin replied that his client had a right to have his case tried without reference to the amount involved, and that he did not understand the rule to be the law. "Well," said Mitchell, "I am not responsible for your want of sense. Your intellect is as obtuse as those large-eared animals grazing on the commons, and all such should be transported to Cuba, where, I understand, there is a good market for them."

The next person Judge Mitchell tackled was the late Judge Marchbanks, of McMinnville. Marchbanks wore a pair of heavy boots and carried a gold-headed walking-cane, and while court was in session, commenced promenading behind the bar, and necessarily made some noise. The Judge inquired of the sheriff who was that man wearing heavy boots and carrying a cane, who was making such a pompous display of himself behind the bar. He was informed that the gentleman was Mr. Marchbanks, of McMinnville. "Well," says the Judge, "his manner is that of a corn-field negro striding over the bricks. Tell him if he does not cease walking there I will put him where he can't walk and where the dogs wont bite him."

John B. Forester, who was then a member of Congress, did not arrive until the third day of the court. He had one of the certiorari cases. I was employed on the opposite side, but did not make a motion to dismiss the suit in his absence. Forester was told what Mitchell was doing with these cases, and he declared that he would not submit to such conduct on the part of the Judge. I called up the case, expecting some fun. Forester read the petition, and when he came to describe the judgment complained of, he lowered his voice when stating the amount. Mitchell said, "Mr. Forester, you read very low. What is the amount of the judgment complained of?" Mr. Forester replied, "six and one-fourth cents." Mitchell said, "Mr. Clark (clerk), strike that nasty, contemptible case from my docket." Mr. Forester said, "The amount in dispute is much greater than the judgment, and the court has no right to dismiss the case." The Judge, turning sharply on the counsel, said, "You do not know who you are talking to. I am Judge Mitchell, from Sequatchie. Sit down, sir." Forester made a movement as if about to sit down, but did not. when the Judge railed out, "You are not down, sir; sit down, I say! Now, sir, if you give me any of your impudence I will send you where the flies and mice will keep you company."

The next case called was one in which I was interested as counsel. Old man Goodall owned a tract of fine, heavily-timbered land in Smith county, and many persons had trespassed upon it by cutting timber. I was employed by him to bring suit against one Mungle for such trespass. The declaration was filed. Gen. Robert L. Caruthers was employed to defend the case, and

he had put in the plea of *libereum tenementum*, which was entered upon the Judge's docket. When the clerk had finished reading, Judge Mitchell struck the bench with his heavy hickory stick with a vim that told plainly he was upon the war-path, and then in a very decided tone remarked, "Mr. Clark (clerk), this case is for trespass on land. What animal is this that appears upon my docket?" Mr. Hart, the clerk, one of the best I ever knew, was a little deaf and did not catch the remark of the Judge, and showed some embarrassment. The Judge railed out, "What animal is this you call *libereum tenementum* that has crawled upon my docket, and how came it there?" Gen. Caruthers, seeing the embarrassment of the clerk, rose with a pleasant smile, which he usually wore, and stated that it was his plea of *libereum tenementum*, which, by courtesy, had been accepted in brief. This gave the Judge an opportunity to put on his war-paint, and he said with great asperity, "Courtesy should never be used to cover up ignorance. Mr. Clark (clerk), strike the nasty thing from the docket." Then glaring fiercely at Guild, he added, "Such actions are a nuisance to the courts. They are mere trial strains upon the title, which establish nothing. Some poor, briefless lawyers encourage and get up such suits, thereby producing disturbances and litigation among the ignorant people. Now, Gen. Caruthers, if you have not law knowledge enough to draw up the plea of *libereum tenementum*, you, as an honest man, should either pay back the fee you have received, or go out and pay a lawyer to draw it for you. I take it that you cannot draw it; nor does the opposite counsel know how to reply to it. A good lawyer can draw it up in ten minutes, and it can be replied to in five minutes; but, considering the ignorance of both of you, I will give you fifteen minutes to make up the pleadings, and (pulling out his watch) the lawyer in default shall pay the costs of the suit." We now bulged out of the court-house for Wade's law office to find a precedent, neither of us having before drawn in form such pleadings. All the lawyers followed us. Guild outran Caruthers, got Chitty's Pleadings, in which he found the replication and drew it off. Caruthers wanted the book, but as we were running against time, it could not be surrendered. Judge Rucks, a fine lawyer, then drew the plea for Caruthers. We "made the trip" and came to time. This increased the ire of the Judge, for he

had hoped we would fail. The jury were sworn and the pleadings read. Guild then introduced the plaintiff's proof; read the grant of the land from the State of North Carolina and the deeds drawn to the plaintiff, connected with the grant, showing that he had the legal title to the land. That much having been established, the next thing was the proof as to the damage he had sustained. Guild knew the dangerous point in the lawsuit was that the plaintiff never had the actual possession, it being wild land, and kept dark on that point. He introduced only four witnesses to prove the cutting of the timber and the value thereof. The first was interrogated very closely as to the cutting of some rail-timber and its value; the second, as to the cutting of five board trees and their value; the third, as to the cutting of much fire wood and its value. Guild consumed considerable time in the examination of these witnesses. The Judge began to manifest impatience at this consumption of time, and at length he observed that there was a point in the case that I was overlooking, and that was the actual possession. I stated that I would make every thing satisfactory before I was through. "Well, sir," said he, "come to the important point in the case." "I presume," I replied, "the Judge will permit the jury to hear the proof, as they are to pass on it." "Well, sir, proceed," he said petulantly. I then went on with the examination of the third witness, interrogating him particularly about certain ash trees that had been cut down, and the value of the same. The Judge grew more restive, and I saw that his bristles were up. Striking the bench with his big stick, he said peremptorily, "Call your next witness, sir." The fourth witness took the stand, and I interrogated him as to the cutting down of a number of poplar trees for house-logs, and their being hauled away by the defendant, and their value. The Judge interrupted me by asking in a very emphatic tone, "Why do you not prove your possession, if you had any?" and then added, "I will cut you off right here. The court is not going to be fooled with any longer. Why do you not go to the possession?" I replied, because I did not care whether the plaintiff had actual possession or not; he had a right to recover for the trespass upon his lands. I added that I would close the proof here, and proposed to argue the case before the jury. The Judge said his mind was made up on that point of the law. I replied that if the court

would be governed by the authorities, the mind of the court would not be made up or announced, and I asked if the court would be controlled by the law. "Certainly, sir," responded the Judge; "but I do not think you can instruct me as to the law." I replied that perhaps the books could. "Certainly," replied the Judge. I then commenced to argue the case, and took up considerable time in referring the jury to the proof as to the cutting of the timber and its value, and the amount of damages they were compelled to award the plaintiff. As to the law, I observed that the Judge had been led astray by applying the English rule to the wild lands of America. In England, all the lands were inclosed either by hedges or ditches, so there were no wild lands; and hence by the English rule, to maintain an action, the party must be in actual possession. I stated that it was a general principle of law that for all injuries to others, the law afforded a remedy; that it was impracticable in America, where most of the lands were in the forest, to have them inclosed, and consequently the title vested in the holder or owner constructive possession, and for trespasses upon the same the action of *quarie clausum frigit* could be maintained, and quoted an early Kentucky decision, reported in Little's Reports, in support of this position. The Judge, looking at John H. Martin, who came from Kentucky to practice law in Tennessee, asked with a sneer, "What authority is that you read?" I replied, "Little's Kentucky Reports." "No authority with this court, sir," said the Judge; and then he added sarcastically, "I will venture to say that Little's Reports were brought to Tennessee by some poor Kentucky lawyer, who brought the book in his saddle-bags. It is no authority with me, sir." I said it seems to have good, hard sense in it, which is the touchstone of the law; that all laws should be made to suit the condition of society and the country, and that sensible Judges should so hold. "Young man," broke in the Judge, "you are an impudent fellow, and if you do not mind I will cut you off!" "Well," I said, "I have another authority, but I do not know whether it will have any weight with the court, who appears to be unusually hard-headed." "What is it?" demanded the Judge. I replied, "It is Judge Haywood; what say you to him?" Judge Mitchell said he was good authority, and then passed a high eulogy upon Judge Haywood; that he had appeared and argued

great cases with him at the bar, and argued cases before him while he was on the Supreme Bench. I said, "I am glad to hear that you appreciate Judge Haywood so highly, for he is very distinct on this point of law." "Well read it, sir," said the Judge. I then read from 2 Haywood's North Carolina Reports, where Judge Hall had decided that the action could only be maintained when the plaintiff had actual possession, but in a note Judge Haywood maintained that the English rule should not apply to the wild lands of America. That note was put in the form of a *quarie*. But I did not read the Latin word. The Judge asked, "Is there not something at the head of that note?" I replied that I was only an English scholar; that I did not understand the Latin, Greek, or Indian language; and that there was something at the head of the note which was "a sealed book" to me. "Spell it, sir," roared the Judge. I did so. "Why you dirty fellow," shouted the Judge, that is *quarie*, expressive of doubt as to the rule. Now, sir, you want to impose upon this court. I have a great notion to send you to jail, and put you where the dogs can't bite you!" I replied that before that was done, I wished, in justice to my client, to proceed with my argument. "Well, sir," said the Judge curtly, "be brief, or I will cut you off at the ankles; I will cut you off at the knees, and if necessary, I will cut you off higher up!" I replied that the constitution provided that a man should be heard by himself or counsel in all suits involving his rights, and I wished to know if he intended to trample upon the constitution and violate that cherished principle. "Proceed, sir," said the Judge, "but none of your brass impudence before me." I told him I did not know what brass impudence were, and that I had always been regarded as a very modest young man. "Well, sir," demanded the Judge, "what further have you to say?" I inquired whether a plain act of Assembly upon this contested point would have any weight with the court. The Judge said, "Certainly, sir. If you have such an act read it." I then read very slowly and solemnly, the act of Assembly providing that in all cases before Justices, where the damage does not exceed fifty dollars, the case should be tried upon principles of equity, and justice be done. The Judge fairly boiled over with wrath, and striking the bench with a big stick demanded, "Do you read that act of Assembly as applicable to

this case?" I replied, "Certainly I do, sir. I claim only forty-five dollars damages, and the case must be tried upon principles of equity and justice, if you regard the law." The Judge was in a towering rage of passion, and remarked with much vehemence, "Well, sir, I have a strong notion to order you to be taken to yon horse-rack and there receive thirty-nine lashes upon your bare back, well laid on!" I retorted, "You will find no one so degraded as to attempt to carry such an order into execution; and as for yourself, you dare not attempt it." "Well, sir," asked the Judge, "do you challenge me to combat?" I replied that I did not challenge him to fight, but that if he was aggrieved, I would accept his call and give him persenal satisfaction. The Judge then blazed away at the jury, denouncing the case as a trial strain as to the title, that the plaintiff had shown no actual possession, and ordered a verdict for the defendant. It was the most disgraceful conduct I ever witnessed on the part of a Judge, and I venture the assertion that such a scene was never witnessed in any other court in Tennessee.

The conduct of Judge Mitchell had been so outrageous and tyrannical that the bar determined to put a stop to it at all hazards. The Judge and the lawyers from other portions of the circuit boarded at Hallum's tavern. It was agreed among the lawyers that they would hold a mock court that night in a room adjoining that occupied by Judge Mitchell, and have all the scenes of the day re-enacted so that he might appreciate how supremely ridiculous, not to say offensive, he had made himself by his overbearing manner. James Rucks was chosen the Judge to represent Mitchell, and took his position at a table with a big stick, surrounded by the officers of the court and citizens of the town. All the scenes of the day were gone over, with Martin, and Forester, and Marchbanks, and Caruthers, and Guild, performing their respective parts. Judge Rucks represented Mitchell to the life; his manner and voice and rap on the table being those of the Judge. The jury and witnesses, and parties from a distance attending court, besides a number of invited guests, were present, and greatly enjoyed the performance. The "take off" was so good and so true to the life, that it was greeted with rounds of applause. The next morning the Judge breakfasted quite early, and the landlady informed us that he was in a terrible bad

humor, and raged like a caged lion. He declared that upon the opening of the court he would fine all engaged in the burlesque of the night previous, and send the leaders to jail. The news spread, and the court-house was filled with spectators. It was agreed that all the lawyers should take seats within the bar, but should make no motions touching the cases in which they were employed as counsel on the calling of the docket. Martin and Guild were to take seats on the Judge's bench, one on either side of him, and if he should fine any of those engaged in the proceedings of the night previous, that should be the signal for Martin and Guild to seize and carry him to the river, about a hundred yards distant, and give him a good ducking, the lawyers attending in a body to see it well done. The Judge saw from the countenances of the lawyers and the positions they had taken in the court-house, that he had stirred up a hornet's nest, and having had some intimation of our purpose, made no allusion to what had occurred the night previous. During the remainder of the court his bearing was most courteous, bordering upon subserviency. This little episode cured the Judge of his overbearing disposition, as he afterward behaved himself well upon the bench, and ultimately became a preacher of the gospel.

Since the election of Judges by the people under the constitution of 1834, we have had no such tyrants on the bench; on the contrary, we have had courteous and good Judges, which shows the wisdom of giving the election of judicial officers to the people. They have exhibited a capability for selecting good officers which could not be excelled by the Legislature.

VIII.

THE FLORIDA WAR—SCENE OF THE DADE MASSACRE—LUDICROUS EPISODE AT FORT DRANE—INCIDENTS OF THE "WILD HUNT" FOR INDIANS.

DURING the administration of Gen. Jackson the Secretary of War called for a brigade of volunteers from Tennessee to fight the Seminole Indians in Florida, who had made war upon the inhabitants of that State and Georgia. Wm. Trousdale, Jo. C. Guild, and John H. Henry, each raised a company in Sumner county; Wm. B. Campbell, one in Smith county; Jesse Finley, now in Congress, one in Wilson county; James Grundy, Capt. Chandler, and Gen. Joel A. Battle, one each in Davidson county; Capt. Lemuel Henry, one in Robertson, and Capt. Tatum, one in Dickson, which constituted the second regiment of one thousand men. There were also raised two companies in Maury county, two in Giles, and one each in Rutherford, Williamson, Franklin, Lincoln, Madison, and Gibson, which constituted the first regiment of one thousand men. These volunteers rendezvoused at Fayetteville in June, 1836, and then completed their organization. Wm. Trousdale was elected Colonel, Jo. C. Guild, Lieutenant-Colonel, Capt. Joseph Meadows, first Major, and William Washington, second Major, of the second regiment. J. B. Bradford was elected Colonel, Terry H. Cahal, Lieutenant-Colonel, Capt. Powhattan Gordon, first Major, and Capt. Goff, second Major of the first regiment. Gen. Robert Armstrong, who had distinguished himself in Gen. Jackson's campaign, was appointed by the President General of the Brigade. Gen. Hickman was appointed Quarter Master General, and Capt. Willie B. Gordon and Maj. Upshaw Regimental Quarter Masters.

Having completed our organization and made every preparation to move, we marched, on the 4th of July, directly for Columbus, Georgia, which had been threatened by the Indians, who had committed many murders and depredations upon the citizens

of that section. We were detained several weeks upon the Tallapoosa, where there was a large encampment of Creek Indians, including men, women, and children, who, under the treaty with that tribe, had agreed to go to the homes assigned them West of the Mississippi. Trouble with them was anticipated, but the presence of the Tennessee troops caused them reluctantly to move to the reservation set apart for them. It was almost impossible for an army to live, much less to carry on war amidst the hammocks, lakes, and swamps of the Peninsula during the summer, which was now upon us in the full blaze of its great heat, in consequence of the delay incurred in the removal of the Creeks. Gen. Jackson ordered, through the Secretary of War, that the brigade should not move in Florida until the month of September. The cause of troops being sent to Florida was the cruel massacres and aggressions of the Seminoles upon the whites. Through their chiefs they made a treaty with the United States to remove West of the Mississippi, and to be received back by the Creeks, provided that tribe would receive them, and they should be pleased with their new home. That assent was obtained, and the chiefs sent on to examine the country, reported that they were well pleased. Hence, by the treaty of Payne's Landing, it became obligatory upon the Seminoles to remove. By the terms of that treaty, one-third were to remove each year until all had gone. Every preparation was made for their removal, but under one pretext or another, they failed to comply with their plighted faith, and no portion of them removed to the reservation West of the Mississippi. The removal was to commence in 1833, and continue until 1835, when all should go to their new home. As the year 1835 was drawing to a close, and while the Government was urging a compliance with their treaty obligations, the people along the frontier were startled by a report of a rising among the Indians. On the 28th of December, 1835, a young, dashing chief, a half-breed, powerful, athletic, and of remarkable address, appeared upon the scene. This young chief was Osceola, and he headed the revolt. He and a number of his tribe had been visiting the forts and towns of Florida, and had purchased large supplies of arms and ammunition under the pretense of using the same in killing game in the West, but really for the purpose of plunder and murder. He so artfully

carried out his plans, that he deceived the United States Agent, Gen. Thompson, and Lieut. Smith at Fort King. He partook of the General's hospitality, was interrogated as to the rumor of a hostile feeling on the part of his tribe, and Osceola assured him that the rumor was unfounded. So thoroughly was the General satisfied of the sincerity of Osceola, that he presented him a fine rifle and ammunition to be used when he should arrive in the far West in the chase or in hunting for small game. Ascertaining that Maj. Dade, with his command of one hundred and twelve men, had been ordered up from Tampa Bay, and was then on the trail to Fort King, Osceola took leave of Gen. Thompson on the morning of the 28th of December, 1835, and he and his followers left the fort on their ponies. Knowing that Gen. Thompson was in the habit of taking a morning walk, they lay in ambush in sight of the fort until the General, accompanied by Lieut. Smith, came out for a walk, and as they passed along, treacherously shot and killed them. They then returned to the fort and massacred five soldiers and two express riders, and then posted off to meet Maj. Dade. Meantime the chiefs of the Seminoles had been apprised of what had been done, and the situation of affairs. Osceola was soon joined by Billy Bow Legs, Tiger Tail, and Mad Anthony, with nearly one thousand warriors, who lay in ambush for Maj. Dade. I have been upon the ground where they met Maj. Dade, and where one of the most heartless massacres occurred. The trail or road passed through a beautiful grove of tall pine trees. The soil was covered with a long tough grass, as high as one's head, of the color and texture of the hedge grass, but much more luxuriant. The Indians were concealed in this grass, on both sides of the road. Maj. Dade had divided his force, and was himself leading the van guard of forty men, which was about fifty yards in advance of the rear guard. The Indians waited in breathless silence until their two lines embraced the van guard, when, with death-dealing aim, they poured a murderous fire into the ranks of the unsuspecting party. Maj. Dade and nearly all who composed the van guard were killed by the first volley. Immediately a galling fire was opened upon the rear guard. The oxen attached to the artillery were killed, and in the confusion the cannon could not be immediately brought to bear upon the attacking party. Those

who survived this terrible onset returned the fire with telling effect, while the cannon was got in position and a raking fire opened upon the murderous savages. An Indian can stand the rattle of musketry, but nothing alarms him like the roar of cannon or a charge with fixed bayonets. The Americans were too weak to make a charge upon the lines of the enemy, but the hail of grape and balls, accompanied by the booming of cannon, sent the Indians on a wild scamper. I noticed that the pine trees were cut by cannon balls and grape shot in every direction for a mile. This pause in the bloody battle gave the Americans time to cut down some pine trees that fell upon one another so as to form a triangle, which served as a temporary breastwork. In this fortification the cannon were placed in position, and preparations made to give the Indians a warm reception by the few men who were able to do effective fighting. After the lapse of about an hour, the Indians returned and made a desperate charge upon the position held by the Americans, but were repulsed with great loss. The Americans had fired upward of one hundred rounds, and their ammunition began to grow short, and the loss of life in the fort was so great that the fire slackened, when a desperate charge was made by the Indians, which the fire of the Americans checked until the last ball was sent on its death-dealing mission, and all the ammunition for the musketry was exhausted. The Indians discovering this from the firing having entirely ceased, made another charge upon the fort, in which they came like an avalanche with nothing to resist its force. Of course this onset was successful; they carried the fort, and all who survived were inhumanly butchered, except four, and they would have shared the fate of their comrades, but they had the presence of mind, at this critical moment, after having exhibited a courage and daring unsurpassed in the annals of the world, to conceal themselves under the dead bodies of their comrades and feign death. The savages and the negroes with them stabbed or cut the throats of all who moved a muscle or showed the least sign of life. Fortunately, these four lay at the bottom of piles of the dead, and three of them made their escape and arrived at Fort King to tell the sad tale of the massacre of their comrades. I saw one of the survivors while in Florida, from whom I obtained these details. After the work of cutting the throats of

the living, the dying, and the dead was completed, Osceola mounted upon the logs of the fort and made a most vehement speech, as was evident from his manner and gesticulations. Not understanding the Seminole language, my informant did not know what Osceola said. But, without stopping to rob the dead of rings, watches, or any thing else, the Indians immediately retired toward the Wahoo Swamp, which was about two miles West of the scene of this massacre. The four soldiers concealed beneath their dead comrades, now raised up their heads simultaneously, and looking about, saw no Indians. Silence reigned over the field of carnage, interrupted by no living creature save themselves. About one hour before sunset the four survivors took their departure, two going in the direction of Tampa Bay and the other two making for Fort King, each being about forty miles distant. One of the divisions was seen by an Indian warrior, who was mounted and armed, and who pursued them. In their effort to escape they become separated, and one was overtaken and killed by the Indian. The other concealed himself in the grass, and thus eluded the Indian, who searched for him thoroughly, several times passing very near to his place of concealment. Finally, the Indian abandoned the search, and galloped off toward the Wahoo Swamp. Night coming on, the wounded soldier left his hiding place and hobbled along as best he could that night. Lying concealed during the day and traveling only at night, he arrived at Fort King on the fourth day, bleeding, hungry, and exhausted.

The same chiefs, hearing of the advance of Gen. Clinch, attacked him at the crossing of the Withlacooche at three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, having traveled fifty miles during the night and morning. Gen. Clinch had crossed the river with about half of his command when the Indians made a furious assault upon him, and a fierce battle ensued. Gen. Lee Reed, born in Tennessee, the son of Capt. Billy Reed, an old pioneer and Indian fighter, who was badly wounded in the battle of Defeated Creek, in Smith county, Tennessee, in 1788, had settled in Florida, and was in command of the Florida volunteers who were with Gen. Clinch. Gen. Reed hurried across the river with the remainder of the forces, and gave timely and effective aid to Gen. Clinch, who was in most imminent danger.

Gen. Reed, with his fresh troops, charged the Indians in gallant style, driving them from their position. Thus defeated, they were forced to retire from the contest. Gen. Reed was severely wounded, having been shot through the breast.

Gen. Scott was ordered to Florida in the winter of 1835, with a large command from the regular army, consisting wholly of infantry. He marched across the peninsula, establishing forts at various points, and looking for and expecting to meet the enemy in battle. The Indians harrassed his army on the march, and especially at night, but were sharp enough to avoid a battle on all occasions.

This was one of the most difficult, perplexing wars in which the United States had ever been engaged. It continued for many years, at great cost of life and treasure. The Seminoles were an offshoot of the Creeks, the most treacherous and ferocious of all the tribes, who emigrated to Florida after what is known in our history as the Creek war, which resulted so disastrously to them. The Seminoles occupied the peninsula, which is a level, miasmatic country, covered with hammocks that one could scarcely penetrate with an Arkansas tooth-pick, interspersed with stretches of pine woods, lakes, swamps, and lagoons, extending for three hundred miles to the Keys of Florida. The theatre of this war is of great extent, all in the sultry region, below thirty-one degrees of North latitude. The soldier stands at midday without casting a shadow in any direction. The country is infested with insects, alligators, and venomous reptiles. Military operations are impracticable for eight months in the year. The Seminoles knew all the by-paths, as well as the deep recesses of the swamps, in which they found hiding places, so they avoided an open fight, and when caught out of these swamps, having the bottom and speed of the race-horse, they made their escape. It was utterly impossible for a General to make a brilliant campaign or even sustain his former reputation in Florida. Gen. Scott found it so, and left the country in disgust, without being able to bring on one engagement. He took with him nearly his whole army, leaving only forty men to garrison a fort erected on the Withlacooche. They were surrounded by hostile Indians, and were thus cut off from all communication with their friends; their provisions were nearly exhausted, and they had

lost all hope of a rescue. Gen. Lee Reed proposed the hazardous undertaking of relieving them. He called for volunteers at Tallahassee, and some fifty brave men rallied around his standard and devoted their lives to this humane and patriotic object. Gen. Reed embarked with his force at St. Marks, where a small steamer took in tow a keel-boat, baricaded all around to transport his men, arms, and provisions, and in this boat he ascended the river. He was frequently fired upon, but escaped without being damaged. He arrived at the fort, about seventy miles from the mouth of the river, after dark. The starving garrison were taken on board, and the descent of the river was made in safety. Thus were these forty soldiers preserved from a horrible death. Gen. Reed was a lawyer of distinction, a manly and powerful person, the precious metal without alloy; a man of undoubted courage and exalted patriotism. He strongly opposed Gen. Scott leaving the country, whose inhabitants were being murdered daily by lurking savages. Angry words and a hostile correspondence ensued, which led Gen. Reed to challenge Gen. Scott to mortal combat, but the latter declined to accept the challenge.

The Tennessee brigade arrived at Tallahassee, where we were detained a few days making preparation for future movements. Here Maj. Washington and Mr. Yerger, two noble and talented members of the brigade, died about the 20th of September, 1836. With pack mules to convey our provisions and camp equippage, we left Tallahassee and marched directly into the Indian country. Every cabin we passed was deserted, the men, women, and children having been cruelly murdered or driven from the country. Frequently we passed the debris of burnt stages which had been used in transporting passengers and the United States mails. We often saw the skeletons of men, women, and children tied to the bodies of trees, the flesh having rotted from their bones. We arrived at Sewanee Old Town, which we found almost deserted in consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever in an epidemic form. It was an old Spanish town, the same that Gen. Jackson took in his campaign in 1818, where Arbuthnot was captured and afterward executed. We lost about forty of our soldiers, and seventy were shipped down the river for New Orleans, sick with that dreadful malady. We were now in the

neighborhood of the hostile Indians, and had to put out a strong guard every night, and some of them died with the prevailing fever at the post of duty.* We hurried over the river after a brief stay at this place, and marched directly for Fort Drane, about sixty miles South. This fort was built on the fine estate of Gen. Clinch, a large sugar plantation, stocked with all the improvements for making sugar. The fort had been attacked by

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*This reminiscence recalls "The Florida Volunteer's Death Song," which will touch the heart of many a Florida soldier who may still be found on "this bank and shoal of time":

Comrades, dig my grave where the green boughs wave,
And the gentle doves are sighing;
In some lonely spot where cares come not;
For I know that I am dying.
And let me sleep in the everglades deep,
Where the Indian's song is heard,
The heather bees and the forest trees,
Or the hymn of the singing bird.

Yes, there let me lie 'neath the sod, where naught hath trod
Save the goat and the wild red deer,
Or Indians that dance 'neath the moonbeam's glance,
In the depths of the everglade's dell.
My brother hath joy in the billowy sea
And the storm as it rolls o'er his head;
Still his last hope is that his grave may be
Down, down in the ocean's bed.

We soldiers have joys in the trumpet's sound
And the deaf'ning cannon's rattle;
Yet we fear not to die when we know we shall lie
With the brave on the field of battle.
And the poet hath joys in the echoing hills,
In the groves, and the deserts dim;
The cataract wild and the gushing rills
Are music sweet for him.

Comrades, dig my grave where the green boughs wave,
And the gentle doves are sighing;
In some lonely spot where care comes not,
For I feel that I am dying.
And let me sleep in the everglades deep,
Where the Indian's song is heard;
And heather bees and the forest trees,
Or the hymn of the singing bird.

the Indians the previous spring, and the houses and other improvements destroyed. Gen. Armstrong received information through his scouts that the Indians occupied this fort in full force, which turned out to be true. The brigade made a forced march in order to reach the fort, saw some flying Indians making for the hammock, and concluded to make the attack on the fort that evening, fearing that the Indians we had seen would give information of our approach. The attack turned out to be a farce instead of a tragedy, but each soldier believed that we were to attack and carry the fort with our small arms, and all exhibited the courage necessary to have accomplished this feat. The brigade was formed in three columns, two deep, the right and left, as we approached the fort, to turn to the right and left, and thus cut off the retreat of the Indians in the rear, while the center column was to charge directly on the fort. The charge commenced about two miles from the fort. About one hundred pack-mules, with tin-pans, kettles, coffee-pots, and provisions, were to bring up the rear. The columns were about forty yards apart. During the charge the mules became excited, broke away and rushed pell mell upon the charging columns like an avalanche, scattering the wares and provisions in every direction, and became mixed up with the columns. It was an exciting but very ludicrous scene. Col. Trousdale and myself led the center column, and although all were looking for the opening of a brisk fire upon us from the fort, none could help laughing at the antics of the mule brigade. The center column galloped up to the fort and the other two circled around and met in the rear, and to our astonishment, not a gun was fired and not an Indian was to be found in the fort. Some were seen entering the hammock half a mile off. Instead of camping in and around the fort, their large camp was found next morning, with fires burning, one mile off in the hammock. The Indians left during the night for the cove on the Withlacooche. We all felt that this charge was a burlesque on glorious war, though I was satisfied that the Indians had sense enough not to be in the fort, for we stood a good chance of being shot from one of those block port holes if they had.

It is not the object of this sketch to give a history, but merely an outline, of the campaign of Gen. Armstrong's brigade, which had already been greatly reduced by sickness and death. We

had had no corn or provender of any kind since we left Tallahassee. The horses were giving out and dying daily. The men were continually on the march, and had to "tie up" at night, the horses subsisting on grass alone, which grew in abundance. The men suffered frequently from hunger, and were badly clothed. We had expected provisions to be brought up the Withlacooche in a steamer, but that failed in consequence of the breaking of the rudder and the steamer running on a rock eight miles from the mouth, but we were then ignorant as to why the supplies had not come forward. The brigade was then ordered to the cove on the Withlacooche. We had two efficient spy companies, commanded by Capt. Wilson and Maj. Wm. Lauderdale, brother of Col. James Lauderdale, who fell in the battle of Dec. 23, 1814, at New Orleans. These companies reported large fresh trails pointing to the river. We received five days' rations by some wagons that arrived most opportunely, and were joined by a force of regulars with two pieces of ordnance. On the 10th of October the brigade took up the line of march, having previously sent a large number of sick to Black Creek, near the St. Johns. On the 12th our spies discovered an encampment of about fifty Indians. A skirmish ensued, in which seven Indians were killed and eleven squaws and children were taken prisoners. Maj. Upshaw was wounded. Cudgo, our interpreter, interrogated a squaw and learned from her that the Indians were holding a council on the other side of the river. Another squaw attempted to wrest a butcher knife from a soldier to kill him. We were informed that the cove, which is in the forks of the Withlacooche, was occupied by a large body of Indians—warriors, squaws, and children—and that there was another large body just below on the opposite side of the river to oppose our passage. Gen. Armstrong led the main body of our troops to that point, and ordered Lieut. Col. Guild to take four hundred volunteers and, with the friendly Chief Billy, a fine looking man, and one of the captured squaws, move upon the Indians in the cove or fork of the river. Large hammocks lay along the bank of the river, which had to be entered by the Indian path. Maj. Gordon, with the advance detachment, arrived at the river and was fired upon from the opposite side, which was responded to by our forces. The fight continued for half an hour. Maj. Gordon and some of the privates

were wounded. At this point the river is very wide and deep, and could not be crossed. Four of the regulars were drowned in the attempt to cross. Nothing practicable could be accomplished, and so Maj. Gordon withdrew and returned to camp. The detachment under Lieut. Col. Guild approached the fork of the river by an Indian path through the hammock, which would not permit more than two to ride abreast. Coming suddenly to a muddy looking stream, about fifty yards wide, Billy and the squaw on either side of Lieut. Col. Guild, a momentary halt was made to consult as to whether it could be forded, when the Indians opened a fire upon the head of the column from the opposite shore, and Billy was killed. The command was ordered to dismount, occupy the edge of the stream, take trees, and open a fire upon the enemy. A heavy fire was kept up for half an hour, when, the responses from the opposite bank having slackened, an order was given to fall back to an open field. Maj. Goff, a man of tried courage, was ordered to take one hundred men and move up the stream about two hundred yards and ascertain whether it could be forded, and if it could, to cross over, giving a signal, when Guild would lead the remainder of the command across and join in the attack. Meantime a vigorous fire was opened upon the Indians, thus diverting their attention from the movement of Maj. Goff. Within twenty minutes the Major reported that the stream was too deep to be forded. A constant fire was then kept up by the whole command until the Indians retired. We had four men killed and about twenty wounded. It was impossible to ascertain the loss of the enemy. On the 22d of November Col. Trousdale and Lieut. Col. Guild marched the second regiment into the cove, crossing at the point where the previous attempt had been made. The river had fallen about two feet, but still the smaller horses had to swim. We found two large towns in the fork, but no warriors. After burning the towns, we found an old negro, who informed us that the Indians, with the women and children, had a few days previous gone to the Wahoo Swamp, three miles from the place where Maj. Dade and his command were massacred. I give here an extract from the diary of Gen. Zollicoffer, who served gallantly in this campaign. He says;

"The old negro prisoner says in Guild's battle of the first

crossing there were twenty-eight Indians and five negroes killed, besides many wounded. In Gordon's battle on the 13th, nineteen Indians were killed."

I have in after life reflected upon the fact that the captured squaw was mounted on a horse and compelled to lead the enemy of her people along the by-paths to their places of retreat for the purpose of having them slaughtered. War is a dreadful thing, and generally a curse upon nations. It should never be engaged in except for the protection of a people, and to preserve their liberties. Many are the broken hearts and the untold woes that come out of every war. While war excites and stimulates a thirst for fame; while it renders men corageous, careless of their own lives as well as of others, it acts like water upon fire: it extinguishes the noble virtues of charity, humanity, love of men, while we forget or neglect to temper our acts towards others with mercy.

Our provisions having given out, and having nothing to eat but captured cattle, without salt or bread, a council of war was held on the 14th of October, at which it was determined to drop down to the mouth of the Withlacooche, where it was supposed Gen. Reed had established a depot. Maj. Goff was sent off with a detachment of mounted men to ascertain whether there was a depot at the mouth of the river, but he returned without any favorable tidings. Most of the men were without horses and the command struck for Black Creek, by way of Fort Drane. An express arrived bringing intelligence that Col. Lane had arrived at the river with about six hundred regulars and friendly Indians, and that he had had a skirmish with hostile Indians, and was moving on Fort Drane. On the 25th we met wagons with provisions, not far from the Black Creek, and these supplies were distributed among the half-starved men. An express messenger brought information that Col. Lane had shot himself at Fort Drane, and that the Indians were in force on the Withlacooche. We arrived at Fort Drane and found Gov. Call, of Florida, in command of the fort, with Jim Boy, a fine looking Indian chief, and his command. On the 4th of November, Col. Bradford, with a portion of his command, including Gen. Zollicoffer with two hundred Tennesseeans, went to the mouth of the river, and found that the depot had just been built by Gen. Reed, and that the steamer with a barge in tow loaded with provisions, had broke its rudder

seven miles from the mouth, and was unable to ascend the river. On the 12th a detachment, consisting of the 1st and 2d regiments, and about five hundred regulars and friendly Indians under Gov. Call, was sent down the Withlacooche. The regulars and Indians crossed the river, but found no warriors, but discovered fresh signs that they had gone East. I give another extract from Gen. Zollicoffer's diary, as follows:

"The spies and the 2d regiment, Trousdale and Guild, crossed the river at Guild battle, the 1st regiment remaining on this side. The Tennesseeans found and burned two deserted towns, and took a negro who informed them that the Indians in great numbers had made their escape the day before, the women having fled some weeks ago."

The 1st and 2d regiments moved up the North side of the river, and the regulars and friendly Indians on the South side. Here Gen. Reed with his Floridians joined us, and we moved toward the Wahoo Swamp. On the 17th a private in Capt. McMahon's company discovered a considerable body of Indians at the end of a large hammock. The 1st regiment, led by Col. Bradford, charged them. The fight continued about half an hour, when the Indians were routed and disappeared in the hammock. We lost one man killed and ten wounded. Eighteen of the Indians were killed. The 2d regiment, with about one hundred of the 1st, pursued a large fresh trail on the 18th of November. As we advanced into the hammock fresh sign, such as trails and slaughtered beeves, was discovered, and at a distance the town of Mickonopa, in an open pine woods, on fire, with a large hammock, supposed to be the Wahoo Swamp, lying immediately West of it. The 2d regsment was divided, Col. Trousdale leading one column and Lieut. Col. Guild the other, and they moved upon the town in different directions, so as to encircle it by the two columns meeting in the rear. Col. Bradford, Lieut. Col. Cahal, and Capt. Zollicoffer occupied the extreme left with about one hundred of their volunteers. Col. Trousdale and myself met with our respective columns in line of battle, for we supposed the Indians lay in ambush in the edge of the hammock. Only a few minutes had expired, when I saw Gen. Reed galloping at full speed, skimming along the edge of the hammock like an eagle. He rode up to Col. Trousdale and myself and reported that the

Indians were in full force; he had heard the war-whoop, and he felt sure we would be fired upon in a few minutes. The line was about seventy-five yards from the hammock. We heard two signal guns on the right and left, and immediately a volley of musketry a mile long was poured into our lines, and the hammock seemed to be on fire. The situation of our men was perilous in the extreme. They were in an open field, without covering of any kind to protect them. At the first fire every man fell to the ground, and I thought all were killed, but they raised on their knees and returned the fire, and immediately reloaded, when the order was given to charge, and I never saw a more regular or gallant charge made. As soon as we struck the hammock the Indians began to retreat. As the men scrambled through the bamboo briers, the Palmetto grape-vines, and thick undergrowth, an Indian would occasionally shoot at a soldier at a distance of not more than ten to twenty feet. One could only see the flash and hear the crack of his gun, when he was off. The Indians were routed throughout the whole line. Lieut. Col. Guild was ordered to take Capts. Battle, Bledsoe, and Henry's companies and check a flank movement on the extreme Northern point of the hammock, and the Indians were again routed. The fight was kept up for about two and a half hours, and as it was now growing dark, the command retired into the pine woods, near to the scene of Dade's massacre, where we camped for the night, having meantime carried out and buried our dead.

On the 21st of November, Gen. Armstrong ordered a combined attack to be made upon the Indians on the battle-ground of the 18th. The order of battle was, the Tennessee volunteers on the right wing, the friendly Indians on the left, and the regulars in the center. We marched through the open field single file abreast, the line extending a full mile. As we approached the hostile Indians were seen coming out of the edge of the large hammock, half naked, jumping and turning about, accompanied with yelling and the war-whoop. Our whole line at the word charge, moved firmly and regularly abreast. When we arrived within fifty yards of the hammock, the Indians having retired to its edge, there was a simultaneous fire from both sides all along the lines. It was too hot and exposed to remain in the open plain, so we rushed upon the Indians, and as we entered the

hammock we were almost burnt with the fire from their guns. They fell back a few yards, then rallied and poured a heavy fire into our ranks. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could get through the undergrowth, vines, and grass that cut like a knife. A running fire was kept up until we came to an open field. The Indians then occupied another hammock, and they were soon driven from that. Behind that hammock was a lake about one hundred yards wide, and somehow the Indians got across or around this lake and took their stand in another hammock. We charged through this hammock waist deep in water, receiving the fire of the enemy, when they again retreated and were pursued. They made their final stand behind a neck of water connecting two lakes, where the regulars, under Col. Pearce, and the friendly Indians, under Moniac, attacked them. The Tennesseeans came up and took part in the effort to dislodge them. We had no means of ascertaining the depth of the water separating us from the Indians, but some of our friendly Indians said it would swim the men, so it was regarded too hazardous to make a charge through it. We adopted the policy of the hostile Indians, and getting behind trees, and kept up a fire for an hour. In this skirmish, the friendly chief, Moniac, a man of great courage, was killed. Near sunset each side drew off, and we returned to our camp, three miles distant, bringing away with us our dead and wounded. The men had been running and fighting the half of the day, and were wet up to the waist and exhausted.

An amusing incident occurred on the day of the fight. Col. Bradford, as brave a man as ever drew a sword, and withal a courteous gentleman, was assigned the command of the camp, there being a small force left with him. He was not less excitable than brave. Hearing the roar of the battle, three miles off, which commenced about one o'clock and continued through the afternoon, he became as much excited as one of Napoleon's marshals on a certain occasion. The marshal had been wounded and carried to the rear, but hearing a renewal of the battle, the roar of the cannon and the clash of small arms so excited him that he could not be confined to his couch, and sallied forth to the scene of action. Col. Bradford's excitement took a different shape. He had all the wagons belonging to the army moved into a hollow square; marched all the force into this square, and ordered

the men to keep profound silence during the engagement. At length one of the men discovered a large fox squirrel upon a tall pine tree within the encampment. The men commenced shooting at the squirrel, which enraged the Colonel very much; and when he suppressed the shooting on one side, it would open on the opposite side, until it grew so general it was impossible for him to stop it. At length the squirrel was brought down, when the firing ceased. The Colonel was still in a rage when we returned at night, and expressed a determination to have the boys court-martialed for disobedience of orders. I laughed at him and told him it was too good a joke, and that they could not resist the temptation to shoot. "What," said he, "to disobey the orders of their commanding officer! Sir, it is insubordination—the next thing to mutiny. It might have brought the enemy upon us." I replied, "Colonel, it would have had the contrary effect. It showed the boys were fearless, and their firing would have had the effect to keep the enemy away. Further, the boys were hungry and they were obeying the commauds of the stomach, and not in insubordination to your authority, and you must let it pass." I left him somewhat mollified and the matter thus passed off.

A somewhat similar circumstance took place almost in the presence of the enemy as we were marching up the Withlacooche. The two columns were marching about two hundred yards apart, when a large buck came loping along between them. A hundred guns were pointed at him, but the men were forbidden to shoot. At length, however, they opened fire upon him, and about fifty shots were fired before he was killed. Gen. Armstrong came galloping down the lines inquiring what that firing meant. I told him that some of the men had shot a fine buck, contrary to orders, but that it was impossible to prevent the shooting. I suggested that if he would let it pass, I would see that a hind-quarter should be sent to his tent. The old chief was very mad at first, but soon cooled down. That night he got a piece of as fine venison as he ever tasted, and I heard nothing further about the shooting.

Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and a large number of the men had lost their horses. Thus situated, the brigade took up the line of march for Velousia. We saw no Indians nor

heard of any. On the route we passed Yoklomaha Lake, a beautiful sheet of water. We reached Velousia, and on the 25th of November learned that Gen. Jessup was to succeed Gov. Call in command of the troops in Florida. Here provisions and clothing were distributed among the men. Gen. Jessup arrived on the 4th of December, and assumed command. One hundred and twenty of the sick were sent around the cape, homeward bound. The term of service of the Franklin Blues and the Highlanders expired on the 15th of December. The brigade returned to Dade's battle ground. The spies and a strong detachment of Alabamians and Tennesseeans were ordered into Wahoo Swamp, and visited the battle ground of the 18th and 21st of November, but found no Indians. They had all left after that battle, and had gone far into the Everglades. We examined the graves of our dead and found their remains undisturbed. The body of the friendly chief Moniac was found where he fell gallantly fighting for the whites, and it was buried with the honors of war. The brigade built a fort near Dade's battle ground, and gave it the name of Fort Armstrong, in honor of our gallant old commander. It was garrisoned with a strong force of regulars. The brigade gave up their horses to be used as packs, and marched on foot to Tampa Bay, and there took shipping for New Orleans on December 25, 1836, the term of service of all the volunteers having expired.

Although the campaign had not been a brilliant one, because of the unfavorable territory in which we had to operate, yet a more patriotic, courageous brigade never left the State of Tennessee. The soldierly bearing of the men was conspicuous both on the march and in battle. By their great courage, their bold and fearless charges, they drove the Indians into the Everglades, far removed from the white settlements, which gave a security to life and property the people of Florida had not enjoyed for a long period. The vigorous manner in which the Tennessee volunteers waged war contributed very much toward inducing upward of two thousand of the Indians to come in and surrender to Gen. Jessup in 1837, and to go to the reservation provided for them West of the Mississippi. There were still about two thousand Indians left in Florida, who were as hostile as ever, but they were conquered by Gen. Zach. Taylor, and sent West, thus leaving that section to the enjoyment of peace and prosperity hitherto

unknown, and thus closed this long, troublesome, and costly war. Some of our first and most prominent men served with distinguished gallantry as volunteers in this regiment in the Florida campaign, among whom I may mention ex-Gov. Neil S. Brown, ex-Gov. Wm. Trousdale, ex-Gov. Wm. B. Campbell, Gen. Robert Armstrong, Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, Hon. Russell Houston, Judge Terry H. Cahal, Judge Nathaniel Baxter, Gen. J. B. Bradford, Oscar F. Bledsoe, Capt. Frierson, Col. Henry, Maj. —— Goff, Col. John H. Savage, Col. J. H. McMahon, Gen. Lee Reed, and Jesse Finley, Representative in Congress from Florida. The brigade has furnished the country four congressmen, eight legislators, three Governors, two Chancellors, three Judges, one member of the Constitutional Convention of 1870, and two ministers to foreign governments.

I am indebted to the notes of Gen. Zollicoffer for the dates and many of the facts contained in this sketch of the Florida campaign of 1836, and tender my thanks to his daughter, Mrs. Wilson, for the use of them.

IX.

Some Political Reminiscences—The First Political Parties in Tennessee.

In the good old times of Tennessee the questions at issue in elections were not those of public measures and political principles so much as the personal fitness of candidates for the offices to which they aspired. Up to 1836, indeed, there seems to have been but one political party, and that the Jackson party.

Gen. Jackson had settled in the Mero District—as what is now Middle Tennessee had been named by North Carolina—when it was covered with primeval canebrakes; had taken and maintained the stand of a leading public man; was its first representative in Congress, both in the House and Senate, and had really little or no opposition for any place in the management of public affairs that he desired to occupy.

When nominated for the Presidency in 1824, the State went solidly for him; and when renominated and elected in 1828, not more than a thousand votes were cast for his opponent, President Adams, and these probably were cast by those whom Mr. Adams' administration had befriended or who had some personal grievance against the General.

When Gen. Jackson's administration of eight years was drawing to a close, and it was known he would not be a candidate for a third term, his leading political friends in Tennessee, desirous of still holding on to the honors of the Presidency, associated together to bring out the General's life-long friend, Hugh L. White, of East Tennessee, for many years a United States Senator, for the succession. Strenuous efforts were made by them to induce the old General to take a hand in the movement, but he refused, on the ground that the nominee should be determined by a national convention.

It was known to the country that the intimacy which existed between him and Martin Van Buren would incline him to favor the nomination of the latter instead of Judge White, especially

as the United States Senate had refused to confirm his nomination of Mr. Van Buren to the Court of St. James. Indeed, before the national convention took place, it was well understood by the knowing ones that Gen. Jackson preferred Mr. Van Buren to Judge White as the nominee.

This excited the ire of the leading politicians of Tennessee to such an extent that they organized a party for Judge White, denounced the nomination of Mr. Van Buren, accused the old General of deserting them, of declaring who should be his successor, and went in a body against him and the Democratic nominee, giving the vote of the State to Judge White in the election of 1836 by an overwhelming majority.

The campaign of that year was not one of much public excitement, for nearly all the political leaders, with the exception of Judge Grundy, Col. Polk, and a few others, and all the newspapers of the State, with the exception of Mr. Ford's little paper at McMinnville in the mountains, were for White, and they succeeded in persuading the people temporarily that the old chief had proved untrue to his own State.

So generally had this opinion obtained, that in the year 1837 the State election was carried for the partizans of Judge White by a vast majority; and, to all appearances, they had cut entirely loose from Jackson and the Democratic party and joined their fortunes with Mr. Clay and the Whig party.

As may be supposed, this conclusion was unpleasant to Gen. Jackson, then reposing in retirement at the Hermitage after such an eventful life, and his hosts of political friends throughout the country, especially those employed in the administration of Mr. Van Buren at Washington, felt the liveliest sympathy with him. It was resolved by them, and by the few leading politicians in Tennessee who still stood by him, to make a grand effort to recover the State at the election of 1839. An organization was effected in 1838. In the beginning of the following year the *Nashville Union* was enlarged and more frequently issued, and J. George Harris, a young man who had acquired some celebrity in New England as a political writer, was installed as its editor. He had been an editorial pupil of George D. Prentice at the North years before, and he came to Nashville most favorably endorsed by Prentice in everything except his politics,—for

Prentice was editor of the *Louisville Journal*, the home organ of Mr. Clay, while Harris came to conduct the home organ of Gen. Jackson. In politics they were wide as the polls asunder, though always personal friends.

In those days the newspapers were partizan organs, and their influence in shaping public sentiment and controlling elections, as we look back from the standpoint of to-day, was really wonderful. Young Harris had his hands full. There was the *Nashville Banner*, conducted by the veteran Hall, and the *Whig*, by Norvell; the *Memphis Enquirer*, by McMahon; the *Knoxville Register*, by Ramsey; the *Columbia Observer*, by Zollicoffer, and the *Jonesborough Whig*, by Brownlow. He commenced by day after day publishing the Democratic speeches and defenses of Gen. Jackson made in Congress and at the hustings by John Bell, Ephraim H. Foster, Judge White, and all the leading orators and statesmen of the State, and constantly held up to them what he called a looking-glass, for the federal Whig leaders of Tennessee, in pamphlet form.

Meantime, Col. James K. Polk closed the term of his Speakership in Congress, came home after the 4th of March, took the stump as the Democratic candidate for Governor, and candidates for Congress and the Legislature were brought out. As it was deemed necessary that the press should be put to work in East and West Tennessee, the *Argus* was established at Knoxville, with Elbridge G. Eastman, of New Hampshire, as its editor, and a small weekly paper was started at Dresden, in the Western District.

The campaign waxed hotter and hotter, until in May, June, and July, up to the day of the election in August, it became the most ardent political conflict that had ever taken place in the State. Col. Polk rode on horse-back from Carter to Shelby, making speeches in every county, and wherever the people had assembled at cross-roads and by the wayside to hear him. He was met everywhere by his competitor, Gov. Cannon, and every inch of ground was manfully contested. Candidates for Congress and the Legislature were addressing the people every day in every county, the newspapers were filled with crimination and recrimination; personal conflicts between differing partisans were almost an every-day occurrence, and, indeed, it seemed as though

difference of opinion in politics could not be tolerated in Tennessee and personal friendship preserved and maintained.

But the result was the election of Col. Polk to the Governorship by three or four thousand majority, and of a Democratic majority in each branch of the Legislature, by which Felix Grundy was subsequently elected to the United States Senate.

It was a joyous day for Gen. Jackson, as well as for his friends throughout the country. It was pleasant in those days to visit the old hero and hear him tell how much he was gratified that his own Tennessee had come back to him; how he knew it would be so when the people should be made to see the mere partisan management by which they had been estranged from him; and what unbounded confidence he had in their virtue and intelligence.

This grand political achievement brought Gov. Polk before the country as a man of mark in his party, and contributed to give him, more than any other event of his life, that prominence which led to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1844.

THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION.

Gen. Jackson's second term was drawing to a close. In November, 1836, his successor was to be elected. Gen. Jackson had broken down the Bank of the United States by interposing his veto to its recharter. The public deposits had been removed from its vaults by his order, which led to the establishment of the Sub-Treasury—a system by which the Government became the custodian of its own money, and disbursed it by specific appropriations by act of Congress. The specie circular was issued and the public debt paid off, and the administration, sustained by the masses, had brought the Government up to the Jeffersonian standard. Mr. Van Buren, in conjunction with Edward Livingston and other leading Democrats, had sustained not only the election but the administration of Gen. Jackson. The Senate had for many years, by a large majority, under the lead of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, most vehemently opposed the measures of Gen. Jackson's administration, backed by the moneyed power of the nation, at the head of which was the Bank of the United States. It was such an opposition as no public man in

America, except Gen. Jackson, could have overcome. This he had done, and was about to retire to private life, leaving the country in a healthy and prosperous condition. The candidates for the succession were Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, of the Whig party, and Martin Van Buren, of the Democratic party. Mr. Van Buren's nomination to an important foreign mission by Gen. Jackson was rejected by a factious Senate, and this unquestionably made him the chosen champion of the Democracy to succeed Old Hickory. It was natural that Gen. Jackson should favor and desire the election of Mr. Van Buren, for he believed that he never would abandon the principles which controlled his administration, and which he believed were right and proper, and that they advanced the great interests and prosperity of the people. If they had been the only candidates, Mr. Van Buren would have been elected by a much larger majority than he received; but Judge Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, the long and tried friend of Gen. Jackson, but a bitter enemy of Van Buren, permitted his name to be used by a majority of the Tennessee delegation in Congress, at the head of which was John Bell, for the purpose of defeating the favorite of the old chief, and thus the Democratic party in Tennessee became divided, and a part united their forces with those of the opposition. The result was that the vote of Tennessee was cast for Judge White, as was that of Georgia. South Carolina threw her vote away upon Willie P. Mangum, of North Carolina; and Massachusetts cast her vote for Daniel Webster. Gen. Harrison received the votes of Vermont, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio—73 in all. Mr. Van Buren received the votes of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas, and Michigan—170. Richard M. Johnson, the candidate for Vice President on the Democratic ticket, did not receive a sufficient number of votes, as required by the constitution, to elect him, and the Senate elected him Vice President.

Thus, by the fusion of the disaffected Democrats in Tennessee with the Republican or Whig party of the North, was inaugurated the great political struggle in this State, which continued until our civil war, when the two parties again became one under

the old name of Democrats. From 1835 to that time, Tennessee was one of the most evenly divided States in the Union as between the two political parties. The Democrats elected the Governor as follows: Gen. Wm. Carroll, in 1835; James K. Polk, in 1839; Aaron V. Brown, in 1845; Gen. Wm. Trousdale, in 1849; Andrew Johnson, in 1853 and 1855; and Isham G. Harris, in 1857, 1859, and 1861. The Whigs as follows: Newton Cannon, in 1837; James C. Jones, in 1841 and 1843; Neil S. Brown, in 1847; and Gen. Wm. B. Campbell, in 1851. The political complexion of the Legislature changed about as often, and the consequence was, we had one of the best governed States in the Union, because neither party could afford to make mistakes, when the voting population was so nearly divided that the change of a few votes would insure the defeat of the dominant party, without the hope of regaining power.

In 1833, Mr. Clay introduced in the Senate his unconstitutional resolution censuring Gen. Jackson for removing the public deposits, which was adopted by that body. "Old Bullion," as Thomas H. Benton was called, the Ajax of the Senate, sustained Gen. Jackson's administration with great ability and eloquence. He became the great defender of Jackson's financial policy, and introduced in the Senate what is known as the "expunging resolution," the object of which was to expunge from the journal of the Senate Mr. Clay's resolution of censure of Gen. Jackson. He said, "I alone put this ball in motion, and shall never cease to roll it until it shall be adopted by an American Senate." Up to 1836, fifteen States had instructed their Senators to vote for the expunging resolution. The White furor was so great in Tennessee as to return an overwhelming majority of White men to the Senate and House of Representatives of the State Legislature. I was returned by the good people of Sumner county to the House of Representatives. A few days after the meeting of the General Assembly—Ephraim H. Foster being Speaker of the House of Representatives—I introduced the following resolutions instructing our Senators in Congress to vote for the expunging resolution. I quote from the *Nashville Union* of that period as follows:

"Mr. Guild, of Sumner, introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which were laid on the table for one day:

"'Whereas, the resolution introduced by the Honorable Henry Clay, and adopted by the Senate of the United States, on the 28th day of March, 1834, pronouncing the judgment of that body against the President of the United States, as being guilty of "assuming upon himself authority and power not conferred by the constitution and laws, but in derogation of both," is itself a violation of the constitution, and was attended, in its inception, progress, passage, and in the subsequent efforts made to perpetuate it as a precedent upon the journals, by circumstances deeply wounding the fundamental principles of republican government; whereof the following facts are given as specifications:

"'1. The said resolution originated in an attempt of the Bank of the United States to control the government of the country. On the 14th of October, 1833, Mr. Clay having visited Philadelphia and held intercourse with the managers of the bank, addressed a public letter to some of the leading friends of the institution (Messrs. John Sargeant, J. K. Ingersoll, and others), which, referring to the removal of the deposits, made the issue between the corporation and the administration of the General Government, in this emphatic language: "Gentlemen, disguise is useless, the time is come when we must decide whether the constitution, the laws, and the checks which they have respectively provided, shall prevail, or the will of one man. In the settlement of that question, I shall be found where I have ever been." This was the note of preparation. In conformity with this distinct pledge Mr. Clay, on the 26th day of December, 1833, introduced his resolution, specifically charging the President with a violation of the constitution and laws, in the dismission of Mr. Duane and the removal of the deposits. The managers of the bank, instead of the House of Representatives, were everywhere visible as the prosecutors of the spurious impeachment. They laid upon the tables of the Senators a pamphlet address of the directory, denouncing the course of the President towards the bank, wherein the accusers justify their proceedings against him by likening his case to that of a counterfeiter. The friends and agents of the bank, in the meantime, were active in every section of the Union in getting up memorials and petitions to sustain the charge made against the Presi-

dent in the Senate; public meetings were held by them in populous cities, towns, and counties, and committees sent to Washington to sustain it; public distress was occasioned by extraordinary and unnecessary calls upon the debtors of the institution, and a general panic created by the bankruptcy of merchants, brokers, and such banks as were in the power of the Bank of the United States. The public alarm and the oppression of individuals were aggravated by the circulation of nearly a million of panic speeches, for the most part paid for out of the funds of the corporation; and by the harrangues of members of Congress (some of them the counsel of the bank in the courts of law) in a city nearest to the capital, appealing to force in the last resort, to accomplish the objects of the President's assailants, and giving birth to military associations to overawe the deliberations of Congress.

"'2. The said resolution was, in its adoption, a virtual assumption of the impeaching power of the House of Representatives, in assuming to prefer a charge against a public functionary for an impeachable offense, of which it could, *constitutionally*, only take cognizance in virtue of the authority, and at the instance of the House of Representatives; and it violated the rights of the President, in daring to condemn him without a hearing, and all the principles of its own organization, in passing sentence on allegations involving a high crime and misdemeanor, in its legislative capacity, of which it could have no cognizance, but as a judicial forum, and for which appropriate judicial character, it disqualified itself by prejudging the charge, in a judicial, disguised as a legislative proceeding.

"'3. The said resolution violated the spirit of the constitution in being predicated upon a denial of the rights of the chief Executive Magistrate to remove from office subordinate executive agents, for whose conduct he is responsible. This assumption, if sustained, would overrule the interpretation given by the fathers of the constitution, in a solemn act of the first Congress, which interpretation has been sanctioned by uninterrupted usage, from the establishment of the Government to the present time. Although this principle, subverting the established construction of the constitution, is now left to *implication*, from the resolution and its history as it stands recorded in the journal, yet it has as-

sumed a position and more definite form in a collateral resolution, still depending before the Senate, which was subsequently offered by Mr. Clay, proposing as its object the denial to the President of his constitutional right of removal and appointment of public officers; and the usurpation for the Senate of a full participation in the executive power of removal and appointment, thus transferring from the head of the executive department, responsible every four years, immediately to the people, through the ballot box, every hour, mediately by impeachment, through their Representatives, for a faithful execution of the laws, to a body perpetual by its constitutional organization, irresponsible by impeachment, and not accountable for the execution of the laws, the absolute control over the power of appointing and dismissing the agents upon whom the execution of the laws depends.

"'4. The efforts made to perpetuate the said resolution on the journal as a precedent, has involved repeated violations of the vital principle of representative government—*the right of instruction.* The Senators from Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, North Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi, who voted for the said resolution on its passage, and have since maintained it to be a rightful and constitutional act of the Senate, in defiance of the known will of the people, and the positive instructions of such of the General Assemblies of their respective States as have passed upon the subject, practically asserted the anti-republican doctrine that the will of the representative is paramount to the will of the constituent body; and that the purposes of the servant, when acting in his public capacity, are to be accomplished, instead of those of the principal.

"'5. From the character of the said resolution, from the fact that it was designed to destroy the reputation and influence of the Chief Magistrate, identified by his principles and measures, as the head of the Republican party in the United States; from the well known designs and political principles of the prominent actors in the attempt to attaint the President; from the intense interest shown by them in its discussion for an hundred days; from the anxious zeal with which it has been since defended by its original friends and those who have joined their standard, it is clear that it was not only intended to bear upon the present incumbent of the Chief Magistracy and his administration, but

upon the election of his successor and the future administration of the Government.

"'The triumph, then, of those who support this resolution will be the triumph of all the dangerous principles connected with it; and if that triumph shall be accomplished (as it is the design of the authors of this obnoxious measure) by taking the election of President from the people to the House of Representatives, every feature of true representative democracy will be expunged from the operations of the Government, which will then be converted into a system of aristocracy like that of England, combining the machinery of a National Bank, the monied power with the Senate and representative body, all contributing to crush popular rights, under the wright of corporations, privileged classes, and official power spurning responsibility.

"'From the view of the whole subject as herein presented, the inquiry irresistably arises, What action of the Senate of the United States is now proper and constitutional, and best calculated to vindicate the great republican principles which have been invaded and violated by the adoption of said resolution, and prevent a recurrence of it, as a precedent in future times, and also redeem the present Chief Magistrate from that stigma, designed by the authors of said resolution to be affixed to his name? To repeal or rescind said resolution would be wholly inadequate to the objects contemplated. The term "repeal" is appropriately used in reference to such acts of a legislative body as have assumed the form of statutes or laws; the term "rescind," is more appropriately used when prior resolutions of a legislative body are to be operated upon. When either are repealed or rescinded, they cease to have any effect or operation in future; but this by no means proves that they are unconstitutional or inexpedient when passed or adopted. The repeal or rescission of an act or resolution of Congress, or of a State Legislature, does not imply that the act was unconstitutional, or that at the time of its passage it was inexpedient. So far from it, many acts are expedient when passed which afterward, by a change in the condition of the country, combined with other causes, may become highly injurious and inexpedient; the repeal of such acts does not carry with it a disapprobation of their passage in the first instance; so far from it, sound policy may dictate at one time the passage of par-

ticular acts, and it may, under a different state of things, forbid their continuance; therefore, to repeal or rescind the resolution under consideration, would be to express no opinion upon its merits at the time of its adoption. To declare said resolution void, and of no effect, is to say nothing—it was void; it had no legal effect from the moment of its adoption. It was not designed to produce any legislative proceeding in the Senate of the United States, nor could it produce any; a vote of censure and condemnation of the President, which the Senate had no constitutional right to pass until the accusation was preferred by the House of Representatives, was the object intended and accomplished.

"'The question, then, directly presents itself, How is this stain, this blot upon the records of the highest constitutional body known to our government, to be acted upon?

"'A majority of the Senate have tried the President of the United States without authority, no accusation having been proposed against him by the House of Representatives, who alone, under the constitution, by their accusation, can give the Senate power to try the Chief Magistrate. They have condemned him unheard; not only so, but fearful that posterity might see and judge impartially between him and his accusers, they have refused to permit his defense or vindication of his conduct to be placed upon their journals; they have refused to order said vindication to be printed, while at the same time petitions, memorials, and remonstrances, got up under the influence of the Bank of the United States, misrepresenting the conduct of the President, and calumniating his motives, were printed and spread before the public by order of the Senate. They have usurped the impeaching power, and taken it from the immediate representatives of the people, with whom it was clearly and expressly vested by the constitution.

"'These unwarrantable proceedings of the Senate demand a signal expression of public disapprobation. To *expunge* from the journals of that body the obnoxious resolution, is the only rightful, adequate, and constitutional remedy which can be adopted.

"'The idea that the Senate does not possess the power to expunge said resolution, is wholly fallacious. Precedents in the parliamentary history of England, as well as in our own country,

can be abundantly shown. In the celebrated case of John Wilkes, the House of Commons, on the 17th day of February, 1769, had entered on its journals, "That John Wilkes, Esq., having been, in this session of Parliament, expelled this house, was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present Parliament." On the 3d of May, 1782, a motion was made, "That the said resolution be *expunged* from the journals;" and the same was expunged by the clerk, at the table, accordingly. In the case of John Hampden and the ship money, the House of Lords made the following entry: "That all the rolls be razed across with the pen, and subscribed with the Clerk of Parliament's hand," all which was done accordingly. In the Earl of Strafford's case, the Parliament directed that part of the journals which related to his attainder to be vacated and *expunged*. The Clerk, in executing the order, crossed that portion of the journal also which related to the impeachment. Afterward it was ordered, "That whatsoever stands crossed upon the journals relating to the impeachment of the said Earl, ought not, nor shall be looked on as obliterated; and that the several orders for obliterating and vacating any proceedings concerning the Earl of Strafford, must be taken to have been intended as to what related to the acts of attainder only;" and it was further ordered, "That there be a note or memorandum of the said order entered on the margin of the journals, where any proceedings relating to the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford hath been obliterated, which do not concern the acts of attainder." In the Senate of Massachusetts, after the close of the late war, a motion was made to *expunge* from its journals a resolution which had been adopted in the progress of the war, in disapprobation of it. The motion prevailed, and the said resolution was expunged from the journals of that body.

"'In our own State, upon the trial of the impeachment against Judge Williams, after the record or journal was made up and signed pronouncing the accused discharged from the impeachment, a motion was made to "strike out" from the journal the judgment of acquittal. The yeas and nays were taken on said motion, and it prevailed, and in conformity therewith the Clerk of the Senate, in its presence, drew with a pen a black line around that part of the journals directed to be stricken out.

This was considered a compliance with, or fulfillment of, the order directing the judgment of acquittal to be "stricken out," or expunged from the journal.

"'The execution of an order to expunge has not the effect to destroy the journal, or to render the former proceeding illegible, but to signify clearly that it cannot stand for any thing; and to place upon it an indelible stamp of disapprobation, and in such way that, in all time to come, those who see the obnoxious resolution upon the public journals, will also see, from the black lines drawn across or around it, explained by proper marginal notes, that judgment has been passed against it, and that it bears upon its face its own condemnation, having been illegally and unconstitutionally made.

"'The difference between such a proceeding and a resolution *repealing*, *rescinding*, or *annulling* said resolution, is apparent and palpable. In the latter case, the act of the Senate would be *prospective* only; in the former, it would be *retrospective*, and operate upon the original resolution at the time of its adoption; besides, if the original resolution stand upon the journal without any indication of its invalidity affixed to it, thousands may see it who may never see the journal made in after time, impeaching and condemning it. Therefore,

"'*Resolved*, That the resolution of the Senate of the United States, of the 28th of March, 1834, declaring the President of the United States guilty of "assuming upon himself authority and power not conferred by the constitution and laws, but in derogation of both," ought to be *expunged* from the journals of the Senate.

"'*Resolved*, That the representatives of this State in the Senate of the United States be, and they are hereby, instructed to aid in carrying the foregoing resolution into effect, by voting to *expunge* from the journals of the Senate the said resolution of the 28th of March, 1834, for the reasons set forth in the preamble to these resolutions.

"'*Resolved*, That the Governor be and he is hereby requested to present to each of the Senators in Congress, from this State copies of the foregoing preamble and resolutions.'"

I made a speech of an hour's length, enforcing the specifications and advocating the adoption of the resolutions. A motion

was then made to lay the resolutions upon the table, which motion prevailed. Before the Legislature adjourned Mr. Topp, of Memphis, offered his white-washing resolution, which he sustained by a speech. He said that he would withdraw the resolution after giving West H. Humphreys an opportunity to reply. I then obtained the floor and offered a protest, which I extract from the journal of the House of Representatives, under date of Feb. 20, 1836, as follows:

"Mr. Guild offered the following protest, which was read and ordered to be spread upon the journals of this House, to-wit:

"'The undersigned dissent from and protest against the following acts of the House of Representatives:

"'The member from Shelby, Mr. Topp, this day introduced the following resolutions:

"'*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, that the resolution of censure introduced by Mr. Clay in the Senate of the United States, and adopted by that body on the 28th of March, 1834, in the following words: "Resolved, that the President, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the constitution and laws, but in derogation of both," was not unconstitutional, but within the legitimate exercise of their powers and freedom of debate.

"'*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this General Assembly that it is not constitutional to expunge said resolution from the journal of the Senate, but said process would violate that provision of the constitution of the United States which requires that each house shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same—except such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either House on any question shall be spread upon the journal, in order that the people of this State might know what the House had refused to receive and hear read.

"'Upon a question of order being made, the speaker, Mr. Nicholson being in the chair, decided that the motion of the member from Fayette was in order.

"'Upon an appeal being taken, the House overruled the decision of the speaker, and pronounced said motion out of order.

And, consequently, refused to have the said preamble and resolutions entered upon the journal.

"'The undersigned enter this their protest against the acts of the House in refusing to entertain the motion of the member from Sumner, and their refusal to have entered upon the journal the said preample and resolutions. They view these acts of the house as calculated to suppress debate, and withhold from the people a knowledge of the public acts of their representatives. This February 20th, 1836.

S. C. Pavatt,	Alfred Gardner,
Hop. L. Turney,	John Buchanan,
W. H. Humphreys,	W. Estill,
Jared S. Allen,	Jo. C. Guild,
H. Robertson,	Geo. Smith,
Thos. D. Davenport,	Geo. W. Jones,
Woodson Northcutt,	Geo. R. Powell.'"

The offering of this protest provoked a fiery debate, in which Hopkins L. Turney, West H. Humphreys, A. O. P. Nicholson, Bloomfield L. Ridley, S. C. Pavatt, and myself, and others, took part.

Mr. Benton's expunging resolution had been before the Senate for nearly three years, during which time it had been discussed in and out of that body, and, as previously stated, a number of Legislatures had instructed their Senators to vote for this resolution. At length the time had arrived when the Democrats had a majority in the Senate, and the resolution must be adopted. Gen. Jackson's term of service was about to expire, and his friends determined that justice should be done him before he departed for the Hermitage. Monday, January 16, 1837, was the day upon which the resolution was called up with a determination previously agreed upon by the friends of the measure, that there should be no adjournment of the Senate until the resolution should be finally acted upon. "Expecting a protracted session, extending through the day and night," says Mr. Benton, in his "Thirty Years' Views," "and knowing the difficulty of keeping men steady at their work and in good humor, when tired and hungry, the mover of the proceeding took care to provide, as far as possible, against such a state of things; and gave orders that (Saturday) night to have an ample supply of cold hams, tur-

keys, rounds of beef, pickles, wines, and cups of hot coffee, ready in a certain committee room near the Senate chamber, by four o'clock on the afternoon of Monday." The resolution was taken up immediately after the morning business, and forthwith a debate sprung up, in which long and rather acrimonious speeches were made by Preston, of South Carolina; Bayard and Clayton, of Delaware; Crittenden, of Kentucky; Southard, of New Jersey; Ewing of, Ohio; and Judge White of Tennessee. The friends of the measure took but little part in this debate. Finally, Clay and Calhoun, seeing that the tide had set firmly against them, pronounced very bitter philippics against Gen. Jackson and his friends. Mr. Webster, having no personal griefs against the old chief to be redressed in a wordy ebullition, as had Clay and Calhoun, spoke with more moderation than they did. The committee room containing the collation had been resorted to in parties of four and six at a time, always leaving enough on guard in the Senate chamber to prevent a surprise by a flank movement of the opposition; and that room was not resorted to by one side alone, for, Mr. Benton says, "the opposition were invited to full participation—an invitation of which those who were able to maintain their good temper readily availed themselves; but the greater part were not in a humor to eat anything—especially at such a feast." The debate was protracted until midnight, when, it becoming evident that the struggle had assumed the shape of a trial of nerves and muscles, of physical endurance, in which the stomach sympathised, the opposition concluded to "lay down the filling," and the vote was taken in the presence of a crowded gallery, and resulted twenty-four for and nineteen against the resolution. A motion was then made to execute the order of the Senate forthwith, which was agreed to. "The Secretary thereupon," says Mr. Benton, "produced the original manuscript journal of the Senate, and opened at the page which contained the condemnatory sentence of March 28, 1834, proceeded in open Senate to draw a square of broad black lines around the sentence, and to write across its face in strong letters these words: 'Expunged by order of the Senate, this 16th day of January, 1837.'" Thus the authors of the censure of the old chief witnessed the execution of their own offspring. Gen. Jackson was highly gratified at this result, and he gave a grand dinner to the expungers,

and being too weak from infirm health to sit at the table, he received his guests, and then retired to his sick chamber. The great expunger (Thomas H. Benton) occupied the head and dispensed the honors of the table. Gen. Jackson brought home with him the pen used in drawing the black lines around the resolution of censure, and he prized it greatly. I saw it frequently at the Hermitage.

It may not be wholly amiss to state in this connection, that, in 1842, Congress refunded to Gen. Jackson the fine imposed upon him in 1815 by Judge Hall, of one of the New Orleans courts, who had been imprisoned by Gen. Jackson for violating his order suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* pending the siege and battle of New Orleans, an order necessary for the protection of the city. The fine was originally one thousand dollars, but the accumulated interest swelled the amount to two thousand seven hundred dollars. Col. J. Geo. Harris has often heard him say that he accepted it, not so much for the sake of the amount as that the resolution of Congress entirely annihilating every vestige of imputation upon his conduct at New Orleans, might be fulfilled to all intents and purposes. It is perhaps due to the memory of Mr. Calhoun to say that he voted for the resolutions refunding the fine.

THE EAGLE AND THE LOOKING GLASS.

Young Harris, editor of the *Nashville Union*, rendered yeoman service in the campaign of 1839. From the day that he took the editorial chair up to the day of the election, every newspaper and stump speaker of the opposition were down on him as attempting to disqualify an important witness. He baffled their personalties as mere bagatelle, and kept up the attack on their leading statesmen. Whenever any cheering intelligence or political victory was to be announced, he had the cut of a broad spread eagle under whose wings it was sent forth in an extra. Judge Grundy told the story of being at the Murfreesboro post-office when news was expected from an election in an adjoining State, and while the mail, just arrived, was being assorted, a leading Whig, peeping through a window, exclaimed: "It is all over, there is Harris' infernal buzzard in the mail!" Harvey Watterson, the successful candidate for Congress in Mr. Polk's old district, tells

that when he congratulated an old citizen of Maury, on hearing that henceforth he would vote, not as formerly against, but with the Democratic party, the old gentleman replied, "I have been consulting the documents, and glancing into Harris' Looking Glass; I am all right."

REST OF THE VICTORS AT TYREE SPRINGS.

After the August campaign of 1839, which resulted in the election of of James K. Polk to the gubernatorial chair, and filled both branches of the Legislature with decided Democratic majorities, by whom Mr. Grundy was subsequently elected to the United States Senate, the leading Democratic politicians in and about Nashville assembled with their families and a concourse of young people at Tyree Springs, in Sumner county, for a little rest and recreation.

Gen. Jackson was there. Felix Grundy, then Attorney General of Mr. Van Buren's administration, with Judge Campbell, the old minister to Russia, Gen. Armstrong, a lineal descendant of the gallant old trooper, and captain of Gen. Jackson's body guard in the Creek war, Gov. Polk, who had just been elected, and all the old notables of that party, with a bevy of beautiful young ladies to grace the occasion, were also there.

The weather was delightful, the spring waters refreshing, and arrangements were made to pass the time pleasantly. An old gardner, not far distant, was employed to bring fresh melons, fruits, and flowers to the party every morning, and upon the green sward under the ample shade of the great elms with which the yard was studded, was held every day, after breakfast, a moot or mock court, of which Judge Grundy was the Chief Justice, and Gen. Jackson, who sat near by, an Associate. The court was opened in due form every morning by Col. Harris, the marshal, and the young gentlemen, indicted for every little trivial offense conceivable, such as failing to bow when passing a lady, or any other slight breach of common courtesy, were brought up for trial. To be tried, was to be fined. No one got clear. Judge Grundy announced that one rule of the court was that he who grumbled at the magnitude of his fine should be fined double. So the fines were always paid without a murmur, and the party was constantly snpplied with watermelons, muskmelons, canta-

loupes, peaches and pears in abundance, while all the ladies had a daily supply of beautiful flowers.

After each and every gentleman had been fined several times, the marshal reported to the court that the expenses were becoming a little too binding on some of the guests, and asked what should be done. On ascertaining that the wagon had arrived that moring and was full of nice supplies, Judge Grundy decided that as so much money had been already paid to the gardener his prices must be exceedingly high, and, therefore, he should be indicted at once and brought before the court for extortion. Accordingly the old gardener, who had been a soldier with Gen. Jackson in the Creek war or at New Orleans, was formally indicted and brought into court. He had retained two eminent lawyers of Louisiana, who happened to be of the party, as his counsel, and they argued the case with much ingenuity and humor for an hour or more,taking the ground that not being of the party their client was not within the jurisdiction of the court. To the guests who attentively followed and enjoyed the argument, it seemed that the old gardener would certainly get clear, but at the close Judge Grundy turned to Gen. Jackson and asked, "General, is not a sutler subject to the rules and regulations of the camp?" Gen. Jackson replied, "Most certainly, Judge Grundy." "Oh!" exclaimed the old gardener, "it is all over with me; there is no appeal from the decision of Gen. Jackson." So the Judge fined him the entire load of his wagon, which he promptly delivered without a word of complaint. Albeit a subscription was quietly taken up, and the old gardener was fully remunerated.

And it was quite remarkable that during that week, so pleasantly spent there, not a word of politics or upon any question of public affairs was heard, notwithstanding it was a sort of Democratic love feast.

THE STATE CONTEST OF 1841.

Gov. Polk was a candidate for re-election in 1841, and was defeated by James C. Jones—not from any dissatisfaction with the State administration, nor for any lack of energy and ability in the prosecution of the campaign. The Whig party had triumphed so signally the year before, in the presidential election, that it gave them the inside track, and the popular prestige was

all in their favor, while the conclusive arguments of log-cabins and coonskins were freely used. Gov. Polk argued all the questions before the people with his usual great ability, but was promptly met by his wiry and witty opponent everywhere. The Governor had a happy faculty of illustrating his arguments before the people with telling anecdotes, pat and to the point, and Col. Jones took great pride in anticipating and turning all the jokes in his own favor, which always elicited popular applause. A good story is told of a speaking match between them up in the mountains. When Gov. Polk had argued the great questions of the day like a statesman for more than an hour to a quiet and attentive audience, Col. Jones rose, drew a coonskin from his pocket, stroked it off with his hand and exclaimed, "Did you ever see such fine fur?" which perfectly electrified the crowd.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1840—THE GREAT POLITICAL DELUSION.

The campaign of 1840, which carried into the Presidency "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," involved little or no discussion of public measures or political principles. Mr. Van Buren had failed to arouse and keep alive any enthusiasm even in his own party either for himself or his administration. "A change!" seemed to be the cry everywhere. The effort of the Democratic orators and presses to advocate their principles was met and overwhelmed with log-cabin, hard cider, and coonskin displays by the organized and uniformed Straightouts, who made a perfect frolic of it. But the asperity of politics in Tennessee had abated to some extent, and men could differ in opinion without personal enmity.

About the middle of June, 1840, it was heralded through the Whig papers and hand-bills in the city of Nashville, that a delegation of the Whig party of Indiana would arrive at the levee on the steamer Rio in the afternoon of a certain day, with an Indian canoe and other partisan emblems, as a present to the Tippecanoe Club of this city. At the hour appointed, the club proceeded to the steamer, when a canoe labeled "Harrison and Tyler," was pushed ashore, and a cage containing a 'coon, with patriotic flags all over it, was transported from the deck, amidst the wildest screams and cheers from the crowd of youngsters that had assem-

bled there. The procession, escorted by the Straightouts, a campaign military company, marched into the city with the 'coon upon the top of the cage, and passed through the principal streets to the log-cabin, on Market street, near the Nashville Inn. This log-cabin had been built that morning in the presence of thousands of Whigs. The principal workmen in making notches in the logs (carrying up corners), were Hon. John Bell and Dr. Boyd McNairy. Speeches were made by members of the Indiana delegation tendering these emblems, as they were called, to the Tippecanoe Club of Nashville, which were replied to in patriotic strains by representatives of the club. The 'coon was placed upon the top of the log-cabin, and Mr. Bell welcomed him to the State as the great leader of the party, addressing him as "His Majesty," and then speaking to the thousands of his followers who attended and welcomed his advent to the State. The Whig papers made the most of the display, describing it as a splendid pageant. Harris, of the *Union*, thrust his spear of wit, like that of Ithureal, into this bubble every day. Hall, of the *Banner*, made a perfect frolic of it, quoting the old refrain:

"'Possum up a gum tree,
Cooney in the hollow."

To which Harris replied—

"Whiggies to the rescue—
Cooney in a cage,
Go it with a rush, boys,
Go it with a rage.

"'Mum' is the word, boys,
Brag is the game;
Cooney is the emblem
Of old Tip's fame.

"Go it, then, for cooney—
Cooney in a cage;
Go it with a rush, boys,
Go it with a rage."

This pleased the Whigs so greatly that they had it set to music, and actually made a campaign ditty of it, so wild was the furor of the day.

It is believed that this was the beginning of the 'coon excitement. The Rio brought more especially the party emblem, the

canoe, from Tippecanoe, one of Harrison's battle-fields; but there had never before been any glorification of the 'coon. They had caught the idea of the log-cabin and hard cider as political emblems from the accidental phraseology of a correspondent of a Baltimore paper, who, writing after the nomination of Gen. Harrison, said he was a quiet old Hoosier, who, instead of the Presidency, would be entirely satisfied the remainder of his life with a comfortable log-cabin and a barrel of hard cider at the door. But the 'coon, it is believed, made his first appearance in the political arena at Nashville, under the auspices of the Indiana delegation who came to present a canoe to the Tippecanoe Club of this city.

The extraordinary excitement of the people of the State was daily on the increase, and later in the summer, the big ball, as large as a house, was brought here on a steamer from Louisville, attended by Porter, the Kentucky Giant. It was launched from the steamer at the wharf amidst the shouts of many thousand Whigs, and received by the Straightouts, as an escort, as soon as it was rolled into Broadway. The Kentucky Giant, who was nearly eight feet in height, rolled it up Broadway, and then up the hill opposite Judge Grundy's, greeted all along the route by cheers and shouts that made the welkin ring. Then it was rolled up on Capitol Hill, which was densely covered with cedars, many of which, and especially the branches, had to be cut away to make a passage for the ball. Thence it was taken through the principal streets to the Public Square.

There never was a greater party delusion during that successful campaign of the great Whig party than the emblematic displays they made. There was no attempt on their part to discuss the policy of the respective candidates or the principles of government. With their cider barrels on wheels, the rolling of big balls, their 'coons in cages, their coonskin caps, and log-cabin or caucus-hall, together with their uniformed companies, with 'coonskins dangling from their heads to their wasts, carrying flags by day and transparencies by night, they completely overwhelmed all argument, carried the masses along with them, and defeated Van Buren by an overwhelming majority. Looking back upon that scene of remarkable excitement, it is difficult for one to believe his own recollection of the sheer nonsense that so completely

captivated and led the great majority of the American people; yet it all stands as the undoubted history of the most astonishing popular delusion that ever seized upon the people of this country, so noted for their intelligence and sagacity.

As soon as the returns of the election began to come in the Nashville Democrats saw that their candidate was defeated. They gathered at the incoming of every mail around the post-office, and their fallen countenances told of the unwelcome tidings that were received. The returns of vast majorities for Gen. Harrison in the Eastern States came tumbling over the mountains like an avalanche, while the great glee of the Whigs and the sorrowful mood of the Democrats told the whole story. Banners of triumph were flying from the offices of the Whig newspapers, while Harris, of the *Union*, had gone home and retired to bed. The Straightouts, with their copperas jackets and coonskin caps, were out in full force that night, and they marched around into Union street, halting under the window of Harris' lodging room and giving "three cheers for Jeremiah George," called upon him to show himself. They were evidently in the best of humor, and throwing up the window he stepped out upon the balcony and said: "Well, gentlemen, the contest is over. We gave you the best fight we could give, but you have beaten us handsomely, and we must acknowledge the corn." Vociferously cheering for the speaker and for "Tip and Ty," the crowd surged along up the street.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1844—HOW CLAY AND VAN BUREN COMMITTED POLITICAL SUICIDE.

The following letter, which was published a few months ago, contains some interesting reminiscences of the presidential campaign of 1844:

"NASHVILLE, December 1, 1877.

"Hon. John Trimble—Dear Sir: Some years ago, while in a conversation with you on scenes and incidents in the history of our country, I related an incident in the life of Gen. Jackson, *to which I was a party*, and at your request, I now give you a note of the facts as they occurred, almost *verbatim*.

"This circumstance occurred in the year in which Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren were the candidates for the Presidency.

Judge Jo. C. Guild, then living at Gallatin, had been nominated for elector for this district, by the Democrats. In a speech made at the court-house in this city, he accepted the nomination, in the event Mr. Van Buren was not the nominee. The evening of the same day in which he made this speech, the mail brought a letter from Mr. Clay opposing the annexation of Texas. This produced a wonderful excitement, as Tennessee was almost unanimous for the annexation, and it caused many, who were Whigs, to take a decided stand against him. The Democrats were rejoiced at this letter, as Mr. Clay had injured himself by it, and a grand jolification took place that evening over what they thought would inevitably prove the defeat of Clay in Tennessee.

"After participating in the excitement, which continued until a late hour, I returned to my home, a few miles in the country, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock. At two o'clock I was aroused from sleep by a messenger from Gen. Robert Armstrong, in the city, informing me that the last mail had brought a letter from Mr. Van Buren, in which he had taken the same grounds on the Texas question that Mr. Clay had done, and urging me to come immediately, and we would go together to the Hermitage. I forthwith went to meet him, and we were in such astonishment and confusion that we did not know what to do or say, and determined to start before daylight, without the knowledge of any living person, to the Hermitage. On our road we met but one person, old Billy Rutherford, who did not seem to recognize us. We arrived at the Hermitage at a very early hour in the morning, which surprised Gen. Jackson very much. He, however, thought we had come to notify him of the jollification and supposed defeat of Mr. Clay, as when he met us he said he had received the information through Stokely Donelson, who passed by that night. He remarked, throwing his finger forward, by way of emphasis, 'I knew Mr. Clay would not be the President, as he would commit some indiscretion that would defeat him at the last moment,' and then added: 'Gentlemen, mark what I tell you, no man can be President who opposes the annexation of Texas.'

"I then opened as follows: 'General, we come to submit *other* developments to you, which have reached us since the jollification. The mail which came light in the night brought a letter from

Mr. Van Buren, in which he takes the same ground on the Texas question that Mr. Clay has taken. This was so unexpdcted to us, and has caused so much confusion, that we are at sea without a rudder, and have come to you for advice as to the action we should take.' Gen. Jackson replied: 'It is *a forgery; it must be.* Mr. Van Buren *never* wrote such a letter.' I then handed him the letter to read, and told him that Gen. Armstrong and myself would go to the spring, while he would have time to read it, and form his own conclusions. We then left him and remained away nearly an hour. On our return to his room, he remarked: 'Mr. Van Buren must write a second letter in which he must explain himself.' Gen. Armstrong said he thought 'a second letter would do him no good; it would not restore him; he had been so abused and ridiculed by the Whigs he could not carry Tennessee.' I here asked the General if he knew no other man available, and mentioned that Mr. Calhoun might be more acceptable to the Democratic party. Jackson replied, 'Well, Calhoun has behaved very well on the Texas question, but he cannot be trusted.' Gen. Armstrong then spoke of Gen. Lewis Cass as a good man, but the General said, 'Mr. Cass has been a supporter of my administration, is a scholar, and has been a member of my Cabinet, but would not do for a leader.' I asked him how Silas Wright would do. He replied that Wright was an honest man and a statesman, but there was no use in suggesting the name of any one; our duty was to return home and make known that we were for the nominee of the Baltimore Convention, it mattered not *who* he was.

"We were much relieved by this interview, and returned home and made known our sentiments, guided by this suggestion from Gen. Jackson, which was accepted by the entire Democratic party here.

"This is but one among a great number of interesting memories I have of this great man, and take great pleasure in furnishing the facts to you. Very respectfully, yours,

"WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS."

This letter carries us back to the Presidential contest between Polk and Clay in 1844, and revives in my memory some incidents connected with the annexation of Texas. The Democracy of the electoral district which embraced Davidson and some five other counties, placed me on their electoral ticket. I saw at a

glance that the annexation of Texas would be the leading issue of that campaign. I had made speeches in favor of Mr. Van Buren in the campaign of 1836, when he was elected, and I saw that there was a strong disposition on the part of the Northern Democracy to nominate him for the race in 1844. I was very decidedly opposed to his being our standard-bearer again. There was neither prestige nor magnetism about him. He was overwhelmingly beaten in the coon campaign of 1840, and I was satisfied that I saw no moccasin tracks leading to his door on this vital Texas question. It was certain that the great leader of the Whigs, Henry Clay, a man of commanding influence and undoubted patriotism, would be the bearer of the Whig standard. Tennessee was one of the States that were considered doubtful, having been carried alternately by each of the great political parties in the elections for a number of years previous. Mr. Clay being a Western man, it was natural to suppose that he would favor the annexation of Texas. It was doubtful as to the position Mr. Van Buren would take upon that question. If both should favor annexation, I was satisfied Mr. Clay would be elected by an overwhelming majority. Early in May, 1844, I addressed a large assemblage of people on the Public Square in Nashville, in which I boldly took ground in favor of the annexation of Texas, and announced that I would accept the nomination for elector and fight the battle under the Texas banner, but that I would not accept if Mr. Van Buren should be nominated by the Democratic party. That night before the meeting broke up, the mail arrived with Mr. Clay's foolish letter taking ground against annexation, which caused great rejoicing among the Democrats. But the mail of next morning brought Mr. Van Buren's letter, taking the same ground as Mr. Clay. What was now to be done? I felt relieved, for Mr. Van Buren was a dead cock in the pit. Gen. Armstrong and Col. Williams, the great admirers and followers of Gen. Jackson, hurried off to the Hermitage to take counsel with the old chief. What occurred is related by Col. Williams in the letter I have quoted. I told them I would support the nominee of the Democratic National Convention, as recommended by Gen. Jackson, provided he was a good Texas man. That was a *sine qua non* with me. I then returned to my residence at Gallatin. A few days afterward, as

I mounted my horse to attend one of the courts in which I practiced, the pleasant news arrived that the convention had nominated James K. Polk and pronounced in favor of the annexation of Texas. This produced great rejoicing, especially throughout Tennessee and the South. That night the town was illuminated, sky-rockets went up, processions with Japanese lanterns, Texas being represented by a lone star, paraded the streets, and cheering and speaking ensued for hours. Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk being the standard-bearers of the great Whig and Democratic parties, the campaign was immediately opened in Tennessee. All the electors and speakers on each side were in the field doing valiant service for the respective champions. The hardest-fought political battle, the greatest struggle ensued that ever took place in any State of the Union. The battle-cry of the Democracy was, Polk, Dallas, and Texas, and Texas was "the biggest man" of the trio. The State was ablaze with political excitement throughout its length and breadth. Barbecues and great gatherings of the people in each county in the State were of common occurrence. It was a struggle for the vote of the State worthy the men who made that canvass little less than immortal. It was a fair contest and a fair test of the great popularity of the champions of the two parties. The man who carried the State must do it by receiving the greatest number of votes. We had neither bribery nor a corrupt returning board at that day. The latter is a machine of recent invention.

Gen. Wm. Cullom was one of the political speakers for Mr. Clay. He was a man of tried courage, fine person, fair talent, and an *ad captandum* speaker. I "locked horns" with him in Trout's precinct on the Ridge, in Sumner county. It was a Democratic neighborhood, with but few Whigs, and we were greeted by a very large assemblage of those sturdy and intelligent men who have made that part of Sumner county famous. Gen. Samuel R. Anderson, the commander of the Tenth Legion, one of the finest, best drilled volunteer companies in the State, attended with his company "in full feather," and gave *eclat* to the occasion. Gen. Anderson was the Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Tennessee Regiment, who covered themselves with glory at the storming of Monterey early in the Mexican war. Gen. Cullom being in my county, I extended to him the courtesy of

opening the discussion. I confess I did this the more willingly because I knew he would take strong ground against the annexation of Texas, and I wished to give him rope, so I could "calarip" him. He severely arraigned the Democrats; charged them with a design of involving the United States in a war with England; stated that Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister of the British Government, and Prince Albert were strongly opposed to the annexation of Texas, and read various extracts from speeches and letters of the former, in which the proposed annexation was treated as a measure calculated to provoke a war with Great Britain.

When I arose to reply, I was received with much enthusiasm. I looked around to survey the large assemblage, and then asked, "Where are we?" I paused for a few moments, and answered my question by stating that we were in Trout's precinct—a precinct that remained as true as steel to the great principles of the Democracy. In the year 1840, when every State shot from its orbit like a meteor, when counties turned a complete somersault, Trout's precinct remained true to the faith, and of the two hundred of the patriotic citizens of the precinct who voted in that election, only one missed fire. There were one hundred and ninety-nine shots that penetrated the heart of the 'coon. [Here Gen. Anderson gave orders to beat the drum, which was done amidst the shouts of the exultant Democracy.] I observed that in that disastrous campaign of the log-cabin and the 'coon, the seeds of Democracy had become nearly extinct, but thanked God that they continued to germinate in Trout's precinct, whence they had been carried and taken deep root in the soil of a majority of the States of the Union. It was the Promethean fire snatched from Trout's precinct which then illumined the whole country, and lighted up the path through which the Lone Star would be united to our republic, and which was destined to form one of the brightest gems in the constellation of States. [Here the drum beat again, during which Gen. Anderson fired a salute.] I remarked that I had fought long in the ranks of the Democracy, and whenever I should lay me down to die, my last request would be that Trout's precinct should be my resting place. Old man George Trout, who had "three sheets in the wind and the other fluttering," said, "Yes, I will dig your grave and bury

you under this large oak that now affords such fine shade." [The drum beat again amidst cheering and laughter.] I then discussed the Texas question, and turning to Gen. Cullom, who had said he was afraid to annex Texas because it would make John Bull mad and provoke him to go to war with this country, and calling attention to the fact that Gen. Cullom had read extracts from the speeches of Lord John Russell and Prince Albert in support of his theory, I asked, "Who is John Bull? Our fathers whipped him in the revolutionary war of 1776, and made him tuck his tail, cross the big waters, and go into his kennel with a growl. We whipped him again in 1812. Old Hickory and the Tennessee volunteers gave him a taste of their metal and their bullets, and again discomfited, he hurried across the big waters in a sad plight. Who is Lord John Russell? and who is Prince Albert? In America our lovely women are cared for. All are ready to hazard or lay down their lives in defense of our women. If presents or largesses are to be given, they are bestowed by the men, not by the women. Not so in England. What is the special business of this man Lord John Russell? and what salary does he get per year, drawn from the labor of the toiling millions? The duty assigned Lord John Russell is to attend Queen Victoria, and when she promenades the streets of London with her long sweeping train, to hold up her tail and guard her honor, and for this service he draws from the treasury £25,000—more than $100,000—per year. What public service does this man Prince Albert perform, that he, too, should excite such fears in the mind of my opponent of making war upon us in the event of annexing Texas? None whatever. The only service that Prince Albert performs is to sleep with the Queen, and for this he draws from the treasury £100,000—nearly half a million dollars—a year. Now I maintain that we ought to pursue the path where duty and interest point the way, take by the hand our kindred and former citizens, and unite their great empire with the United States, and ask no odds and make no apologies to John Bull, Lord John Russell, or Prince Albert. The chivalry of the United States can whip any people who tamely submit to be so heavily taxed as to raise the large amounts drawn by Lord John Russell and Prince Albert for such services as they perform. Yet my opponent will not take Texas in as a

part of this Union for fear of Lord John Russell and Prince Albert." Here the crowd became very boisterous as I sat down and Gen. Cullom rose to reply. In a very violent manner, they said they would not hear nor did they intend that any man should speak to them who was afraid of Lord John Russell and Prince Albert, or refused to annex Texas for fear of war with John Bull; and they denounced with violent invective Lord John Russell and Prince Albert, or any man that was afraid of them. Gen. Cullom showed nerve, and insisted on speaking. The crowd swore he should not. High words ensued, and a fight more or less general was imminent, when Gen. Anderson interfered with the Tenth Legion, and commanded and preserved the peace; but the meeting was broken up. In those days a speaker had to appear on the stump with his pistols buckled around him, or carry them in his saddle-bags, which were deposited at his feet on the stand.

In conferring with an old political friend and contemporary upon the subject matter of the foregoing sketch since it was prepared, he consented to jot down his recollections of some of the events of that period for my use, and they so strictly accord with what I know to be the facts in that connection, that they are hereto annexed in his own words. He says:

"The letters of Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay were both published in eleven columns of the *Nashville Union,* of May 7, 1844, and both took decided ground against the annexation of Texas. Clay took a bold stand against the measure. Van Buren was opposed to it until certain temporary obstacles were removed. Their sentiments were alike obnoxious to both parties in Tennessee. Gov. Polk had declared in a public letter that 'the present opportunity should not be lost of becoming reunited with a country from which we should never have been separated.'

"There was great consternation in the Democratic party in this State at the letter of Mr. Van Buren, who was looking for a renomination to the Presidency a week or two hence at the Baltimore convention. It had been supposed he would continue to follow in the wake of Gen. Jackson, who had already declared that the golden moment for annexation had arrived. No one was more disappointed than the old chief himself, and within

the week afterwards, he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Nashville Union*, in which he argued the merits of the question, showing that circumstances had been constantly changing until the time had arrived for action. He made most honorable mention of Mr. Van Buren, and expressed his unabated confidence in his love of country, but closed with, 'He has evidently prepared his letter from his knowledge only of the circumstances bearing on the subject as they existed at the close of his administration (1840), without a view of the disclosures since made, and which manifest the probability of a dangerous interference with the affairs of Texas by a foreign power.' And it was supposed by many that, as this letter would reach the eye of Mr. Van Buren before the assembling of the Baltimore convention, it might elicit from him another letter on the subject that would be perfectly satisfactory to the friends of annexation. At this moment of so great political solicitude on the subject in Tennessee, Col. Jo. C. Guild, the Democratic candidate for Presidential elector in the Davidson district, after his speech in Nashville, referred to by Col. Willo. Williams, published an elaborate address, boldly and openly declaring himself in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas, and telling the Democrats of his district that if Mr. Van Buren should be nominated by the Baltimore convention, they would have to select some other candidate for elector; and in this he but expressed the sentiments of the entire party in the State. It was a great sacrifice of partisan pride to pull down the flag of Van Buren for President, which, for three or four months, had floated at the heads of columns in the Democratic papers, and was a trial for the electoral candidates at that moment to be compelled to avow their opposition to the man under whom they had enlisted for the campaign. But it was a question of principles and not mere men, and, for the sake of the former, the latter must be sacrificed if need be. The lead of Col. Guild was followed throughout the State, and it had gone forth to the world as the resolve of the Democrats that Mr. Van Buren could not receive their support.

"The mails which arrived at Nashville on the 6th of June, 1844, brought the welcome intelligence that Mr. Van Buren had not been nominated at Baltimore, and the still more welcome news that Gov. Polk, of our own State, had received the nomi-

nation, and our sudden transition from the deepest depression to the most lively and exalted delight, completely electrified the Democratic party, and led to the opening of one of the most brilliant political campaigns that ever took place in this country.

"For the fate of Mr. Van Buren there was more sorrow than anger. He had faithfully adhered to the policy of Gen. Jackson's administration, and had always been in perfect accord with him, and for this Tennessee Democrats were devoted to him. But when he departed the pathway of the old chief, and wrote that fatal letter against the annexation of Texas, we had no further use for him."

X.

Gen. Andrew Jackson—Brief Sketch of his Military Career—Reminiscence of the Great Victory at New Orleans.

The war of 1812 between the United States and England was declared by Congress in June of that year in consequence of the indignities inflicted on the United States by England, the latter having violated the treaty with this country, and also the laws of nations, in the impressment of American seamen. England being engaged in a war with France, impressed American seamen and forced them to fight a nation with which the United States maintained amicable and friendly relations. It was to protect the rights of American seamen, as well as to preserve our neutrality as between England and France, that Congress felt constrained to declare war against the former. About the time of the declaration of war a comet appeared in the West, presaging, in the opinion of many ignorant of the laws governing the solar system, war, famine, or pestilence. This was followed in a short time by what was called "the shakes." The sleepers were aroused from their slumbers one morning about three hours before daylight by the violent rocking of the earth. The crockery and delf-ware in the cupboard chattered as one afflicted with a severe attack of ague. Families aroused from their slumbers by the quaking of the earth, ran out of their houses in *dishabille*. Men and women, boys and girls, huddled together in their fright, expecting the earth to open and swallow them. While some were utterly paralyzed with fear, others were praying in the most fervent manner in the hope to avert the impending disaster. Meantime the earth quivered like a fallen beef that had been shot through the brain. These scenes continued for about twenty-five minutes, when the earth resumed its wonted quiet, and the people again busied themselves with their respective avocations, until another shaking-up occurred; for the earth groaned and trembled, like a strong man seized with fear, at intervals for

about four months. These convulsions heralded their coming by a loud rumbling noise like distant thunder. When these convulsive throes of the earth first appeared, the people felt and acted like the soldier in his first battle—they were flurried, if not terribly alarmed, but like him, soon became accustomed to the surroundings and composed amid the danger that menaced them. It was during these convulsions of nature, when the foundations of the earth seemed to be heaved upward, that Reelfoot Lake, near the Mississippi, on the Western borders of our State, was formed. This lake is about thirty miles in length, and varies in width from one to two miles. Its depth is so great in some places that no bottom has been found. It is well stocked with the finest and most delicious fish in the world, and is a great resort for ducks, geese, and other waterfowl. The devotees of the rod and the gun find this a very paradise for the enjoyment of their favorite sports.

As soon as the United States had declared war against England, the latter sought to engage the Indians of the lakes and of the South as allies, and active measures were taken to that end. The policy of the United States, which had been pursued since Washington's administration, was to make treaties with the various tribes of Indians inhabiting this country, as fast as practicable, so as to extinguish their title within the United States, and give them homes in the territory bordering on the lakes and West of the Mississippi. It is more than probable, so eager were the agents appointed by our Government to make such treaties, that they paid little or no attention to the rights of property, nor were they particular to treat with the proper tribe, or with chiefs having authority to bind the tribes they represented, in every instance; and this was often a cause of dissatisfaction, which led to bloody conflicts of a more or less sanguinary character. The Creeks and Cherokees had for many years previous to this period lived on friendly terms with the United States, and had meantime received the annuities stipulated to be paid them, and were protected and encuraged in the pursuit of various industrial avocations. These tribes resided mainly in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, and would, in all probability, have continued to live in peace with us but for our war with England, and the influences brought to bear upon the various tribes in this

country as a result of that war. Previous to the declaration of war against England by the United States, there appeared among the Shawnees, located on the Big and Little Miami rivers, in Ohio, a chief who was destined to make his mark in the annals of this country. "He was born to command." Naturally a great man, athletic and of commanding person, an orator in the true sense of the term, sagacious and wiley, possessing an accurate knowledge of the Indian character, and how to work upon their passions; full of megnatism, as every great man must be—such as were Cæsar, Bonaparte, Washington, and Jackson—possessing an absolute control over his fellow-men, and born to eternal hatred of Americans, he was a man to be feared in a crisis like that which menaced the country at this period. It was a favorite hobby of his that the Great Spirit had given all America to the red men, and all the country beyond the "big waters" to the rest of mankind. He, therefore, regarded the white men as usurpers and enemies of the Indians. He advocated the doctrine that America was the common heritage of the entire Indian race, and that no tribe had the right to alienate by treaty any portion of the country. For years he had propagated this doctrine among the Northern tribes with an earnestness and eloquence that carried conviction to minds only too willing to be convinced. That chief was Tecumseh. His parents had emigrated from the region of the Tallapoosa, in Alabama, about the middle of the last century, and he spent two years of his early manhood on a sporting visit to his parents' old friends, the Creeks of Alabama, among whom he formed friendships which proved of great importance to him in after years. When he became a power among the Northern Indians, he set on foot a scheme of uniting all the tribes from the Northern lakes to Florida in one grand confederation, with the design of expelling the whites from this continent and recovering the Indians' ancient heritage. For four years he was engaged in preparing the tribes for a general war with this object in view. Possessing wonderful influence over the Northern Indians, it was an easy matter for him to unite them upon this grand scheme. Gen. Harrison, whose opportunities enabled him to form a correct estimate of Tecumseh's character and abilities, speaks of him as "one of those uncommon geniuses which spring up occasionally to produce revolu-

tions and overturn the established order of things. If it were not for the vicinity of the United States he would, perhaps, be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him to-day on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi; and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purposes."

In the spring of 1811 Tecumseh left his army of a thousand warriors, with which he was preparing to give battle to Gen. Harrison, commanding the United States forces in the Northwest, in charge of his brother, the Prophet, and went South, preaching his crusade, and endeavoring to persude the tribes in that section to join in the war he was about to inaugurate. Far and long he traveled, sowing the seeds of future wars. In Florida, among the fierce and war-like Seminoles; in Georgia and Alabama, among the powerful and vicious Creeks, and even among the friendly-disposed Cherokees; in Missouri, among the tribes of the DesMoines, he delivered his impassioned "talk," portraying the Indian's wrongs and the white man's encroachments, with all the powers of his matchless eloquence. Of course his mission told powerfully in favor of his project. While he was absent on this mission the battle of Tippecanoe was fought by his brother, in which the Indians sustained a crushing defeat. Tecumseh's chosen warriors, the nucleus of the great army he had hoped to lead, were killed or dispersed. So disastrous was this battle to the plans of Tecumseh, that he was about to retire from the contest, but he was revived and encouraged by the declaration of war by the United States against England the following year. Tecumseh's resolution to join the British was instantly taken. He was no friend of the Americans, and rejoiced in the opportunity of striking them a terrible blow. Some neighboring Indians inviting him to join in a council of tribes which had determined to remain neutral, he replied, "No, I have taken sides with the King, my father, and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore before I will recross that stream to join in any council of neutrality." In a few days he was in the field. The first blood shed in the war was shed through him, and the first advantage gained by the British was due to his assistance.

His scheme of uniting the Indian tribes was at once adopted by the British as a part of the system of carrying on the war against a country that had wrested its independence from their grasp. Tecumseh's zeal and activity were unbounded, and he seemed to be ubiquitous; first at home, then on the lakes, and then on the Mississippi, pushing forward his scheme. In the fall of 1812 he is again found in Alabama, accompanied by the Prophet and thirty of his "braves." They appeared in the Creek council entirely naked, except their flaps and ornaments; their faces painted black and their heads adorned with eagle plumes, while buffalo tails dangled behind them, suspended from girdles that were adorned with the scalps of "pale faces." Tecumseh haranged the Creeks with prodigious effect, pointing to the success of the British and the promises of assistance from them. He exhorted the Creeks to return to their primitive customs; to abandon their agricultural and other industrial pursuits, which were unbecoming Indian warriors. He told them that after the whites had possessed the greater part of their country, turned its beautiful forests into fields, and stained their rivers with the washings of the soil, they would subject them to African servitude. He exhorted them to assimilate in no way with the grasping, unprincipled race, to use none of their arms, and wear none of their clothes, but dress in the skins of beasts which the Great Spirit had given his red children for food and raiment, and to use the war-club, the scalping-knife, and the bow. He told them that the King of England had sent him to invite them to join in the war against the United States, and the Americans would be exterminated, and their country restored to them in its entirety. This speech, delivered in town after town, and enforced by that of the Prophet, in which he declared that those who would join the war party should be shielded from all harm—none should be killed in battle; that the Great Spirit would surround them with quagmires, which would swallow up the Americans as they approached, had the desired effect of inducing the chiefs to abandon their avocations and go upon the war-path with their followers.

The first result of this defection among the Creeks was the massacre of Fort Mims, on the 30th of August, 1813. There was a sparse white population scattered along the Alabama river, engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and they had fine crops

growing, and were considered "well-to-do" for a frontier settlement. The news spread that the Indians were on the war-path, producing the wildest alarm, and the settlers fled to the stockade of Mr. Samuel Mims, on the shores of Lake Tensaw, abandoning their homes, crops, and personalty. Gov. Claiborne, of Orleans, at the show of hostility on the part of the Creeks, sent Maj. Daniel Beasley, with about one hundred and sixty soldiers, to assist in the defense of the fort. There were already in the fort a few militiamen from the neighborhood and some friendly Indians. On the morning of the fatal day, though Maj. Beasley had spared some of his armed men for the defense of neighboring stations, Fort Mims contained no less than five hundred and fifty-three souls, more than one hundred of whom were white women and children, and one hundred and six negroes. Weatherford, a half-breed chief, of great courage and tact, attacked the fort with one thousand Creek warriors, whom he had led from Pensacola, where the British had supplied them with weapons and ammunition. At noon a drum in the fort was beat for dinner, and that drum was the signal which Weatherford had chosen for the attack. At the first tap the Indians leaped from their concealment in a neighboring ravine, and ran in a tumultuous mass toward the Eastern gate of the devoted fort, which was open, uttering a hideous whoop. There was a rush of women and children to the houses within the fort, and of men to the gates and port-holes. Maj. Beasley was one of the first at the gate of the outer pickets, and made an effort to close it, but could not in consequence of some obstruction, and while thus engaged was slain. At once the whole of that part of the fort which had been added by Maj. Beasley, and which was separated from the main enclosure by the old line of pickets, was filled with Indians, hooting, howling, dancing among the dead bodies of many of the best officers and men of the little garrison. Capt. Bailey took command after the death of Maj. Beasley, and for three hours made a gallant defense, the women rendering most efficient aid in the desperate struggle. There were five prophets with the Indians, who boasted that the Great Spirit had rendered them bullet-proof—that bullets fired at them by white men would either fly wide their mark or split and thus pass around their persons. These prophets were all killed at the first volley fired

after the recovery from the panic, and this fact coming to the knowledge of the Indians, they became very much demoralized, and finally beat a retreat. Weatherford, who had been temporarily absent from the point at which the fight raged, met his warriors, and halting them, upbraided them for want of courage. He finally rallied them for another charge, which he led in person. The fort was set on fire by burning arrows and other expedients, and soon the whole enclosure was a roaring sea of flame. The savages were soon upon the inmates, and then the work of slaughter—fierce, unrelenting slaughter—began. Children were seized by the feet and their brains dashed out against the pickets; the women were butchered, as Maj. Kennedy afterward reported, "in a manner which neither decency nor language will permit me to describe;" and the men were tomahawed, and all were scalped. The main building, which was burned to ashes, showed heaps of bones. Twelve of the garrison escaped and wandered for days in the swamps and forests. A negro woman, with a ball in her breast, reached a canoe on Lake Tensaw, and paddled fifteen miles to Fort Stoddart, and gave the first news of the massacre. At sunset on that fatal day about four hundred mangled and scalped corpses were heaped and strewed within the walls of the fort. Not one white woman, not one white child, escaped. Weatherford did all he could to prevent the massacre, but he had lost control over his warriors, who acted more like demons that day than human beings. Weatherford was subsequently captured by Gen. Jackson, and when the old hero questioned him touching the massacre at Fort Mims, he denied emphatically that he had countenanced that proceeding; on the contrary, he proved to the satisfaction of Gen. Jackson that he did every thing he could to restrain the brutality of his warriors, but they were like a pack of mad wolves thirsting for blood, and refused to listen to advice, entreaty, or threats. Under this statement of the case, Weatherford was treated as a prisoner of war, according to the usage of civilized nations.

At this period we had neither railroads, making any point accessible to the whole country within a few hours; nor steamboats, ploughing our quiet rivers; nor telegraps, that annihilate time and space. The only means of communication across the country was either on foot or horseback, which required many

days to bring news from remote points along the border. Shortly after the massacre at Fort Mims, a number of bold and fearless horsemen might have been seen crossing the blood-stained line of Alabama, some going to Georgia, some to Tennessee, and others to Mississippi and Louisiana, carrying the news of the great calamity that had fallen upon the people of Alabama, and the danger that menaced those States. Mississippi and Louisiana could do nothing for the relief of their countrymen of Alabama, for the British were threatening them, and they had to look to their own protection. It was about ten days after the massacre of Fort Mims that two men were seen galloping into the city of Nashville, their jaded horses showing that they had come a considerable distance. They brought tidings of the heart-sickening tragedy, and the relation of the particulars shocked the entire community. The patriotic fires were kindled in every breast, and the entire State rose up as one man, determined to give relief to the harrassed citizens on our frontier, and to avenge their massacre and "the deep damnation of their taking off." A meeting of citizens was called to take action in regard to the matter. The Rev. Thomas Craighead (who in after years was my preceptor) presided and made a most eloquent speech, which lit up the patriotic fires of the State. A committee was appointed, who waited upon Gov. Willie Blount and laid the matter before him, and urged him to take action in behalf the people on the border. Gov. Blount called out two thousand five hundred volunteers from Middle Tennessee, and the same number from East Tennessee, to immediately march to the Creek nation to punish the Indians for the massacre of Fort Mims. The General Government had given no authority to raise these volunteers, for no hostile movement on the part af the Creeks was anticipated. The crisis had been precipitated unexpectedly, and in the absence of authority from the General Government, Gov. Blount felt it a duty he owed the people on the frontier to act promptly for their protection. The Legislature of the State assembled and voted an appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars to meet the expenses of this expedition, in the event the General Government failed tc provide for the pay and subsistence of these volunteers. As soon as intelligence of these movements reached Washington, the action of Gov. Blount was approved, and the expenses attending

and incident to this army were assumed by the General Government.

Fortunately for Tennessee and the whole country, we had in Gen. Andrew Jackson a man for the crisis. From his known bravery, his quick perception, his knowledge of the Indian character and mode of warfare, his great popularity, and the confidence the public reposed in him, all eyes were turned to him as the leader and commander-in-chief of the Tennessee forces. Some two weeks previous he had been disabled by a gunshot wound in a rencounter with Thomas H. and Jesse Benton, an arm having been broken and a shoulder shattered. These wounds were of so serious a nature as to confine him to his room at the Hermitage. Meantime the preparations for war against the Creeks were going forward with all possible dispatch, and Gov. Blount and a committee of citizens waited upon Gen. Jackson to learn whether he would be able to assume the command of the Tennessee forces and to take the field in person. To their inquiry, he gave an emphatic assurance that he would. "It is no time," said he, "for a patriot to be sick when his country needs his services." He assured them that he would lead the army if he had to be borne upon a stretcher, but that he trusted in God he would be able by the time the army was ready to march, to be up and lead the brave sons of Tennessee to a glorious victory. It was arranged and announced that Gen. Jackson would take command of the army. This announcement rallied around his standard the chivalry of Tennessee. The volunteers rendezvoused at Fayetteville on October 3, 1813. Gen. Jackson, with his arm in a sling, arrived on the 7th, and assumed command of the forces. He immediately dispatched Gen. Coffee with a large detachment to Huntsville, Ala., to keep an eye on the Creek warriors who were congregating upon the Coosa and Talapoosa rivers, and threatening Tennessee and Georgia. Gen. Cocke, the commander of the East Tennessee forces, was at Nashville, when the plans of the campaign were agreed upon. He was then of opinion that sufficient supplies for the use of the army could be obtained in East Tennessee, and floated down the Tennessee river in flat-boats. Gen. Jackson, relying upon this arrangement for supplies, marched his army in search of the enemy to give him battle. The Tennessee river did not rise, and so the supplies from East Tennessee

could not be sent to Gen. Jackson. In this emergency, he determined to forage upon the enemy, and on the 25th of October, 1813, he moved his whole army into the Indian country. Gen. Jackson arrived at the Coosa, and encamped near the town of Talluschatches, where a large body of Indians had assembled.

On the 2d of November, he issued an order to Gen. Coffee to take one thousand men and destroy this town. The attack was made on the 3d, and the Indians fought with great bravery and desperation, but they had to succumb to the gallant Tennesseeans, who decimated their ranks in a fearful manner. The Indians were finally driven from their stronghold, leaving on the field about two hundred warriors who had fallen victims to the aim of of the Tennessee riflemen. The rout was complete and the victory a brilliant one.

Talladega was the next battle fought by Gen. Jackson in person. It was a small fort, situated on a branch of the Coosa river, and is now the capital of Talladega county, Alabama. It is in the pine woods, and surrounded by beautiful mountain scenery. Into this fort a number of friendly Indians had retired for protection. Upwards of one thousand hostile Creek warriors had surrounded this fort, and menaced the friendly Indians with destruction. Those in the fort were without provisions and were weak in numbers. It was an emergency calling for prompt and decisive action, for if they did not receive immediate relief, they would be butchered by their infuriated countrymen. A noted chief of the party resolved upon a desperate expedient to secure relief. Enveloping himself in a hog-skin, with the head and feet attached, he went about rooting and grunting in so natural a manner as to deceive the hostile Indians, and was thus enabled to make his way through their lines; then disrobing himself, he hastened with the fleetness of the deer to the camp of Gen. Jackson, to whom he gave intelligence of the beleaguered fort, the supposed strength of the besieging army, and the approaches to the fort. On the 8th of November Gen. Jackson, at the head of one thousand eight hundred cavalry and infantry, crossed the Coosa river, and at sunrise the next morning everything was in readiness to give battle to the enemy. The advance were ordered to make the attack and then fall back to the main body, which they did, followed by the Indians, who were confident of making

an easy prey of so small a number of soldiers. When the Indians came within easy range, Jackson opened upon them a murderous fire from his ambush. They were repulsed at every turn, the fire of the Tennesseeans being terribly destructive. Finally they retreated, leaving Jackson in possession of the field and their dead and wounded, which numbered fully three hundred, and fled to the mountains. This brilliant victory exerted a powerful influence upon the enemy as well as the country. Gen. Coffee, with his detachment of one thousand mounted volunteers, participated in this battle, and contributed largely to the victory achieved on that hotly contested field. He was a giant in stature, finely proportioned, taciturn, with nothing of the braggart about him. There was nothing of the pretender about him, and while he determined to do his duty, he was wholly unconcerned as to who should reap the glory. He was the first in the field, and had been in the saddle for a month, leading his brave soldiers up and down the country, keeping the enemy from the frontier, which they were watching like a wolf ready to pounce upon the flock. His presence on the frontier dispelled the alarm of the citizens, while his swift movements indicated that he meant business, and made him a terror to the Indians. He and Gen. Wm. Carroll were the right and left arm of Gen. Jackson, and faithfully they performed the duties entrusted to them.

Amidst the rejoicing over a campaign so brilliantly begun, hunger began to pinch the men who had exhibited such bravery and noble daring, and starvation actually menaced the army. Napoleon being asked what a soldier most needed in war, replied, "A full belly and a good pair of shoes." This army had neither. They were far in the interior of the enemy's country, without supplies, while but little could be procured by foraging. Every effort to procure supplies from the States had so far failed, and while Gen. Jackson was yet hopeful, he saw but too clearly that discontent was brooding over his army and hatching troubles of a very serious nature. Soon mutterings of mutiny began to be heard, bidding defiance to the commands of the General. Finally, the army became little less than a mob, most of the soldiers expressing a determination to go to the settlements for food, if not to go home. In this crisis, Jackson appeared with a musket in his hand, and backed by a portion of the volunteers, threatened

to shoot the first man who led the march homeward. He appealed to their patriotism, and conjured them by the memory of the men, women, and children who had fallen victims to the ferocity of relentless savages, to avenge the innocent blood that cried for redress. The appeal was effectual, and the men marched back to camp. The next day the mutinous spirit showed itself among the volunteers, who insisted that their time of service had expired. Jackson again appeared with his musket, backed this time by the militia, and a parley ensued. He promised them that if supplies did not arrive within three or four days, they might go to the settlements to procure supplies of provisions and clothing, provided they would return within a reasonable period; meantime, he, with a few brave followers, would remain and hold Fort Strother, the place at which they were then encamped. This was agreed to by the mutinous volunteers. The stipulated time elapsed, but brought no supplies. Jackson redeemed his pledge, and a large portion of his army took up the line of march out of the Indian country. On their way they met supplies for the army, and many of them returned to Fort Strother, and afterwards did noble fighting under Jackson.

The term of service of a large portion of Gen. Jackson's army had expired, or was about to expire, and feeling the necessity of additional forces to supply the places of those going out of the service, he wrote to Gov. Blount calling his attention to the importance of ordering a new levy of two thousand five hundred men. Gov. Blount did not issue a call for additional troops, but wrote to Gen. Jackson expressing a doubt as to his authority to do so. On receiving this letter, Gen. Jackson wrote to Gov. Blount the best and most patriotic letter of his life. It was better than even his veto of the United States Bank bill, which was a blow aimed at the money power of the United States. When the good of his country demanded it, Gen. Jackson assumed the responsibility, law or no law. When other men weakened and despaired, he gained new determination and power. The last straw that broke the camel's back, stiffened and made strong the back of Old Hickory. Among other things, he wrote to Gov. Blount: "Your country is in danger. Apply its resources to its defense. Can any course be more plain? Do you, my friend, at such a moment as the present, sit with your arms folded and

your heart at ease, waiting a solution of your doubts and a definition of your powers? Do you wait for special instructions from the Secretary of War, which it is impossible for you to receive in time for the danger that threatens? How did the venerable Shelby act under similar circumstances, but by no means so critical? Did he wait for orders to do what every man of sense knew, what every patriot felt to be right? He did not, and yet highly and justly did the Government extol his manly and energetic conduct, and how dear his name became to every friend of his country." Gov. Blount was a true patriot, and he reconsidered his former position, and issued his proclamation for two thousand five hundred volunteers. It took considerable time to secure this number, to organize them, and then march to the relief of Gen. Jackson. Meantime Jackson had sent Col. Wm. Carroll and Gen. Roberts to Tenneseee to raise volunteers, and they secured about one thousand to serve for two and three months. These recruits were hurried on to Jackson's headquarters at Fort Strother, where they arrived January 15, 1814. Gen. Jackson was impressed with the importance of immediate action. A decisive blow at an early moment would exert a demoralizing influence upon the enemy. His force consisted of the volunteers under his command, the old veterans whose term of service had expired but who had volunteered again, and the raw recruits who had just come to hand. With this force he moved from Fort Strother, and met the enemy at Emucfaw, where, after a fierce and sanguinary engagement, he gained one of the most brilliant victories of the campaign. A few days afterward, on his return to Fort Strother, he was attacked with great vehemence by the Indians at Enotachopco. Here a portion of his army was repulsed, but he succeded in rallying the men, and leading them in a charge which told with fearful effect upon the enemy. The cannon was made to do effective execution upon the enemy, until the gallant Lieut. Armstrong fell. It was then handled by Constantine Perkins and Craven Jackson, the gunners, most efficiently. In the confusion, the rammer was lost, and one of these men rammed the balls down with a musket, while the other picked the touch-hole with a ramrod. In rallying his broken column, Gen. Jackson performed a most difficult feat, for seldom is a routed army rallied and brought back to the

charge and to victory and glory, as on this occasion. The same feat was performed by Washington at the battle of Trenton. Each by gallant and fearless bearing, stopped a rout, and hurled the fleeing forces upon their pursuers with such effect that they themselves became the pursuers. Perhaps no man has ever lived, except Washington in the one case and Jackson in the other, who could thus have turned the tide of battle and snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

In these two battles, Col. Carroll, Gen. Coffee, Col. Higgins, Col. Sitler, Gen. Johnson, father of Posmaster General Cave Johnson, Col. Cheatham, Capt. Elliott, Capt. Perkins, Capt. Quarles, Capt. Hamilton, A. Donelson, the aid of Gen. Coffee, Constantine Perkins, Lieut. Armstrong, Bradford, and McGavock (the three last of whom fell while firing the cannon), greatly distinguished themselves, and efficiently contributed to the glory of these victories. The gallant Donelson, Hamilton, Quarles, and Bird Evans fell in these actions, with many others killed and wounded.

Gen. Coffee was wounded in the battle of Emucfaw, and was carried from the field on a litter. When the battle of Enotachopco became hot and the tide turned against the Americans, he mounted his horse and rushed into the thickest of the fight, and with Col. Carroll aided Gen. Jackson in rallying his broken and fleeing columns to the charge again. In this he imitated the example of the French Field Marshal who had been wounded in battle. While lying in his tent, the battle was renewed, and hearing the roaring of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry, he had himself lashed to his horse and sped away into the hottest of the fight, and cheered the French army on to victory and glory.

We must now hasten to Tohopeka, the Indian name of the Horse Shoe, where Gen. Jackson and his army met the combined forces of the Creeks, and achieved a victory which broke the back-bone of their power, and restored security to the country from Indian depredations. After the victories I have hastily sketched, Gen. Jackson marched his victorious troops back to the Tennessee river, their term of service having expired. Here he bade them farewell in an address congratulating them upon the gallant services rendered their country, and they left him with the grateful feelings which soldiers entertain for a General who has

led them to the field of conflict and to victory. From all quarters of the State—from East, Middle, and West Tennessee—volunteers under the new levy ordered by Gov. Blount were hastening to the standard of the great General. The patriotic heart of Judge Hugh L. White impelled him to leave the bench of the Supreme Court, and hurry through the wilderness to interview Gen. Jackson. He found him in the woods, almost alone, braving danger in the various forms which Indian ingenuity could invent. Learning from him the situation and danger that menaced the settlements along an extended frontier, Judge White returned to East Tennessee, and his eloquent voice was heard urging the people of that section to take up arms and rush to the aid of Jackson and his little band of devoted soldiers, who were periling their lives in the defense of helpless women and children. The talented and patriotic John Williams was in command of the thirty-ninth regiment, United States Army, then in East Tennessee, under orders to march to New Orleans. Judge White prevailed on him to disobey these orders and join Jackson with as little delay as possible. This he did, and rendered the most important service in the great battle of the Horse Shoe. Appreciating the imminent danger in that quarter, he acquiesced in Judge White's suggestion, and his conduct in this matter was approved by the Government.

My uncle, Maj. Josephus H. Conn, raised a battalion of volunteers in Sumner county. Captains Scurry, Scoby, and Elliott, who had but recently returned from survice under Gen. Jackson, each raised a company and again left their homes and families, amid the acclamations of the citizens, to aid the intrepid hero who was bearing aloft the victorious flag of his country in the Indian territory. I shall never forget the impression their leaving for the scene of hostilities made upon my youthful mind. There were friends and neighbors, young men and old, taking upon themselves the hazards of a soldier's life to do battle for their country and for the protection of their neighbors and their families. The leave-taking of these gallant men as they parted from relatives and friends, was most affecting, and can never be forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. Young William Trousdale, who afterwards greatly distinguished himself, and was honored with the highest office within the gift of the people of

Tennessee, was a member of one of these companies. These gallant sons of old Sumner earned the gratitude of a grateful people for the efficient services they rendered in the battle of the Horse Shoe, the storming of Pensacola, and on the glorious field of Chalmette. Among others, Gen. Coffee's old brigade of mounted men, and a troop of mounted East Tennesseeans, reinforced the General, who now had with him five thousand as brave men as ever trod a battle-field. The various divisions of this army were at Fort Strother. After detailing a sufficient force to gaarison the various forts and to keep open his communication with the State, Gen. Jackson moved with two thousand men, provided with provision for twenty days, and two cannon, and arrived at Tohopeka on the 27th of March, 1814. The Creeks had assembled here in large force, intent upon dealing a heavy blow upon the invading army. It was naturally a strong position, being a bend in the Tallapoosa river, in the form of a horse shoe, and about three hundred yards across the neck of the peninsula, or at what may be called the points. It contained about one hundred acres, and was covered with a heavy growth of forest trees. A strong breat-work of logs of immense strength, pierced with two rows of port-holes, had been built across this neck. The line of defense was so drawn that an approaching enemy would be exposed both to a direct and a raking fire. Behind the breast-work was a mass of logs and brushwood, such as Indians delight to fight from. The Indians had prepared a large number of canoes, which they had placed along the banks of the river, so as to possess the means of retreat in case of disaster. Within this extensive and strong fortification were assembled nearly one thousand warriors and about three hundred women and children. When the army arrived in front of this fort, some of the most famous of the Indian prophets were performing their incantations in order to incite the warriors to deeds of valor, for they well knew that it would require desperate fighting to repel and defeat an army already flushed with victory achieved over them on other fields. Perceiving at a glance that the Indians had simply penned themselves up for slaughter, Gen. Jackson's first measure was to send Gen. Coffee, with all the mounted men and friendly Indians, to cross the river two miles below, where it was fordable, and to occupy a position on the opposite bank, so

as to cut off retreat should the Indians attempt to escape in that direction. Coffee soon announced by a concerted signal that he had reached the point assigned him, and then Jackson planted his cannon upon an eminence about eighty yards from the breast-work, and opened fire, which was kept up for two hours without doing any material damage to the strong log-wall. Meantime Gen. Coffee sent some of the most expert swimmers among the friendly Indians across the river, who cut loose and brought away the canoes of the beleaguered Creeks, in which he transported a portion of his force, nnder command of Col. Morgan, to the side of the river occupied by the Indians, landing in the rear of where the fight was going on. This force set fire to a cluster of huts at the lower end of the bend, and opened fire upon the Indians behind the breast-work, and then they retreated across the river. This had the desired effect of distracting the Indians and dividing their attention, which was of immense advantage to Gen. Jackson. The General then gave the order to charge the breast-work, which was received with a general shout. The thirty-ninth regiment, under Col. Williams, and the brigade of East Tennesseeans, under Col. Bunch, marched rapidly up and delivered a volley through the port-holes, when a desperate struggle for the mastery ensued. Maj. L. P. Montgomery, of the thirty-ninth regiment, was the first man to spring upon the breast-work, where, calling upon his men to follow him, he received a ball in his head and fell dead to the ground. At this critical moment a rising star in the person of Ensign Sam. Houston burst forth in brilliant scintillations. As he mounted the breast-work a barbed arrow pierced his thigh; but, nothing dismayed, the gallant youth, calling his comrades to follow, leaped down among the Indians, and soon cleared a space around him with his vigorous right arm. Joined in a moment by parties of his own regiment, and by large numbers of the East Tennesseeans, the breast-work was soon cleared, the Indians retiring before them into the underbrush. The wounded Ensign sat down within the fortification, and called a Lieutenant of his company to draw the arrow from his thigh. Two vigorous pulls at the barbed weapon failed to extract it. In a fury of pain and impatience, Houston cried, "Try again, and if you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth!" Exerting all his strength, the Lieutenant drew forth the

arrow, tearing the flesh fearfully, and causing an effusion of blood that compelled the wounded man to hurry over the breast-work to the surgeon to get his wound bandaged. While he was lying on the ground under the surgeon's hands, Gen. Jackson rode up, and recognizing his young acquaintance, ordered him not to cross the breast-work again. Houston begged him to recall the order, but the General repeated it peremptorily, and rode on. In a few minutes the patriotic young Ensign had disobeyed the command, and was once more with his company in the thick of that long hand-to-hand engagement. Toward the close of the afternoon it was observed that a considerable number of Indians had taken refuge under the bluffs, where they were completely protected. They refused to listen to terms of peace, and as they could not be dislodged, Jackson called for volunteers to charge them. For a minute no one responded, when Ensign Houston ordered his platoon to follow, but not waiting to see if they would follow, rushed to the overhanging bank, which sheltered the foe, and through openings of which they were firing. Over this mine of desperate savages he paused and looked back for his men. At that moment he received two balls in his right shoulder; his arm fell powerless to his side; he staggered out of the fire, and was borne from the place totally disabled. Several valuable lives were afterwards lost in vain endeavors to dislodge the enemy from their well-chosen covert. As the sun was going down, fire was set to the logs and underbrush, which overspread and surrounded this last refuge of the Creeks. The place soon grew too hot for them, and as they came out were shot down by riflemen watching for them. Although defeated at every point, the Indians refused to surrender, and were either slaughtered in the fort or shot by the soldiers, who occupied both banks, while attempting to swim the river, as a large number did. The carnage lasted as long as there was light enough to see a skulking or flying Indian. There were found after the battle five hundred and fifty-seven dead Indians on the peninsula, while it was computed that two hundred were slain in the river, and many more died in the woods attempting to escape. This was a disastrous blow to the Indians; it was, indeed, the finishing stroke, for it completely broke the power of the Creek nation. With the downfall of that fierce and haughty tribe, commenced the wane of the red men of America.

The long struggle for the possession of the Western World was ended forever; a continent changed owners, and peace and security were restored to that mighty tide of emigration that was rolling westward. In his congratulatory address to his victorious army, Gen. Jackson says, among other things: "The fiends of Tallapoosa will no longer murder our women and children or disturb the quiet of our borders. The midnight flambeaux will no longer illumine their council-houses, or shine upon the victims of their infernal orgies. In their places, a new generation will arise, who will know their duty better. The weapons of warfare will be exchanged for the utensils of husbandry, and the wilderness, which now withers in sterility and mourns the desolation which overspreads her, will blossom as the rose and become the nursery of the arts."

Most of the Creek warriors who escaped these disastrous battles, made their way to Florida, then under the dominion of Spain, leaving their starving women and children to whatever fate might befall them. William Weatherford, the great chief of the Creeks, and the master-spirit of this war against the Americans, displayed a manhood not excelled by any conquered chief that history records. Instead of fleeing the land of his fathers, leaving the weak and helpless women and children to the mercy of the whites, as well as those wounded in the battles recently fought, he determined to unite his destiny with that of the remnant of his tribe, then outcasts and wanderers in their own land. Weatherford's father was a shrewd and sagacious trader, who expatriated himself and cast his fortunes with the Creek Indians, among whom he lived and died. He married a full-blooded Indian woman, and William Weatherford was an issue of this marriage. The white and red blood in equal parts ran through his veins, and he exhibited all the shrewdness of the white man, with the cunning of the Indian.

The General Government had treated the Creeks with more liberality than any of the Indian tribes. Schools had been inaugurated among them, and their people had been instructed in agriculture and the useful arts, and, beside, they were paid large annuities. They were much further advanced in civilization than other tribes. Weatherford had received a liberal practical education; was a man of strong native intellect, of commanding

person, distinguished above the chiefs of his nation for dauntless courage, and great activity of mind as well as body; first in the chase and first in all the athletic sports of his people; pandering to the Indian tastes, sagacious in council, and the very first in war. He was a tall man, standing six feet two inches in his moccasins, and well proportioned; copper color, coarse black hair, high cheek-bones, thin nose and lips, round, bull-dog jaws, cold and piercing black eyes; a long, hollow, thin foot, clean, bony ankles, and a leg and body the perfection of the sculptor's ideal. His noble bearing and distinguished address indicated that he was one of nature's great men, a chief born to fame, and ranking with Logan, America's friend, and Tecumseh, America's hereditary foe. Weatherford had long lived in peace with the United States, but the fires that slumbered in his breast were aroused by the encroachments which the Americans had from time to time made upon the Indian territory, and now this fire was fanned into a flame by the stirring eloquence of Tecumseh, who portrayed as a terrible reality the wrongs inflicted upon the Indians by the pale faces, and called upon the braves of every tribe and nation to rally at the battle-call to strike a decisive blow upon the invading whites, and thus redress their wrongs and vindicate their rights. The United States was then engaged in a war with England. The disasters that had befallen our arms at Detroit and Queenstown had exerted a powerfully depressing influence upon our people, and that was regarded as the most propitious time for a general rising of the red men. Weatherford yielded to the eloquent appeals of Tecumseh, and consented to the proposed confederacy of the various Indian tribes on this continent, and the tomahawk, the bow, and the rifle were borne aloft by his warriors to do the bloody work apportioned them. With great secrecy, Weatherford planned the investment of Fort Mims, and led in person the charge on that place. Again and again were his forces repulsed, and each time would he reform his broken columns, and with a desperate bravery lead them to the charge, until finally he carried the fort. He was afterwards attacked by Gen. Claiborne with a force of one thousand men. Weatherford fought with terrible desperation, gaining an occasional advantage, but was finally compelled to retreat, pusued by Claiborne's troops. While most of his men

escaped, he only escaped being captured or slain by leaping his horse from a bluff into the Alabama river, a distance of about twenty feet. He and his horse sank to the bottom, but they rose again, Weatherford with his rifle in one hand and the reins of the bridle in the other. The horse swam to the opposite bank, and he and his gallant rider soon disappeared in the thick forest. The next we see of Weatherford, he is engaged in battle with Gen. Floyd at Cahaba creek. He made the attack before day, and surprised Floyd's army. After a very severe engagement, Weatherford was repulsed and forced to retire; but he still hovered around, and Floyd deemed it prudent to retreat, and that night Weatherford slept on the field of battle. He fought Gen. Coffee at Tallapoosa, but disdained to beg for quarter. He fought Gen. Jackson at Talladega, and did not retreat until the field was covered with dead and wounded. He fought Jackson at Emucfau. Three times did his brave warriors charge Jackson's line, and the old hero was put to his trumps to whip him. He fought Jackson at Enotachopco, where he broke the General's lines, and but for the lion courage of Jackson and some of his daring officers, would have won the day. He fought until more than half his warriors were slain, and most of the remainder had fled to Florida. He could fight no longer, for the good and sufficient reason that he had neither men nor resources with which to fight. The record shows him to be a great captain, second only to Tecumseh as a brave and sagacious leader, a dashing partisan, and an enemy to be dreaded upon the war-path. He knew that his life would be put in most imminent peril by a surrender, being at the head of the war party, while the opinion prevailed with Gen. Jackson and his army that he sanctioned and encouraged the terrible massacre of Fort Mims. His conscience and the facts acquitted him of this horrible butchery. Still, a surrender was inevitable. He had no men with which to fight, and would not flee the land of his fathers. He was impelled to submit to the personal danger attending a surrender, in order to save the lives of the abandoned and perishing women and children of his broken tribe. The scene that occurred in making this surrender—the interview with Gen. Jackson and the speech of Weatherford—was one of the most sublime incidents of the war. Weatherford mounted his favorite horse, and

armed with his rifle, directed his course toward Gen. Jackson's camp. At the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, a deer crossed his path, which he shot, and threw across his horse. He then reloaded his gun, as the historian of Alabama says, to kill the Big Warrior, a chief of the peace party. When he arrived at the picket lines, he inquired for Gen. Jackson, and was conducted to his tent. Here he was recognized by the chief of the peace party, who remarked, "Ah! Bill Weatherford, have we got you at last!" Weatherford replied, "You infernal traitor, if you give me any insolence I will shoot you down in the presence of the General." Gen. Jackson approached Weatherford hastily, and exclaimed, in true Jacksonian style, "How dare you to ride up to my tent after murdering the women and children at Fort Mims?" Weatherford's reply, as recollected by those who heard it, was as follows: "Gen. Jackson, I am not afraid of you. I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing to request in behalf of myself. You can kill me if you desire. But I come to beg you to send for the women and children of the war party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will send out parties who will conduct them safely here, in order that they may be fed. I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and children at Fort Mims. I am now done fighting. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. If I could fight you longer, I would most heartily do so. Send for the women and children. They never did you any harm. But kill me, if the white people want it done."

Quite a number of officers and men were attracted to the spot by this scene, and having always regarded Weatherford as the abettor of the Fort Mims massacre, many of them cried out, "Kill him! kill him! kill him!" Gen. Jackson, with a waive of his hand, exclaimed, "Silence! Any man," he added with great vehemence, "who would kill as brave a man as this should die himself." Weatherford was invited into the General's tent, and he alighted from his horse, taking with him his deer and presenting it to Gen. Jackson, who accepted the gift. They drank a glass of brandy together and partook of a camp collation, after which they entered into a free and friendly talk touch-

ing the object of Weatherford's visit. Gen. Jackson frankly stated to him the terms upon which he would be permitted to surrender. The great chief of the Creeks replied that he desired peace in order that the remnant of his people might be rescued from their suffering and the women and children saved from starvation, and then drawing himself up to his full height, his keen black eye looking into that of him who never quailed before a public or a private foe, he added, with a pathos and an eloquence that has never been exceeded in ancient or modern times, "There was a time when I had a choice, and could have answered you. I have none now; even hope has ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Tallashatches, Emucfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man: I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you shall find me amongst the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go, and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it."

The Creek war ended with the treaty of Fort Jackson, one-half the territory being exacted as indemnity for the expenses of the war. There being no further need for an army in that section, an order came from Gen. Jackson to his brave and gallant troops to take up the line of march homeward. This order was accompanied by an address to his comrades in arms, which concluded as follows: "The rapidity of your movements and the

brilliancy of your achievements have corresponded with the valor by which you have been animated. The bravery you have displayed on the field of battle will long be remembered and appreciated by your General, and will not be forgotten by the country which you have so materially benefitted." In a few days these brave men arrived at Fayetteville, where they were honorably discharged, each man carrying with him to his home the consciousness of having done his whole duty. Gen. Jackson immediately set out for his home, and all along the way he was greeted with the enthusiastic cheers of a grateful people. At Nashville he was received with every manifestation of popular approval He was conducted to the court-house, where he was welcomed in a neat and eloquent speech by the Hon. Felix Grundy in behalf of the citizens, to which Gen. Jackson made a most felicitous reply. He then partook of a public dinner, and after mingling freely with the citizens, his old friends and neighbors, he returned to the pleasant shades of the Hermitage.

Maj. Gen. Wm. H. Harrison having resigned his position in the army, public opinion strongly pointed to Gen. Jackson as his successor. In deference to this expressed will of the people, President Madison appointed Jackson a Major General in the United States Army, and assigned him to the command of the Southern and Western Division. A great crisis had now arrived. threatening imminent peril to our young republic. Our Government found itself with an empty treasury, its resources having been exhausted by a two years' war, while it had little or no credit upon which to raise money to carry on the war and to prosecute it with the vigor which the crisis demanded; and what was more alarming still, Napoleon had fallen, thus releasing the victorious army of England. The vast resources of the British Government, its thousand war ships and great army, were now directed toward America. A large British army arrived in the Chesapeake Bay in August, 1814, and Washington was captured and reduced to a heap of ruins. The Government was in no condition to defend a coast of upwards of one thousand miles in extent. The Gulf States seemed destined to be overrun by the British army; the mouth of the Mississippi to be occupied, New Orleans to be captured, and the work of conquest to be extended up the Mississippi and its tributaries. Gen. Jackson, nothing

daunted by these extensive preparations, and the danger that menaced the country at so many points, hurried to Mobile, only to find the fragments of three broken regiments throughout the Gulf coast. It was anything but an encouraging outlook that met him. But Gen. Jackson was not the man to quail before difficulties and discouragements of this character. He called for volunteers from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and commenced making every possible preparation to give battle to the enemy whenever he should appear. He ascertained from reliable information that Spanish Florida, though pretending to be neutral, according to the stipulations of the treaty between the United States and Spain, was in fact a secret enemy of our Government and an aider and abettor of England. He was entirely satisfied that the Spanish Governor of Pensacola, Marequax, was a confederate of the British Government, if he was not actually in its employ. The fine harbor of Pensacola was the rendezvous of the British navy. The British Capt. Percy arrived there with his fleet of some eight ships, filled with soldiers under the command of Col. Nichol, who, by invitation, made the Governor's house his headquarters, and from the fort floated the British flag by the side of the Spanish flag. The forts of Florida were used as depositories for British arms and ammunition. The Creek Indians who fled to Florida, as well as the Seminoles, were enrolled as British soldiers, and armed and drilled to make war against the United States. Gen. Jackson kept an eye on the movements in and around Pensacola, and he finally sent a messenger to the Governor asking for an explanation of these acts of hostility towards our country. Instead of an explanation, an insulting answer was returned. This aroused all the fires in the old chieftain's breast. He had no instructions from his Government to resent this insolence and chastise the perpetrators of these acts of war. But he needed no such instructions; he always took the responsibility of doing what he believed to be right, especially if his own honor or that of his country demanded it, and then his action was prompt and decisive. There was no compromise in him; he never did things by halves; he always went in for a clean victory or a clean defeat. He never got mad either until there was no other alternative, and then he was more than a wild horse in a buggy; he was a tornado that swept along with

terrible and resistless fury, bearing down all opposition. He forthwith issued an order to his army to march to Pensacola, determined to make the Spanish authorities respect their obligations to this country, and also to teach the proud Britons a lesson they badly needed. His army then consisted of about three thousand men. Gen. Coffee had arrived with his Tennessee volunteers, and he had also received reinforcements from Mississippi and Louisiana. He knew that he could depend upon these men in an emergency, such as then presented itself, for many of them had given evidence of the possession of great courage on many a hotly-contested field. He therefore took up the line of march with entire confidence in his ability to dislodge the British, who were getting a firm foothold in that portion of Florida, preparatory to a descent upon the Gulf States. He arrived before Pensacola on the 6th of November, 1814, and took the town by storm on the 7th, capturing the forts in the harbor, with the exception of Barrancas, at the mouth of the bay, which was blown up by the British after they had escaped. Celerity of movement was important just then, and four days afterward (on the 11th) he was in Mobile with his army, ready to meet the British there.

Those who were present say that the old chieftain gave the Spanish Governor of Pensacola the most vigorous cursing they had ever heard one man give another. He was "terribly in earnest," and enforced his speech to that functionary in the most emphatic manner. It was "a setting down" the Governor never forgot, and he said afterwards that he would rather encounter a Bengal tiger than Gen. Jackson. When Jackson left, he said to him, "Now, sir, I have learned you a lesson how hereafter to behave yourself, and if I hear that you impugn my honor hereafter, or do anything detrimental to the interest of my country, I shall return and be upon you again, and hang you upon the first tree that may be most convenient!" They then parted, the Spaniard being glad that he had fared no worse. He was heard to remark that Gen. Jackson was the most ferocious animal that had ever attacked him. That was the last that was heard of Marequax during that war.

In the long wars between Spain and France and between England and France, privateer commissions were sold by those powers, and the Gulf of Mexico became the theater of a destruct-

ive war upon the commerce of the world, for very much of it was then carried in ships sailing under authority of these governments. The Bay of Barretarie afforded a safe harbor for the smaller class of vessels, but the larger ones could not enter it. This place became the headquarters of the licensed pirate. Jean Lafitte, a Frenchman, who was a blacksmith, a citizen of New Orleans, a man of undoubted courage, shrewd, sagacious, of great natural powers, was the chief of this band of "freebooters of the sea." At the head of a bold force, he succeeded in capturing many vessels with valuable cargoes, which were carried into Barretarie. To this point many traders of New Orleans resorted, and purchased from the pirates their spoils at low prices, and this trade laid the foundations of large estates. Lafitte covered over a multitude of his sins by the patriotism displayed by him in acquiring information and keeping his countrymen advised of the approach of the enemy's fleet, and the point of attack, which was New Orleans. Many circumstances exist which show that he was an incorruptible patriot, and a man of truth and honor. The enemy, appreciating the great importance of having accurate information in regard to the approaches to New Orleans, opened a correspondence with Lafitte, interviews were had, and large rewards were offered for the information they desired. Lafitte dallied with them, and obtained a knowledge of all their plans, without communicating to them any substantial information whatever. The information he thus obtained was communicated to the authorities at New Orleans, and was of essential service. Although many doubted his statements, such men as Edward Livingston, of New Orleans, who afterward became Secretary of State under President Jackson, believed in his patriotic intentions and fully trusted him. At this very time the brother of the pirate was captured and lay in irons in New Orleans, and the headquarters of Lafitte at Barretarie had been attacked by Commodore Patterson, and his establishment laid in ruins. Notwithstanding all this, Lafitte remained as true as steel to the cause of his adopted country, which shows that he was composed of the true metal and could not be corrupted. He wrote to Gov. Claiborne, of Louisiana, among other things, "This point in Louisiana, which I occupy, is of great importance to the country. I tender my services to defend it, and the only reward I ask is

that a stop be put to the persecution against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that has been done. I have sailed under the flag of Carthegeria, and my vessels are regular in that respect. If I could have brought my lawful prizes into the ports of this State, I should not have employed the illicit means that have caused me to be proscribed."

New Orleans, which is situated about sixty miles above the Balize, was the objective point of the great army and fleet of England. That place was to be captured, and to be made the headquarters of future operations against this country. The delta is the general emptying-place of the greatest river in the world, which washes half a continent. The country is a "dead level," and for thousands of years these washings from half a continent have compressed the limits of the Gulf coast. Sir Charles Lyall compute that at some period the Gulf coast was one hundred miles North of where it is now, and that the mouth of the Mississippi was near Baton Rouge. Parties who have bored the delta to the depth of six hundred feet, have found the trunks of trees at that depth that grew along the banks of the great river. But the British fleet had to enter the river's mouth sixty miles beyond New Orleans, and make their way up to the city through the danger that would beset them. The practiced eye of Livingston, and the good, practical sense of Gen. Jackson, aided by the light shed upon the matter through Lafitte's exertions, showed them that the approach of the British would be through the Bayou of St. John, which empties into Lake Ponchartrain seven miles from the city. The old pioneer and revolutionary soldier, Gen. James Winchester, who was in command of the small force left at Mobile, made a gallant defense of Fort Boyer, which lay at the straights of Mobile Bay, and prevented the landing of six British ships, which then hoisted sail for New Orleans.

Gen. Jackson arrived in New Orleans on the 2d of December, 1814. Mr. Livingston was made his chief aid. Gen. Carroll was ordered to move on New Orleans with his volunteer forces. Gov. Claiborne had convened the Legislature of Louisiana in extraordinary session. But dissensions and factions prevailed, and nothing was done for the defense of New Orleans; no money was apprioated nor forces raised. Louis Lavallier, chairman of

the committe of ways and means, says, in a report to the Legislature: "Are we always to see the several departments intrusted with our defense, languishing in inactivity which would be inexcusable even in time of peace? No proof of patriotism appears, but a disposition to avoid all expense, all fatigue. Nothing has yet been done. If the Legislature superadds its inaction to that of the community, capitulation, like that of Alexandria, must before long be the result of such culpable negligence." Never was a brave, patriotic General beset with so many difficulties in making a defense of a great city, and that, too, the emporium of the South-west. The forces at his command upon his arrival in New Orleans consisted of two half-filled newly raised regiments, numbering eight hundred men; Maj. Planche's noble battalion of volunteers, numbering five hundred; two regiments of State militia, badly armed; a battalion of free colored men; the entire force amounting to two thousand, with only two vessels of war and six gunboats on the lakes. More than half the population were dissatisfied, and desired to capitulate upon the arrival of the enemy. Gen. Jackson, however, was determined to defend the city at all hazards, and to strike the enemy with all the power and force he could command upon his approaching the city. The more effectually to carry out his purpose, he declared martial law, and issued an order that no one should leave the city without his permission, signed by himself or one of his staff. A committee of citizens waited on the General, and asked permission to carry their wives to Baton Rouge, when they would return and help fight the battle. Gen. Jackson replied with great vehemence, "No, by the eternal God, none should leave the city. The women must stay and abide the fate of the battle; that he had fought chickens, and he always found that the game cocks fought best in the presence of the hens."

Gen. Jackson put forth superhuman efforts in his preparations to successfully repel the enemy, and by his magnetic influence dispelled the consternation that had prevailed throughout the city, and imparted courage to those upon whom its defense and safety depended. On the 15th of December he issued a proclamation addressed to the citizens of New Orleans, saying, "The Major-General commanding has, with astonishment and regret, learned that great consternation and alarm pervade your city.

It is true, the enemy is on our coast, and threatens an invasion of our territory, but it is equally true, with union, energy, and the approbation of Heaven, we will beat him at every point his temerity may induce him to set foot on our soil." This bold and confident assurance had the desired effect. Confidence was restored and faction became powerless. About this time information was given by Maj. Vellum that the enemy had landed at his father's plantation, and was then within a few miles of the city. Gen. Coffee's brigade of Tennesseeans had arrived. Gen. Carroll had raised a large force of volunteers in Tennessee, and was descending the Mississippi with them in flatboats as rapidly as he could. Fortunately he fell in with a boat laden with arms for New Orleans, which enabled him to arm his men. Generals Thomas and Adair, with detachments of gallant Kentuckians, were likewise on the river, hurrying to the rescue of the imperiled city. They had neither arms, blankets, nor war supplies. Having been organized in great haste, and left as hastily, there was no time to procure these.

The British forces under Gen. Keen advanced upon the city with the view of giving the Americans battle. On the night of the 25th of December, the Caroline opened fire upon the advancing foe. This was the signal for action, and Gen. Jackson gave the command, "Forward." Soon the battle raged with terrible fury. The British column, largely reinforced, opened a galling fire upon Jackson's artillerymen and marines, causing the latter to waver and get into confusion, during which the British pressed the assault with vigor and came near capturing the guns of the demoralized Americans. The electric presence of Gen. Jackson was now felt where it was most needed, for he soon rallied the marines, drove back the enemy, and saved his guns. The fight had now become general, and through the darkness of the night the flash of the muskets gave the only light by which the enemy could be distinguished. Gradually the engagement assumed the character of a duel of squads and detachments, during which the armies got badly mixed up; so much so that the Americans frequently fired upon squads of their own troops by mistake, and the British did the same thing. Prisoners were taken and retaken by each party. No man knew what was taking place except that which occurred in his immediate presence. It was

indeed "confusion worse confounded." Notwsthstanding these disadvantages, the Americans were holding their own wonderfully. The enemy, astonished at the boldness and vigor with which their assault had been met, soon began to waver under a galling fire, and ultimately this wavering was converted into a flight, and Gen. Jackson was left in possession of the field. He determined to renew the fight the next day, but when the morning came, learning meantime that Gen. Keen had been heavily reinforced, he prudently came to the conclusion not to risk a battle in the open field, with only two thousand five hundred raw militia and volunteers pitted against six thousand well-disciplined English soldiers.

Gen. Jackson was determined to fortify the city with bales of cotton, extending from the river to the swamp. He seized a ship loaded with cotton, which he took to construct breastworks, together with other cotton from the city. It is said that Gen. Jackson took no rest, nor did he sleep until his fortification was completed on the 27th of December. Food was brought to him, which he ate while in the saddle, and without interfering with his duties. When his fortification was completed, a young speculator complained to the General that a part of his cotton had been taken, and pointed out some bales as belonging to him. Gen. Jackson promptly handed him a musket and told him he must defend his own cotton, and made him do it.

On the morning of the 28th of December, Gen. Packenham, with his subalterns Gens. Keen and Gibbs, commenced a movement upon the American lines with the intention of renewing the fight. An eye-witness who saw the veterans of the British army, as they were marching to the strains of soul-inspiring music, and with banners flying, said it was the most magnificent sight he ever beheld. It was the intention of Gen. Packenham to make the attack upon the American lines at a point covered by heavy guns, but the Louisiana, which was lying at anchor in the river, opened fire upon the advancing columns, causing the British to halt, and finally to retreat without any further demonstration. Gen. Packenham, having now seen the American lines and learned something of their strength, called a council of war, at which it was determined to carry the American position by regular approaches. The British army remained inactive until the 1st of

January, 1815. Meantime Gen. Jackson was busy strengthening his fortifications, and erecting a battery on the North side of the river. He added a new battery on his fortifications, and strengthened his lines where they were weak, and pushed them far into the swamp. The noise and movements in the enemy's lines on the last day of the year led Gen. Jackson to believe that he would be attacked early the next morning. New Year's day dawned upon a fog so dense that a man could discern nothing at a distance of twenty yards, and it did not disperse until towards ten o'clock. At a signal from the central battery of the enemy, the whole of their thirty pieces of cannon opened fire full upon the American lines, and the air was filled with the red glare and hideous scream of hundreds of congreve rockets. The British had ascertained the position of the headquarters of Gen. Jackson, upon which they turned their guns and riddled the building. During the first ten minutes of the fire, as many as one hundred balls struck the house, but, though some of the General's suite were covered with rubbish and dust, and Col. Butler was knocked down, they all escaped without a scratch. Capt. Humphey, who was known as "the right arm of the artillery," soon caught a glimpse of the British batteries, and adjusting a twelve-pounder with the utmost exactness, he quietly gave the order, "Let her off!" and then a furious broadside was poured into the British lines. For an hour and a half a fierce artillery duel was kept up. The British guns were well aimed, and did considerable execution on the American works, knocking cotton bales about considerably, and setting fire to some of the cotton, the smoke from which added to the denseness of that from the guns. Most of the enemy's balls, however, buried themselves harmlessly in the soft, elastic earth of the thick embankment. Toward noon the firing ceased and the smoke rolled away. The British had thrown up a breastwork composed of hogsheads of sugar, but it afforded very little protection, for the balls from the American guns went crashing through the hogsheads, killing many of those behind them. And now it was discovered that the British batteries were heaps of ruins, and the guns dismounted and broken by the terrible fire of the American batteries. "Never," says the author of "Jaekson and New Orleans," "was work more completely done—more perfectly finished and rounded off. Earth and heaven fairly shook with the pro-

longed shouts of the Americans over this spectacle. Still the remorseless artillerists would not cease their fire. The British infantry would now and then raise their heads and peep forth from the ditches in which they were so ingloriously ensconsed. The level plain presented but a few knolls or elevations to shelter them, and the American artillerists were as skillful as riflemen in picking off those who exposed ever so small a portion of their bodies." Nothing remained for the discomfited army but to make the best of their way to their old position; and so incessant was the American fire during the afternoon, that it was only when night spread her mantle over the plain that all the army succeeded in withdrawing.

Four or five days ensued during which the enemy made no demonstration on the American lines, and nothing occurred which gave the Americans a clue as to what would be the next move. Meantime Gen. Jackson had the cotton bales removed from his works, and their place supplied by the black and spongy soil of the delta, which was a perfect protection against the enemy's largest guns, the balls sinking into it out of sight without shaking the embankment, while the shells thus buried would not explode. The lines were strengthened in every part, and new cannon mounted upon them, and Jackson felt reasonably sure that his works were impregnable to the forces then menacing the emporium of the Southwest.

"On Wednesday morning, January 4th, the long-looked-for Kentuckians, two thousand two hundred and fifty in number, reached New Orleans. Seldom has a reinforcemet been so anxiously expected; never did the arrival of one create keener disappointment. They were so ragged that the men, as they marched shivering along the streets, were observed to hold together their garments with their hands to cover their nakedness; and, what was far worse, because beyond remedy, not one man in ten was well armed, and only one man in three had any arms at all. It was a bitter moment for Gen. Jackson when he heard this; and it was a bitter thing for those brave and devoted men, who had fondly hoped to find in the abundance of New Orleans an end of their exposure and destitution, to learn that the General had not a musket, a blanket, a tent, a garment, a rag, to give them. A body of Louisiana militia, too, who had arrived a day or two be-

fore from Baton Rouge, were in a condition only less deplorable. Here was a force of nearly three thousand men, every man of whom was pressingly wanted, paralyzed and useless from want of those arms that had been sent on their way down the river sixty days before. It would have fared ill, I fear, with the captain of that loitering boat, if he had chanced to arrive just then, for the General was wroth exceedingly. Up the river go new expresses to bring him down in irons. They bring him, at last, the astonished man, but days and days too late. The old soldiers of this campaign mention that the General's observations upon the character of the hapless captain, his parentage, and upon various portions of his mortal and immortal frame, was much too forcible for repetition in these piping times of peace."

Gen. Lambart had arrived from England with reinforcements and supplies for the British army, and being thus better prepared for an assault upon the American lines, Gen. Packenham determined to attack Gen. Jackson in the early morning of the 8th of January. He had the utmost confidence in his ability to carry Jackson's works. He believed that nothing could resist the calm and determined onset of the troops he led. The humor of his soldiers was somewhat after the same fashion, though some of his officers were not so sanguine. A little before dawn, Packenham commanded a rocket to be discharged as a signal to begin the assault on the left, and a few minutes later a second rocket whizzed aloft—the signal of attack on the right. About six o'clock both columns were marching at the steady, solid British pace to the attack. The American outposts ran in bearing their great news, and putting every man in the works intensely on the alert; each commander was anxious for the honor of first getting a glimpse of the foe, and opening fire upon him. One account says: "Lieut. Spotts, of battery number six, was the first man in the American lines who descried through the fog of that chill and misty morning the dim red lines of Gen. Gibbs' advancing column. The thunder of his great gun broke the dread stillness. Then there was silence again; for the shifted fog, or the altered position of the enemy, concealed him from view once more. The fog lifted again, and soon revealed both divisions, which seemed to cover two-thirds of the plain, and gave the Americans a repetition of the splendid military spectacle which they had witnessed on the 28th of De-

cember. Steadily and fast the column of Gen. Gibbs marched toward the batteries numbered six, seven, and eight, which played upon it, at first with but occasional effect, often missing, sometimes throwing a ball right into its midst, and causing it to reel and pause for a moment. Promptly were the gaps filled up; bravely the column came on. As they neared the lines the well-aimed shot made dreadful havoc, 'cutting great lanes in the column from front to rear,' tossing men and parts of men aloft, or hurling them far on one side. At length, still steady and unbroken, they came within range of the small arms, the rifles of Carroll's Tennesseeans, the muskets of Adair's Kentuckians, four lines of sharp-shooters, one behind the other. Gen. Carroll, coolly waiting for the right moment, held his fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word 'Fire!' At first with a certain deliberation, afterwards, in hottest haste, always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The summit of the embankment was a line of spurting fire, except where the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The column of Gen. Gibbs, mowed by the fire of the riflemen, still advanced in the face of that murderous, slaughtering fire. But this could not last, with half its number fallen, and all its commanding officers disabled except the General, its pathway strewed with dead and wounded, and the men falling ever faster and faster, the column wavered and reeled like a red ship on a tempestuous sea. At about a hundred yards from the American lines the front ranks halted, and so threw the column into disorder, Gibbs shouting in the madness of vexation for them to re-form and advance, but there was no re-forming under such a fire. Once checked, could not but break and retreat in confusion. Just as the troops began to falter, Gen. Packenham rode up from his post in the rear, and strove to restore them to order, and to urge them to a renewal of the attack. 'For shame,' said he, 'recollect that you are British soldiers. This is the road you ought to take!' pointing to the American lines. Riding on he was soon met by Gen. Gibbs, who reported that his troops would neither obey nor follow him. Taking off his hat, Gen. Packenham spurred his horse to the very front of the wavering column, amid a perfect torrent of rifle-balls, cheering on the troops by voice, by gesture, by example. At that moment a ball shattered his right arm, and it

fell powerless to his side. The next, his horse fell dead. His aid, Capt. McDougal, dismounted from his black Creole pony, and Packenham, apparently unconscious of his dangling arm, mounted again, and followed the retreating column, still calling upon them to halt and re-form. Once out of the reach of those terrible riflemen, the column halted and regained its self-possession, and prepared for a second and more resolute advance. They were encouraged, too, by seeing the Scotch Highlanders marching up in solid phalanx to their support with a front of a hundred men, their bayonets glittering in the sun, which had then begun to pierce the morning mist. Now for an irresistable onset! At a quicker step, with Gen. Gibbs on its right, Gen. Packenham on the left, the Highlanders, in clear and imposing view, the column again advanced into the fire. Oh! the slaughter that then ensued. There was one moment when that thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, poured its charge directly, at point-blank range, right into the head of the column, literally leveling it with the plain; laying low, as was afterwards computed, two hundred men." A British officer said that at this time the American lines presented the appearance of a row of fiery furnaces, so terribly hot was the fire that was being poured into the British column. Gen. Packenham was within three hundred yards of the American lines when he ordered up his reserve, and seeing the Highlanders advancing to the support of Gen. Gibbs, he cried out, "Hurrah! brave Highlanders!" A few moments afterwards he was killed by a grape-shot. Then quickly following Gen. Gibbs received his death-wound, while Col. Dale, of the Highlanders, fell at the head of his regiment. Maj. Creagh then took command of the Highlanders, who wavered not, but advanced steadily into the very tempest of leaden hail which Gen. Carroll's Tennessee riflemen were pouring into them, until they were within one hundred yards of the lines. There they halted and stood, a large and glittering target, until five hundred and forty-four of their number had fallen victims to the unerring aim of those terrible riflemen, when they broke and fled in horror and amazement to the rear. The column of Gen. Gibbs, after the fall of its gallant leader, made no further advance. Leaving heaps of slain behind them, they, too, forsook the bloody field, rushed in utter confusion out of the decimating fire, and took refuge at

the bottom of wet ditches and behind trees and bushes on the borders of the swamp. Thus it fared with the attack on the weakest part of the American lines. "Let us see what success rewarded the enemy's efforts against the strongest. Col. Rennie, when he saw the signal rocket ascend, pressed on to the attack with such rapidity that the American outposts along the river had to run for it—Rennie's vanguard close upon their heels. Indeed, so mingled seemed the pursuers and the pursued, that Capt. Humphrey had to withhold his fire for a few minutes for fear of sweeping down friend and foe. As the last of the Americans leaped down into the isolated redoubt, British soldiers began to mount its sides. A brief hand-to-hand conflict ensued within the redoubt between the party defending it and the British advance. In a surprisingly short time, the Americans, overpowered by numbers, fled across the plank, and climbed over into safety behind the lines. Then was poured into the redoubt a deadly and incessant fire, which cleared it of the foe in less time than it had taken them to capture it; while Capt. Humphrey, with his great guns, mowed down the still advancing column. Brief was the unequal contest. Flight, tumultuous flight—some running on the top of the levee, some under it, others down the road; while Patterson's guns on the other side of the river, played upon then with terrible effect." All now gave up the contest as hopeless, and rushed pell-mell out of the terrible storm of leaden hail that was decimating their ranks with fearful rapidity, leaving great heaps of dead and wounded behind them. All this occurred in the inconceivably short period of twenty-five minutes. But the firing did not cease for two or three hours afterwards. When the firing finally ceased, and the dense smoke rolled off, the whole army crowded to the parapet, and looked over into the field. "What a scene was gradually disclosed to them! That gorgeous and imposing military array, the two columns of attack, the Highland phalanx, the distant reserve, all had vanished like an apparition." Far away down the plain, the glass revealed a faint red line still receding. Nearer to the lines, says Nolte, "we could see the British troops concealing themselves behind the shrubbery, or throwing themselves into the ditches and gullies. In some of the latter, indeed, they lay so thickly that they were only distinguishable in the distance by

the white shoulder-belts, which formed a line along the top of their hiding place." Still nearer, the plain was covered and heaped with dead and wounded, as well as with those who had fallen paralyzed by fear alone. "I never had," said Gen. Jackson, "so grand and awful an idea of the resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat, I saw in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from the heaps of their dead comrades, all over the plain, rising up, and still more distinctly visible as the field became clearer, coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire upon them, without having received as much as a scratch, and lay prostrate, as if dead, until the close of the action." "The field," says Mr. Walker, "was so thickly strewn with the dead, that from the American ditch you could have walked a quarter of a mile to the front on the bodies of the killed and disabled. The space in front of Carroll's position, for an extent of two hundred yards, was literally covered with the slain. The course of the column could be distinctly traced in the broad red line of the victims of the terrible batteries and unerring guns of the Americans. They fell in their track: in some places whole platoons lay together, as if killed by the same discharge." The carnage was simply awful, the British loss amounting to seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred prisoners; while that of Gen. Jackson amounted to only eight killed and thirteen wounded. Col. James Lauderdale, of Sumner county, and Col. Henderson, of Rutherford, were among the slain.

The victory was won and Gen. Jackson was master of the situation—he had done what he came to New Orleans to do. Silence reigned over the bloody field where but a few hours before death had held high carnival, broken only by the moans of the wounded who had been left to their fate by their comrades when they sought safety in precipitate flight. It was a great victory—great in its results and great in the halo of glory with which it encircled the heroes of New Orleans and illustrated American valor. It has rendered the Eighth of January and the names of Gen. Jackson and his comrades in arms memorable forever.

Early in the defense of New Orleans, Gen. Jackson had put that city under martial law, nor did he revoke this order after the

great victory of the eighth of January. Martial law was continued until the official news of peace was received in New Orleans about the middle of March. Early in that month Gen. Jackson had Louis Louaillier, a citizen, arrested on the charge of "exciting to mutiny; general misconduct; being a spy; illegal and improper conduct; disobedience to orders; writing a willful and corrupt libel against the General; unsoldierly conduct; violation of a general order." Application was made to Judge Hall, of the United States District Court for a writ of *habeas corpus* to secure the release of Louaillier, and it was granted, but Gen. Jackson refused to obey it, and had Hall arrested and imprisoned with Louaillier in the same apartment in the barracks. Hall was subsequently sent beyond Jackson's military lines. Brief was the exile of the banished Judge, for the very next day (March 13) a courier arrived from Washington with a dispatch from the Government announcing the ratification of the treaty of peace. Martial law was abrogated, "and in order," concluded Gen. Jackson's proclamation, "that the general joy attending this event may extend to all manner of persons, the commanding General proclaims and orders a pardon for all military offenses heretofore committed in this district, and orders that all persons in confinement, under such charges, be immediately discharged." Judge Hall returned to his home, and a few days afterwards Gen. Jackson was cited to appear before the Judge and show cause "why an attachment should not be awarded against him for contempt of this court, in having disrespectfully wrested from the clerk aforesaid an original order of the honorable the Judge of this court, for the issuing of a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of a certain Louis Louaillier, then imprisoned by Major-General Andrew Jackson, and for detaining the same; also for disregarding the said writ of *habeas corpus*, when issued and served; in having imprisoned the honorable the Judge of this court; and for other contempts, as stated by the witnesses." On the 31st of March the Judge pronounced the judgment of the court, which was, "that Major-General Andrew Jackson do pay a fine of one thousand dollars to the United States." Gen. Jackson promptly paid the fine, refusing the proffer of a number of patriotic citizens to pay it, and thus the offended majesty of the law was supposed to be avenged.

Here I close my rapid sketch of Gen. Jackson's campaigns, which added so much to the glory of our arms, and gave us a proud place among the nations of the earth. For the facts, the foundation of this sketch, I am indebted to Gen. Jackson himself, to many of those who fought under his standard, and to our best historians.

GEN. JACKSON'S DUEL WITH SAMUEL DICKINSON.

The following account of the duel between Gen. Jackson and Samuel Dickinson in 1806, appeared in the *St. Louis Republican* more than seven years ago, and substantially agrees in its details with the accounts of that affair current here in Tennessee more than fifty years ago:

"The love of Andrew Jackson for Rachel Robards cost Charles Dickinson his life. This love was not the least remarkable feature of one of the most remarkable characters that has ever figured in American annals; and it lent a hue of almost romantic tenderness, and more than chivalric devotion, to the career of a man whose impress upon the nation is yet broad and deep, and who, perhaps, as much as any other, has infused his own individuality into its politics, and by the force of his single will consolidated the power and influence of the republic, and shaped its destinies. A strange, wonderful love, which began in early manhood, and continued unchanged and unchangeable through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, adversity and prosperity, trial and triumph, obscurity and fame, until death. Never for a single moment, or in the smallest possible degree, did Jackson swerve in his allegiance to the bride of his youth; and whether in the humble log cabin on the banks of Bayou Pierre, where the honey-moon was passed, or in those gilded saloons where the most brilliant beauties of the land thronged around the hero of New Orleans, and vied with each other for the honor of a presidential smile, he was the same ardent, enthusiastic admirer, the same fond, idolatrous husband. To him this woman in girlhood and in old age, was the queen of his soul, the only one human being on the face of the earth whose faintest wish was to him supreme law. A look from her would check the fiercest torrent of passion; a smile was his richest reward. Life lost all its charms when she had vanished from the scene, and he said upon

his death bed to a friend, who leaned over to catch the gasping whisper, 'Heaven will be no Heaven to me unless I meet my wife there.' From the day of his great bereavement he wore next to his heart a large miniature of the departed one, and a companion who traveled with him during his presidency, relates that on a certain occasion, when he was obliged to visit the General's room late at night, he found him sitting at the table with this miniature lying before him, reading his wife's Bible with streaming eyes. He sleeps to-day beside her at the Hermitage, amid those scenes consecrated by their mutual love, and where the hours seemed ages when death had stolen her away. Benton's tribute to Mrs. Jackson must be reproduced here:

"'The Roman General won immortality by one act of continence. What praise is due to Jackson, whose whole life was continent? Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection to his wife, always increasing in proportion as his elevation and culminating influence drew cruel attacks upon her. I knew her well, and that a more exemplary woman in all the relations of life, wife, friend, neighbor, relation, mistress of slaves, never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful, and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one, and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners, and hospitable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made home more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropiately, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention any more than the titled gentlemen to her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her affectionately, "Aunt Rachel." I was young then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections and to cherished convictions, in this last notice of the Hermitage, to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its long mistress, the loved and honored wife of a great man.

Her greatest eulogy is the affection which he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead.'

"Col. Benton alludes to the attacks made upon Mrs. Jackson's character, and as these attacks were the primal cause of the tragedy we are about to relate, it is necessary to give the origin of them brief notice. Mrs. Jackson was a Miss Donelson, and her first husband was one Lewis Robards. They did not live happily together, and the fault is ascribed by those who knew them intimately at the time, to the ungovernable temper of Robards. The couple separated some time in the year 1788, but through the interposition of friends were temporarily reunited a few months later. Jackson and his life-time associate, Judge John Overton, were boarders in the family, and the former manifested great sympathy for a woman whom he deemed sadly misused; but this sympathy never carried him beyond the bounds of the strictest decorum. In the winter or spring of 1791, Mrs. Robards finally resolved to leave her husband entirely, and take up her residence with some relatives then living in the vicinity of Natchez. The voyage had to be made in a flatboat, and Col. Stark, a venerable and highly esteemed old gentleman, who was to accompany the lady on the journey, was unwilling to risk alone the perils of hostile Indians who infested the banks of the river, and after much persuasion induced Jackson to join the party. He went to Natchez accordingly, returning immediately, and resumed his law practice at Nashville. Meanwhile Robards, anxious to rid himself of an uncongenial companion, procured a divorce from the Virginia Legislature; but this divorce was, by a provision of the statute, left inoperative and void until such time as the courts should examine into the matter and render a decree. This provision, it seems, was known to but very few, so scanty was the stock of legal knowledge in those days; and Jackson and Mrs. Robards, believing that the legislative enactment had consummated the divorce, were married in the fall of 1791. Two years afterward, Robards commenced a suit for divorce in Mercer county, Kentucky, court, and alleged as a cause the fact that his wife was then, and had been for some time previous, living with Jackson. The announcement of this suit and its termination, was the first intimation which the pair received that their union was illegal. Nothing could then be done except to put an

end to any future doubts by repeating the marriage ceremony, which was performed for the second time in January, 1794. This innocent error would have been forgotten entirely had Andrew Jackson remained a poor, unknown backwoods politician; but as he advanced from one position to another, became the military idol of the country, the chosen chief of a great and victorious party, his enemies seized upon the story, manufactured from it a tissue of vilest falsehood, and used it to blacken the name of a spotless woman, and injure the character of a man who, in this respect at least, was the incarnation of virtue.

"These slanders, it is thought, hastened the death of Mrs. Jackson, and they certainly roused all the devil in her husband's nature. He could and would forgive all else when the heat of passion had passed away, but this was an unpardonable sin, one which nothing but the blood of the transgressor could wipe out. Andrew Jackson killed Samuel Dickinson, and meant to kill him, and never repented of killing him, because Dickinson had, on more than one occasion, dared to belie her whom Jackson loved better than he did his own soul.

"But this was not the apparent cause of the duel, and the disagreement which led the way to the fatal meeting originated in a horse-race that was never run. In 1805 Jackson was the owner of the celebrated horse Truxton, and in the autumn of that year a match was made between the General's famous stallion and Capt. Joseph Ervin's Plow Boy. The stakes were $2,000, payable on the day of the race in notes, which notes were to be then due. The forfeit was fixed at $800. Before the appointed day the owner of Plow Boy concluded to withdraw from the contest, and did so, paying the stipulated forfeit; and here it was supposed the matter would end. But about this time Dickinson, the son-in-law of Capt. Ervin, and a young lawyer of considerable prominence and popularity, was reported to have made some ungentlemanly remarks concerning Mrs. Jackson, which reached the ears of her husband. He immediately called upon Dickinson and demanded an explanation. The latter stated that if he had ever been guilty of the charges imputed to him, it must have been when intoxicated; and this apology, together with other assurances, seemed to entirely satisfy Jackson, who, with all his fiery temper, was never mean or malicious in his wrath. Soon

after this, it is said that Dickinson repeated his previous language in the bar-room of a tavern in Nashville. Some busy tale-bearer conveyed the news to Jackson, who then went to Capt. Ervin and urged him to dissuade his son-in-law from the course he was pursuing, and by all means to induce him to abandon liquor, or guard his tongue after drinking it. 'I want no quarrel with him,' said Jackson; 'he is used by my enemies in Nashville, who are setting him on to pick a quarrel with me. Advise him to stop in time.' But Dickinson did not 'stop in time,' and the animosity between the two men grew stronger, and each waited impatiently for an excuse to vent it in something more desperate than words. The excuse came through the medium of the exploded horse-race. Some controversy had sprung up in relation to the notes turned over for the forfeit money; Jackson was accused of having said that they were not the same as those agreed upon when the match was made. He denied the report with characteristic emphasis, and forthwith received a message from Mr. Thomas Swann, a friend of Capt. Ervin and Mr. Dickinson, requesting a recantation of the expressions used, and intimating that if this was not promptly given he must take the consequences. Jackson saw through what he believed to be the plot of the Dickinson clique, and in his reply to Swann used the following language:

"'There are certain traits that always accompany the gentleman and man of truth. The moment he hears harsh expressions applied to a friend, he will immediately communicate it, that explanation may take place; when the base paltroon and cowardly tale-bearer will always act in the background. You can apply the latter to Mr. Dickinson, and see which best fits him. I write it for his eye, and the latter I emphatically intend for him.'

"Swan challenged Jackson, and the latter—as he had previously announced his intention of doing—declined the challenge, and caned the challenger in the public room of a Nashville hotel. But the letter from which we have given an extract was, of course, shown to Dickinson, who responded promptly in a sharp epistle ending thus:

"'As to the word *coward*, I think it is as applicable to yourself as to anybody I know, and I shall be very glad, when an opportunity serves, to know in what manner you give your "an-

odines," and hope you will take in payment one of my most moderate cathartics.'

"By the time this belligerent message had reached Jackson, the author was on his way down the river to New Orleans, and the story says that although Dickinson was then considered the best shot in Tennessee, he spent his leisure time during the long trip in practicing with the pistol. Meanwhile Jackson engaged in a long newspaper controversy with Mr. Swann, in the course of which he did not hesitate to reiterate his opinions concerning Dickinson. The latter was absent from Tennessee four months, and immediately upon his return prepared an article for the press in response to Jackson's reflections. Before this article appeared, Gen. Thomas Overton, a warm personal friend of Jackson, heard of it, and conveyed the information to the individual most interested. Jackson requested Overton to go at once to the newspaper office, read Dickinson's manifesto, and tell him the purport thereof. Overton did as desired, and reported as follows: 'It is a piece that can't be passed over. Gen. Jackson, you must challenge him.' To which the other replied, 'General, this is an affair of life and death. I'll take the responsibility myself. I'll see the piece and form my own judgment of it.' Mounting his horse, he rode twelve miles to Nashville, saw the article, and made up his mind at once. Indeed, there was no alternative left but an ignominious retreat or a fight, for Dickinson had used the following very plain English:

"'Should Andrew Jackson have intended to apply these epithets to me, I declare him, notwithstanding he is Major-General of militia of Mero district, to be a worthless scoundrel, a poltroon, and coward.'

"In an hour Jackson had written and sent by the hand of Gen. Overton a peremptory challenge, and before the day ended Dickinson's note of acceptance was received, and the seconds began the necessary preliminaries; Gen. Overton acting for Jackson, and Dr. Hanson Catlet for Dickinson. These preliminaries are worth reproduction, as a souvenir of the times when the code of honor was a recognized and respected feature of American society.

"'On Friday, May 30, 1806, we agree to meet at Harrison's Mills, on Red river, in Logan county, State of Kentucky; and

it is understood that the hour of meeting is to be at seven o'clock in the morning. It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet, the parties to stand facing each other with their pistols down perpendicularly. When they are ready, the single word fire is to be given, at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given, we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word to be determined by lot; also the choice of positions. We mutually agree that the above regulations shall be observed in the affair of honor depending between Gen. Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq.'

"The place of combat was a long day's ride from Nashville, and the duelists were, consequently, obliged to start twenty-four hours previous. Dickinson, besides his second, was accompanied on the fatal journey by a number of gay companions who went out to see the meeting, and appeared to have cherished the utmost confidence in the prowess of their friend. Tradition states that whenever the party stopped for refreshment, Dickinson displayed his skill with his weapon by shooting at a mark, and so wonderfully accurate was his aim, that at the word of command he put four balls into a space covered by a dollar twenty-four feet distant. At the same distance he repeatedly cut a small string suspended from a bough, and then left it behind with instructions to the tavern keeper to show it to Gen. Jackson if he came that way. It is also said that he bet five hundred dollars he would hit his enemy within a half-inch of a certain button on his coat. But whether these stories are true or false, we know that Jackson and Overton were employing themselves, as they rode along, much more sensibly. Both were conscious that it was indeed to be a life-and-death affair, and they studied the situation accordingly. Their deliberations resulted in Jackson's determination to let Dickinson have the first fire, and take his chances for the second. He felt perfectly confident that Dickinson would hit him, and equally confident that he would hit Dickinson. 'I should have hit him,' said this iron man long afterward, 'if he had shot me through the brain.' The two parties passed the night at different cabins on the bank of the river, and Jackson is reported to have eaten a hearty supper, smoked his usual pipe, and indulged in cheerful conversation previous to re-

tiring. Next morning before breakfast Jackson and his friends were in the saddle, and, fording the shallow stream, proceeded to the appointed spot, a level piece of river bottom in the bosom of a forest of poplar trees. Dickinson was equally prompt, and after exchanging the usual salutations, business went forward at once. The ground was measured, pegs driven, the men placed, the pistols loaded, and all was ready but the word. The giving of this had been won by Overton, and he shouted it out with the strong, old country accent—'FERE!' Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired on the instant. The dust flew from the breast of the loose fitting frock which Jackson wore, and he was seen to place his left arm with a tight grip across the chest; but he neither staggered nor turned pale. Dickinson, amazed at the sight of his foe still erect and apparently untouched, fell back from the peg a pace or two and exclaimed, 'Great God! have I missed him?' 'Back to the mark, sir!' said Overton, with his hand on his pistol. Dickinson resumed his place at once, and stood firmly waiting the result. Jackson raised his weapon, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. It stopped at half cock. He cocked again, again aimed as deliberately as before, and this time the ringing crack followed, and Dickinson, reeling toward the ground, was caught by his friends and supported against a clump of underbrush. His lower garments reddened with blood, and a brief examination showed that the ball had passed directly through the body below the hips, and lodged under the skin on the opposite side from the point of entrance. Such a wound could have but one termination, and Dickinson, after suffering terribly all day, died at nine o'clock the same evening. As Jackson and his companions walked away from the spot, the surgeon noticed the blood oozing from his shoes. 'My God, Gen. Jackson, are you hit?' He exclaimed, 'Oh! I believe that he has pricked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it there,' pointing to the house they were then approaching. Why he was so particular to conceal his wound from outsiders, is explained by a friend, to whom Jackson afterward said, 'I did not want him (Dickinson) to have even the gratification of knowing that he had touched me.' Drinking a deep draught of buttermilk, he had his wound dressed, and was able to ride home without much difficulty; but three months elapsed before he could

move about comfortably, and the indirect consequences filled his closing years with pain, and at last laid him in his grave. The dueling pistols used on the occasion Jackson never parted with; and in his last days a friend calling upon him took up one of the pair which lay on the mantel. The old man remarked quietly, 'That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson.' So Aaron Burr would now and then say with a smile, 'My friend Hamilton, whom I shot.'"

About two years ago a Kentucky correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* furnished that paper an account of this duel, which agrees substantially with that of the *St. Louis Republican*, but it contains some facts and points not brought out by the *Republican*, and for that reason I make the following extracts from the communication to the *Commercial:*

"The duel between Jackson and Dickinson took place on Friday, the 28th of May, 1806, on Red river, in Logan county, Ky. It grew out of a dispute concerning a horse-race which had been arranged between Gen. Jackson and Capt. Joseph Erwin, the father-in-law of Dickinson, who was also interested. All the parties resided in or about Nashville, Tenn. For some reason the race did not come off, and Erwin paid the forfeit. Shortly afterward Gen. Jackson heard that Dickinson had, on the day of the expected race, indulged in some disparaging allusions toward Mrs. Jackson. Parton, in his account of the duel in the 'Life of Jackson,' does not explain the nature of these allusions, but I have been informed by a relative of Mrs. Jackson, a gentleman of high character, still living, that she was present, in her carriage, on the track, to witness the race, and when the forfeit was declared, she remarked, with an air of pardonable exultation, to some of her friends, that 'Truxton (the General's horse) would have left Plowboy (Capt. Erwin's horse) out of sight.' This was repeated to Dickinson, who, being somewhat excited by his losses, and probably under the influence of liquor, rejoined, 'Yes, about as far out of sight as Mrs. Jackson left her first husband when she ran away with the General.'

"It is here necessary to explain that Mrs. Jackson, *nee* Donelson, had first married a Mr. Robards, of Mercer county, Kentucky. The marriage proved unhappy, and a separation ensued, Mrs. Robards returning to her parental home in Tennessee.

After some time it was reported and generally believed that Robards had applied to the Legislature of Virginia, of which Kentucdy was then a part, for a divorce, on the ground of his wife's abandonment, and that it had been granted. Feeling at liberty to form another alliance, Mrs. Robards married Jackson, then a rising young lawyer of Nashville. It subsequently transpired, however, that the divorce had not been granted, but the Virginia Legislature had merely passed a bill empowering the Kentucky courts, upon proper proof, to grant it. Robards delayed any further action for several years, and not until after the second marriage of Mrs. Robards, when he filed a petition in the Mercer County Court asking for a divorce on the ground of her 'living in adultery with one Andrew Jackson,' and upon this ground the divorce was allowed. 'And thus,' says the biographer of Jackson, 'the most chaste of women and one of the few irreproachable public men of his day, are recorded adulterers.'

"When Dickinson's remark on the race track was repeated to Jackson he immediately called upon him, and inquired if he had made it. Dickinson replied that he might have done so, but if he had he must have been drunk, and apologized. This removed all ill-feeling on the part of Jackson, and they separated in a friendly manner. Unfortunately, Dickinson was too much in the habit of getting drunk and losing the control of his tongue. Shortly afterwards, in a tevern in Nashville, he again spoke slightingly of Mrs. Jackson, and the circumstance was duly conveyed to her husband. There is the authority of the late General Houston for saying that Jackson called upon Captain Erwin, and advised him to exert his influence with his son-in-law, and induce him to restrain his speech and comport himself like a getleman in his cups. 'I wish no quarrel with him,' said he, 'but he is used by my enemies, who are urging him to pick a quarrel with me. Advise him to stop.' From this time forward there was no good will between the two men, and the sense of resentment in Jackson's bosom needed but a spark to kindle into a consuming blaze. He was at this period one of the most conspicuous characters of Tennessee. He had served in Congress, both as Representative and Senator; had been a Supreme Judge of the State, and was then Major General of its militia. He was in his fortieth year. Dickinson was much younger, scarcely twenty-five, a law-

yer by profession, of good family and connections, somewhat dissipated in his habits, and rather reckless when under the influence of drink. He was reputed to be the best shot in Tennessee.

"There was at the time another young attorney in Nashville, an intimate friend of Dickinson, who had recently emigrated from Virginia, Thomas Swann by name. It happened that he was concerned in some way in the Jackson-Erwin horse race. He held a conversation with the former touching the settlement of the forfeit, which he undertook to relate to Dickinson. Jackson was asked for an explanation of something he was alleged to have stated to Swann. He did it very promptly by pronouncing Swann 'a d—d liar.' The latter demanded a retraction of the offensive epithet, with the intimation that a challenge would follow a refusal. Jackson declined to retract, and informed Swann that if he challenged him he would cane him. The challenge was sent to him at once. It has been preserved, and is unique in its way:

"'Gen. Andrew Jackson: Think not that I am to be intimidated by your threats. No power terrestrial shall prevent the settled purpose of my soul. The statement that I have made is substantially correct. The torrent of abusive language with which you have assailed me is such as every gentleman should blush to hear; your menaces I set at defiance, and now demand of you that reparation which one gentleman is entitled to receive of another. My friend, the bearer of this, is authorized to make complete arrangements for the field of honor.'

"Gen. Jackson kept his word, and on receipt of this message politely 'caned' Mr. Swann. From the beginning Jackson had suspected that Dickinson was at the bottom of his trouble with Swann, and he did not hesitate to say so. In the course of his correspondence with the latter he denounced a certain 'base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer who always acts in the dark,' and and added: 'You can apply the latter to Mr. Dickinson. * * * Mr. Dickinson has given you the information the subject of your letter. In return and in justice to him I request you to show him this. I set out in the morning for South West Point. Should anything herein contained give Mr. Dickinson the spleen, I will furnish him with an anodyne as soon as I return.'

* * * * * * * * *

"'Dickinson's aim,' says Parton, 'had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating, but the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive him, the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast-bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous.'

"Dickinson died that night.

"In this duel it is plain to be seen, from a careful consideration of the circumstances above narrated, though the truth does not appear to have reached the apprehension of Gen. Jackson's biographer, that Dickinson was outwitted by his older and more experienced antagonist. Advantage was taken of the very fact of his being a 'dead shot,' and of his perfect confidence in his skill with the pistol. His avowed purpose was to shoot Jackson through the heart, and he felt absolutely sure of doing this. In what manner his object was defeated Mr. Parton unconsciously discloses. He aimed 'precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating, but the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat' combined 'to deceive' him. Admitting the morality of private combat as of public war, such strategy, under the circumstances, can not be regarded as unjustifiable. The late Gen. Sam. Dale, who was intimate with Jackson, has been frequently heard to say that Dickinson's fatal mistake was in not aiming at Jackson's head instead of his heart. Parton is in error when he states that Jackson's wound was 'neither severe nor dangerous.' It confined him to his room for several weeks, and it healed falsely. Twenty years after it broke out afresh, and troubled him for the remainder of his life. The pulmonary affection which finally carried him to his grave is attributed to that wound.

"Jackson never exhibited the slightest compunction for the part he took in this bloody affair. He very rarely alluded to it, but when he did it was always with perfect complacency. It is told of him that a gentleman was once examining his dueling pistols. Taking up one of them the General quietly remarked, 'That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson.'"

REMARKS.

Gen. W. G. Harding, of Belle Meade, near Nashville, in a letter to Col. J. Geo. Harris, states that in a conversation with Gen.

Jackson not long before his death, the latter expressed his sincere regret that Charles Dickinson had many years before fallen by his hand in a duel. He declared that when he went upon the ground his mind was made up, and he had determined in his heart not to fire upon Dickinson; that he was really frightened, for he expected to be killed, as Dickinson was known to be what was called a "dead shot," while he himself was not expert with the pistol; and that he had no doubt that Dickinson's fire would be quick, true, and fatal. He had, therefore, resolved to fire into the air; but under the impulse of the belief that he was mortally wounded by Dickinson's quick and true shot, he instantly but deliberately fired and his antagonist fell; and he said to Gen. Harding, "No event of my life, sir, have I regretted so much." Gen. Harding's letter provoked a good deal of newspaper comment in Kentucky, Missouri, and Ohio, and an attempt was made by reference to Parton's Life of Jackson, to the acrimonious correspondence between the belligerents preceding the duel, and to what was publicly said and done at Nashville by them and their friends, to show that the delarations of Gen. Jackson to Gen. Harding could not be relied upon.

The true history of the duel between Jackson and Dickinson, the causes that led to it, and the intention of both parties in going upon the field, is given by the *St. Louis Republican* as they were then and subsequently for years understood and accepted. My own recollection of the sayings and opinions of Jackson's friends and neighbors at the time always impressed me with the belief that he went out with Dickinson intending to fire upon him. Such was certainly the popular belief here where the affair attracted the largest share of attention and comment. Still no earthly power could see into or know the inner purposes of his heart, and the matter may, perhaps, be reconciled and explained upon the basis of the conversation between Gen. Jackson and Gen. Harding. That Gen. Jackson sometimes spoke of the deed without any apparent contrition; that he even said to a friend who was looking at his pistols in after years, that it was with one of them he had shot Dickinson; that the offense of Dickinson was a disrespectful allusion to his wife, an offense that he always considered unpardonable; that the published correspondence with Dickinson evinced great desire for mortal combat—all these con-

siderations, in view of the necessities of the times requiring him to bear himself manfully through the quarrel, may not be accepted, under the circumstances, as conclusive proof that he had not determined to fire into the air. It should not be forgotten that at the time of this conversation with Gen. Harding, Gen. Jackson was not far from three score and ten; that he had retired to the Hermitage to enjoy the peace and quiet of private life; that he had become a devoted member of the Church, and had built a little meeting-house on his own grounds, where he met his neighbors and servants every Sabbath to worship; and that, when looking back over his eventful life, he would be very likely to remember the motives which had governed him in every important act of his life, and to freely express penitence for those acts which his heart in its renewed state disapproved. We may, therefore, accept his declarations to Gen. Harding as the true history of that sad affair, so far as it relates to his determination before going upon the ground, and his great regret in after years over its fatal termination.

This was not the first duel in which Gen. Jackson was engaged. He learned a highly important lesson when he first came to the bar at Jonesboro, in this State, from old Col. Waightstill Avery, the first Attorney General for North Carolina after the formation of the Federal Union. Having completed his law studies with Spruce McKay, Esq., at Salisbury, young Jackson determined that he would seek his fortune in the new settlements West of the mountains, in the territory now embraced in the State of Tennessee. Leaving Salisbury, he came to Morganton, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, in Burke county, and there spent a week with the venerable Waightstill Avery, who had been the master spirit of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and was then regarded as the patriarch of the North Carolina bar. He was entertained in the most cordial and pleasant manner at Swan Ponds, Col. Avery's country seat, and while dispensing his hospitality to his guest, Col. Avery encouraged him in the determination he had formed of crossing the mountains to Jonesboro, about sixty-five miles distant, where a court had just been established for the convenience of those citizens who had settled in the far western wilds of North Carolina. Setting out from Morganton and following the devious pathways, the blazes on trees, and

other landmarks described to him by Col. Avery, young Jackson reached Jonesboro and located there as a lawyer. He had come by the advice of his friend to grow up with this new western country, and he set about the work before him with a determination to succeed.

At a court in Jonesboro a short time after his arrival, at which the Attorney General was present, it so happened that Col. Avery and Jackson were opposing counsel in the same case. The young lawyer had spoken on behalf of his client in a style somewhat sophomoric, when the venerable Attorney General replied in a spirit of pleasantry and ridicule, at which the youth was so much incensed that he tore a fly-leaf from his law-book upon which he wrote a challenge, inviting the old gentleman to mortal combat upon the spot. Although Col. Avery was born in Connecticut, and was a lineal descendant of the Puritans, those were times upon the frontier when challenges could not be declined with impunity. Calling Gen. Adair to his side, Col. Avery directed him to at once make the necessary arrangements for the fight with pistols in an old field back of the court-house, as soon as the case then pending should go to the jury. Just before sunset the parties met on the appointed ground, the distance was measured and other preliminaries made that are usual on such occasions. The parties took their positions and the word was given, when young Jackson fired, his ball just grazing the ear of Col. Avery. The old gentleman then raised his pistol over his head and fired into the air, after which he approached his young antagonist, and in a pleasant, smiling manner, commended his bravery, and gave him a lecture on the etiquette of the bar which he never forgot, telling him how unfortunate it was to have a too hasty temper, how many unpleasant difficulties it might lead him into, and how essential it was to his success as a lawyer that he should never take personal exception to the method and manner of opposing counsel in court, and assured him of his personal respect and kind wishes. Gen. Jackson cordially accepted the extended hand of friendship from Col. Avery, and it was agreed by both parties that nothing should be said about what had taken place there. While Gen. Jackson was President of the United States, a Northern kinsman of Col. Avery heard him say that he entertained more profound reverence for the memory of Waight-

still Avery than for that of any man he had ever known. Is it not fairly supposable that the example of Col. Avery in the affair at Jonesboro exerted a controlling influence, years afterwards, in forming the heart's resolve which Gen. Jackson assured Gen. Harding he had made before going upon the field with Dickinson?

The challenge which Gen. Jackson sent to Col. Avery, written upon a blank leaf of his law-book, is in the possession of the latter's grand daughter in North Carolina. Many of Col. Avery's descendants reside in East Tennessee. Most of his grandsons fell in our civil war as officers in the Confederate army. Mrs. Key, the accomplished wife of the Postmaster General, who was a Miss Lenoir, is one of his granddaughters.

DISSOLUTION OF JACKSON'S CABINET—THE EATON SCANDAL.

Gen. Jackson's first Cabinet consisted of Martin Van Buren, of New York, Secretary of State; Samuel D. Ingram, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, Secretary of War; John Branch, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; William T. Barry, of Kentucky, Post-Master General; and John MacPherson Berrien, of Georgia, Attorney General. Maj. Eaton was what we call in Tennessee a second-rate lawyer; a polite, courteous gentleman, a good artist, but had nothing of the great man about him. He had acquired some local political reputation, and was a United States Senator from Tennessee at the time of his appointment to a position in Gen. Jackson's Cabinet. Gen. Jackson was his friend, and was blind to his faults, if he had any. He never gave up or abandoned a friend, and but seldom forgave an enemy, and he showed this trait in a marked degree in the case of Maj. Eaton. Gen. Jackson had determined to make Eaton Secretary of War, and he did so in opposition to the advice and urgent protests of some of his best friends, who anticipated want of harmony in the Cabinet growing out of a delicate question as to the character of Maj. Eaton's wife. When Maj. Eaton came to Washington as a Senator of the United States in 1818, he took board at a large old-fashioned tavern kept by Wm. O'Neal, where members of Congress in considerable numbers boarded, and he continued to reside there every winter for ten years. Here he became acquainted with the daughter of Mr. O'Neal, who subsequently

married a Mr. Timberlake, a wealthy purser in the Navy. Some years after this marriage, Mr. Timberlake died of asthma at Port Mahon, in the Mediterranean. Mrs. Timberlake was a gay, sprightly, talented woman; highly accomplished and fascinating, and was what may be called rather "fast." She so bore herself as to become a target for prudish gossips. At first there were sly insinuations in bated breath that she was "no better than she ought to be;" and of course the envious took up these hints and insinuations and made the most of them. Maj. Eaton, who had become a widower, was much impressed by her charms and imposing address, her brilliant wit and dashing manner, and finally wooed and won her, and they were married in January, 1829, a few weeks before Gen. Jackson arrived in Washington to enter upon the duties of the presidency. Mrs. Eaton was tabooed and "society" cut her on all occasions. The *ton* neither visited her nor returned her calls, and this extended to the wives of certain members of the new Cabinet, who would not recognize her in any way. The very condition of affairs that was apprehended by those who opposed the appointment of Maj. Eaton had actually occurred. The Cabinet was divided upon this delicate question. The President and Van Buren and Barry espoused the cause of Mrs. Eaton, while Ingham, Branch, and Berrien, led by Vice President Calhoun, were arrayed against her. Gen. Jackson firmly believed that a conspiracy existed, headed by Mr. Calhoun, to ruin the character of Mrs. Eaton. He had thoroughly investigated all the charges against her, and he declared that he believed and had a right to believe that she was "a much injured woman, and more virtuous than some of her enemies." He took up the cudgels in her defense with an earnestness and a will that showed he believed what he declared her to be, a virtuous woman. The situation of Maj. Eaton was embarrassing and most painful. This unhappy state of affairs continued for a period extending over two years. Month after month had passed without exchanging a word with those members of the Cabinet whose wives refused to recognize his, except on official business. This feud was aggravated and fanned into a white heat by the discovery by Gen. Jackson that Mr. Calhoun, while Secretary of War under President Monroe, was hostile to him, and had voted in a Cabinet council in favor of his arrest and trial for the invasion of Florida

and the capture of the Spanish Governor of that territory, and the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, during his Indian campaign in 1818. Gen. Jackson had previously understood that it was Mr. Crawford who had urged his arrest and trial in a council of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet. But now he had learned beyond all question that it was Mr. Calhoun. This led to an angry correspondence between him and Mr. Calhoun, which was afterwards published by the latter in a pamphlet, with a preface justifying his course. This aroused all the fires in the breast of Old Hickory. From that date they became implacably hostile toward each other, and went down to their graves without becoming reconciled. The members of the Cabinet whose wives had treated Mrs. Eaton with so much and marked disrespect, were the friends and political allies of Mr. Calhoun, and the President was thoroughly aroused by the publication of Mr. Calhoun and the attitude which had been assumed toward Mrs. Eaton, and he raged like a lion. In the language of Mrs. Eaton, Gen. Jackson "had felt the poison of the slander in his own home," hence his determination to follow to the end the evil traducers of Mrs. Eaton's good repute. Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was commissioned to wait upon the refractory Secretaries and urge them to induce their wives to return the calls of Mrs. Eaton and invite her to their parties. They replied that in all matters of official business, they felt themselves bound to maintain an open, frank, harmonious intercourse with the gentlemen with whom they were associated. As to the family of Maj. Eaton, they would not say anything to aggravate the difficulties under which he labored, and would observe a silence in regard to the reports about his wife; that the society of Washington was liberally organized; that there was but one circle into which every person of respectable character, disposed to be social, was readily admitted; that they had no right to exert official power to regulate social intercourse; that Mrs. Eaton was not received by Washington society, and it did not become them to force her upon it, and the President had no right to force them or society to receive her; that they left it to their own families to regulate their social intercourse, without interference from any quarter. Affairs remained in this condition for a considerable time. The time-honored Cabinet councils were seldom held, and at length were entirely discontinued. Touch-

ing this Eaton muddle, it would perhaps have been better had Gen. Jackson and the Cabinet officers observed the advice given by the old "'oman," Mrs. Lubins, to Paul Clifford upon his going forth into the world. "See here, my son," she said, "be careful to have nothing to do with quarrels about 'omen. For men to take up sticks to quarrel about 'omen, they do not know the things they quarrels about."

The clouds now thickened around the head of the old chief. The alleged machinations of the nullifiers; the course of the Bank of the United States; the powerful opposition of the three great men of the period, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun; the Cabinet combination against poor Eaton—all announced the coming storm. The old game cock met it with an undaunted courage and statesmanship that have not been surpassed in the history of our country. The Cabinet was dissolved and a new one appointed; the moneyed power, represented by the Bank of the United States, with its great monopolies, was crushed under the iron heel of Jackson; the Sub-Treasury was established and the Government became the keeper of its own money; nullification was put down and the Union preserved; the public debt was paid off; and great and glorious have been the results of his administration.

The *Washington Post* gives some reminiscences of "the woman who broke up Jackson's Cabinet," which I append to this sketch, as follows:

"I wish to see Mrs. Secretary Eaton," said the *Post* interviewer, standing at the opened street door of a wide, old-fashioned Pennsylvania avenue residence near the Capitol.

"Dunno sich a lady," said the colored girl.

"She must live here—Mrs. Secretary John H. Eaton," persisted the *Post*.

"Deed, sir, no sich pusson in his house," repeated the colored maid.

"Mrs. Eaton certainly lives here; this is the place and the house. Please call the landlady."

"Oh, Mrs. Eaton. Yes, sir; *she* lives here; walk in, sir."

Up a dark pair of stairs and down a long hall, jostling against a number of boarders on their way to the dining-hall, (for this is a crowded Washington boarding-house), we pass along to the door of a small room and are ushered in.

Mrs. Easton rises with the grace of a thoroughbred lady, and bows with old time courtesy, as we announce our name. The meeting has been arranged by a lady friend, and the reception is cordial, but not effusive. Mrs. Eaton does not "interview." During the last dozen years reporters in search of attractive metal have repeatedly, under ingenious devices, gained access to her, only to find her as dumb as an offended oracle.

Mr. Parton, when he was writing the life of Andrew Jackson, attempted to gain access to her for this purpose, but he failed to do so. The result was a most unveracious account of the Eaton war, which subverted a Cabinet and agitated Washington society to its foundation forty or fifty years ago. This is truly Mrs. Gen. John H. Eaton, or "Lady Eaton," as she was called in the days when Jackson's handsome compeers and his elegant Secretary of War walked the stately measures of the "minuet" with her, and Sir Charles Vaughan and other aristocratic diplomats were proud to ride by her side, as with her erect and supple form and glowing beauty she sat her spirited horse with the ease of a Penthesilea, galloping over the roads about the Capital, much less smooth than now.

This lady who sits so erect, so firm in form, who moves around the little room with so much vigor and grace, who converses with so much animation and ready command of language, was born when George III. was on his throne, when Bonaparte was a Consul and fighting at Acre, and Mrs. President Adams had not transferred the Republican Court assemblies from Philadelphia to the new White House. Although eighty years old, she bears notable stamps of the great beauty which once gave her so much power, and its embers yet asserts itself so vividly as to invest her presence everywhere with uncommon interest. Her form, of medium height, straight and delicate, and of perfect proportions, has never bent to time nor sickness, nor curved itself to the weight of misfortunes. She has been a rare example of that Irish beauty, which, marked by good blood, so suggest both the Greek and the Spaniard, and yet, at times, presents a combination which transcends both. The hair, once so rich in its fine abandance and waves of darkest shade, is now almost white, but yet abundant and soft in the curls clustering about her broad, full, expressive forehead; her dark violet eyes shine with the wit and spirit which

still characterize her conversation; and the perfect nose of almost Grecian proportions, and finely curved mouth, with the firm, round chin, complete a profile of faultless outline.

"Peggy O'Neal" was the name Parton assigned her, as having been hers in her yonth, and he calls her the "daughter of an Irish boarding-house keeper." Were some other Parton, a hundred years hence, to relate the story of the present Parton's marital union with his stepdaughter with imitative profligacy, in disregard of truth, not even Baron Munchausen could be compared with him in wild imagination.

Mrs. Eaton's name was Margaret O'Neal, not Peggy, and her father was American born, though, as his name implies, of Irish descent. He was a famous builder in his days, and his wife was the daughter of Gov. Howell, of New Jersey. They were proprietors of the chief public house of Washington, and its hospitalities were sought by such men as Jackson, Eaton, Calhoun, Berrien, Van Buren, Livingston, and Cass, for many years. To a reference on the part of the *Post* to Mrs. Eaton's long acquaintance with the history of Washington, she replied: "Ah, yes, my dear sir; my father brought my mother here when there were but two brick houses in this city. They made a tedious journey from Trenton, N. J., where my father was born. Father then owned much property here, and he built several fine houses and improved the streets. Ah, my father was a good man and a gentleman, greatly beloved by the distinguished men who so long had their homes with him."

The property to which Mrs. Eaton alluded is that long designated as the "Seven Buildings," houses yet numbered among the best of that section, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, upon I street. They were and are large, commodious, and well-finished houses.

So beautiful and happy was Mrs. Eaton's youth that there were plenty of eligible suitors to struggle for her hand. John B. Timberlake, a young gentleman of fine appearance and excellent fortune, a purser in the navy, became her husband.

"I was but sixteen years old," she said, "when my first son was born, and not much over fifteen when I was married to Purser Timberlake. My father gave me a grand wedding. My wedding dress was of white satin with an overdress of rich Brus-

sels lace—seamless, and made to order and measure. I lived with my parents a long time, indeed, I was not much separated from them when in this country. I had two daughters who lived, Virginia and Margaret. Virginia married in Paris when we were abroad, after my second marriage, Mons. Sampayo, formerly an attache of the French Legation in Washington. She still lives in Paris, a widow, her daugter being married to a distinguished French gentleman. Margaret married John Randolph, of the Roanoke family, and grandson of the well-known Dr. Brockenbrough, of Richmond, Va. Her early death has ever been a source of poignant grief to me. I adopted her four children as my own, and two of these now living are my support and solace."

"Your first marriage was happy, was it not, Mrs. Eaton?"

"A perfectly harmonious union, I assure you; I had all that heart could wish. Purser Timberlake had an income of $20,000 a year, and in his early death his last thoughts were mine. He died at Port Mahon, in 1828, of acute asthma, which gave him great sufferings. He addressed to me, just before his death, a long letter commencing with his favorite name for me, 'Bonnie Maggie Lander.' He died with our miniature pressed to his breast, and bequeathed to his friend Gen. Eaton his watch and ring. He lies buried beneath the fine monument which his brother officers erected to his memory."

"Then Mr. Timberlake and Gen. Eaton were friends, were they not?"

"Warm friends. The General brought me the intelligence of his death."

"How long after the death of Purser Timberlake did you become the wife of Gen. Eaton?"

"About eighteen months. The General was a noble man and the kindest of husbands, and a father to my children. The morning after our marriage he sent to my room an immense basket filled with magnificent dishes of various kinds—of solid gold and silver. Ah, I was fortunate. I had all that heart could wish. We lived in the large house on the corner, which I built after I was Widow Timberlake."

"Were President Jackson and Gen. Eaton old friends at the time of the election of the former to the Presidency?"

"We were all old friends. While Jackson was Senator he was

one of my father's boarders, and he and his wife were close friends of mother and my own."

"Was Mrs. Jackson a woman of deficient qualifications for a wife of the President?"

"Indeed she was a lady, an elegant and agreeable lady, and Gen. Jackson loved her as he did his life. It was the knowledge of the close and warm friendship existing mutually among us, which, after the appointment of Gen. Eaton to the Cabinet as Secretary of War, began to militate against our peace on account of Gen. Eaton's well-known and firm opposition to Calhoun's 'nullification' theories. Mr. Calhoun knew that Gen. Eaton had great influence with Jackson, and that that action would be exerted to oppose his plans and political schemes; therefore he became, as was proven afterwards, with his adherents in the Cabinet, the unscrupulous foe of Gen. Eaton and myself, and there is no room for doubt that his political intrigue was the cause of one of the most cruel and unfounded cases of slander and persecution on record."

To see Mrs. Eaton's eyes dart unfaded fires, and hear her strong speech in describing her course of tracing out and defying these slanders and their originators, with her vivacious narration of details, was to be convinced of the entire truth of her statement. Time and justice have long since exonerated her and brought retribution to her enemies. Jackson was, in the depth of his stern soul, her friend, and he accepted the resignation of his Cabinet with one of his memorable speeches.

"The President," Mrs. Eaton said, "had felt the poison of the slander in his own home, and believed his wife's life shortened by its effects; hence his determination to follow to the end the evil traducers of my good repute."

"And after the resignation of the Cabinet, you went to Spain with Gen. Eaton?"

"Oh, you must remember that the General was appointed, first, Governor of Florida, and we lived two pleasant years in Pensacola before his appointment to Spain. In 1836; Gen. Eaton was made Minister Plenipotentiary to Madrid, and with our daughters we sailed for Spain from New York."

Mrs. Eaton's narrative of her life in Spain of five years, during the regency of Queen Christina and while the young inheriting

Queen Isabella, since so famous, was a young girl in her teens, was extremely interesting, but need not be transcribed.

"When did Jackson die?" asked the interviewer.

"Within three years after our return to Washington. We were with him to close his eyes at the Hermitage as I had been with Mrs. Jackson."

An *omnium gatherum* is Mrs. Eaton's mind of reminiscences and pictures, and like a scroll her memory contains layer upon layer, line upon line, stratum upon stratum of rich and varied views of a long and changeful life, whose conflicts have been met with undaunted courage. Extremes of human fate meet in her life with all the burden of their "mysterious use;" but all the philosophy of the Christian, joined to a spirit *naive*, bright, easy and free, have sustained her. Great honors and great wealth have been hers, with all the possessions the one brings and all the privileges the other confers, and the reverses which have shadowed her later fortunes have been the pure results of a generous heart's unlimited confidence in the unworthy, the crafty, and the unscrupulous.

GEN. JACKSON AND MR. CLAY.

There was no disturbance of the friendly personal relations between these great men until in the presidential election by the House of Representatives in 1824. Mr. Clay cast the vote of Kentucky against Gen. Jackson, and by that act elected Mr. Adams. As President Adams immediately thereafter appointed Mr. Clay Secretary of State, it was alleged by some of Gen. Jackson's friends that there was "bribery, intrigue and corruption" in the transaction. Whether Gen. Jackson did or did not believe it, he evidently soon learned to share the animosity of his friends against Mr. Clay, and ever afterwards they became prominent rivals for the Presidency.

At the great Nashville barbecue in 1840, Mr. Clay took occasion to denounce Mr. Van Buren's administration with much bitterness, for keeping in public office those who were notorious defaulters to the Government, adding that Mr. Van Buren was perhaps not so much to blame after all, for he was doing as he had promised, and following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. For, he alleged, it was a well-known fact that Gen.

Jackson, when President, appointed Mr. Livingston the Secretary of State, when he knew at the time that the appointee was a defaulter as mayor of the City of New York. The speech was reported in the next day's *Banner*, when Gen. Jackson addressed a letter to Col. Harris, the editor of the *Union*, which was published, showing that before Mr. Livingston was nominated, he had made good the discrepancy in his account with the city, which had been occasioned by the use of funds for the relief of the sick when yellow fever prevailed, that had been appropriated by the city for other purposes, and showing that his use of the money in that emergency, subsequently approved by the city, was rather creditable than otherwise to Mr. Livingston. And to cap the climax, the old chief quoted from the Executive Journal of the Senate showing that Mr. Clay himself was one of the first Senators on the list that voted for Mr. Livingston's confirmation as Secretary of State!

Gen. Jackson—then more than three score years and ten—was exceedingly indignant that Mr. Clay should have come, as it were, to the very gate of the Hermitage, to make this assault upon him, and closed his letter to Col. Harris with a crack of the whip, saying that Mr. Clay had lived a long and distinguished life to a very poor purpose if at this late day he could find no better employment than that of prowling over the country, slandering the living and the dead.

In the rejoinder of Mr. Clay, which appeared in the *Banner* next day, he treated the matter as a misunderstanding, and, apparently, more in sorrow than in anger. He made the best justification that could be made under all the circumstances, which appeared to be satisfactory to his friends.

But the contest between those great political captains was not at an end. Gen. Jackson was yet to win two or three more fields from Mr. Clay, even though in the quiet retirement of the Hermitage.

When John Tyler, the Vice President, succeeded to the Presidency on the death of President Harrison, he was expected by the Whig party to obey all orders he might receive from the acknowledged embodiment of its principles, Mr. Clay. In this, however, that party was doomed to disappointment. There were two great questions before the country on which there was a car-

dinal difference between them—the annexation of Texas and the re-charter of the United States Bank.

President Tyler was in favor of the former and opposed to the latter. It was Mr. Clay's own bill to re-charter the Bank, that passed both branches of Congress and was vetoed by President Tyler, who also became the champion of the annexation of Texas, while Mr. Clay and his party were opposed to it.

The lively interest taken by Gen. Jackson in the Bank question while Mr. Clay's bill for its re-charter was pending before Congress, showed that his ancient hostility to that monster, as he called it, had in no measure abated. Although Mr. Tyler, when a Senator from Virginia, had cut loose from President Jackson on account of what was known as the Force Bill, the personal relations between them were never unpleasantly disturbed, and when he manifested a disposition to veto Mr. Clay's bank bill, the old chief made a grab at him by the fair and honorable means of friendly correspondence and private messages sent by mutual friends, complimenting his independence and patriotism. President Tyler appreciated and was proud of the renewed friendship of Gen. Jackson, who, from that moment, really had more influence with him and his administration than any other man in the country.

President Tyler's veto of the bank bill was a decided triumph of Gen. Jackson over Mr. Clay—another field fairly won while quietly laying back in the ancient arm-chair of Gen. Washington at the Hermitage. But there was still another and another in reserve for him. Notwithstanding the opposition of Mr. Clay and his party, Texas must be annexed. The golden moment, as he said, had arrived. President Tyler had made it the leading measure of his administration, had appointed Mr. Calhoun Secretary of State to manage it, and sent Major Andrew J. Donelson, the neighbor, kinsman, and old private secretary of Gen. Jackson, to Texas as ambassador to consummate it if possible. In this there was perfect accord between President Tyler and Gen. Jackson, and on the day that the former gracefully turned over the White House to his successor, President Polk, a hundred guns were fired from Capitol Hill at Washington, rejoicing over the annexation of Texas, just then completed. It had been the leading question at issue in the campaign of 1844 at the South and

West, and the entire Democratic party joined the corporal's guard of President Tyler in bringing it about, while the discomfiture of Mr. Clay and the Whig party was very great.

In the course of that campaign President Tyler was exceedingly anxious to identify himself and his administration with the Democratic party, and more especially with Gen. Jackson. He caused Col. Harris, the editor of the *Union,* to be invited to Washington as editor of the *Madisonian,* his official organ, which invitation was declined, of course, as Gen. Jackson's man at the lever of the press in Washington was then and had ever been the veteran Frank P. Blair of the *Globe.* And then the *Union* editor at Nashville had as much on his hands as he could attend to in shadowing forth the plan and policy of the presidential campaign. And for the sake of truth in history here should be added the well-known fact, that although President Polk had his own reasons for it, no step of his at the opening of his administration gave Gen. Jackson so much grief as the dropping of Mr. Blair and the *Globe* from the confidence of the party at Washington, and the substitution of the venerable Mr. Ritchie, of Virginia, in his place.

The triumphant election of President Polk over Mr. Clay was the final and last great victory of Gen. Jackson over the distinguished statesman of Kentucky. He felt it, and freely expressed his feelings on all occasions. A month or two after the election, when the State of Louisiana and City of New Orleans sent a joint committee in a special steamer to Nashville to invite him to revisit the scenes of his early struggles on the then approaching 8th of January, he received them with great kindness at the Hermitage, but said he was compelled to decline their invitation on account of his precarious health. In his letter to the committee he said in conclusion, that since the Democratic party had so signally triumphed in the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, he felt like saying with Simeon of old, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Although their personal relations were never reconciled, those who remember to have heard the old chief speak of Mr. Clay in his latter days will also remember that he always seemed to regard that distinguished statesman as a combatant right worthy of his steel, and sometimes plumed himself not a little in having

so completely outrun him in every political race they had run together.

GEN. JACKSON'S WRITINGS.

He was a man of deeds rather than of words. He was a deep and thorough thinker, studied public opinion, and freely consulted others, but formed his own conclusions according to his own convictions, and knew right well how to declare his convictions in old round Saxon. He never pretended to be a fluent speech-maker or classical writer—never desired to be considered what is called a man of letters. But the scraps in his portfolio showed that he was the author of his own messages and of all his letters of any public importance. He always had men about him who had brains in their heads and ready and willing hands to assist him in the preparation of his papers, but he did all the thinking himself.

It was simply contemptible in Parton, the historian, to publish *verbatim et literatum* his letters of private correspondence written confidentially and in haste, without proper capitals or punctuation, as attempting to show that he was illiterate. All his old personal friends know that he could write as well as think and act when emergencies required it, and for the times in which he lived he wrote remarkably well. His trenchant style was not only powerful but eloquent. And when we reflect that language is but the instrument with which great and good thoughts are expressed, there is more in the force of an expression than in the mere manner or method of making it. Those who have often acted as his amanuensis in his latter days when too feeble to write himself, say he would pace the room, wrapped in his loose gown, and dictate every idea and much of the language of his original papers.

ALWAYS MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

Gen. Jackson took the initiative in the Creek war, and fought it all the way through, as it were, on his own hook. He suggested, the government authorized. He did not wait for orders, but in 1812 raised more than two thousand troops, and then wrote the Secretary of War he was ready to go with them wherever duty and danger called. He was ordered down the Mississippi, left Nashville with them Jan. 7, 1813, reached Natchez by

flatboats, and there was surprised, not by the enemy, but by orders from the Secretary of War to dismiss his command. He replied, "These brave men have followed me to the field. I will not dismiss them, but will march them through the country home to Tennessee, and if need be muster them out of service there." He could not do otherwise, for he had promised to share their fortunes. One hundred and fifty of them were on the sick list—fifty-six could not hold up their heads. He borrowed five thousand dollars, marched them back home, and thus disobeyed the order. But the Government subsequently approved the act as justified by the emergency, and reimbursed him. After this good faith kept with his soldiers he had no difficulty in raising troops whenever he wanted them. When the massacre of men, women, and children took place at Fort Mims, Sept. 1, 1813, he hastened with a hurriedly organized force to that fort, and in thirty-five days reported "one hundred and eighty-six of the enemy are dead on the field, and eighty of them taken prisoners," proceeding thence to Mobile and Pensacola. The Spanish Governor refused to recognize him, and asked for his diplomatic credentials. His reply was, "Unless my reasonable requests are respectfully considered, I will announce my diplomatic authority by the mouth of my cannon." His strategy at Emucfau was peculiarly his own. He lit up a circle of fires outside of his camp, and held his force within gunshot range in ambush and in the dark. The Indians, mistaking the location of his camp, rushed to the fires, and his men picked them off with rifles as fast as they appeared, without exposing themselves. The slaughter was immense. His tact at Emucfau was very like him. After that engagement of hard fighting, when Coffee and Armstrong were supposed to have been mortally wounded, and Quarles and others lay dead on the field, they rallied again impetuously and carried the day. When Coffee leaped from his litter, mounted his horse and dashed forward, and Armstrong, of the artillery, exclaimed, as he lay with the dead and dying, "Save the gun, boys," the old chief pressed onward exclaiming, "We'll whip 'em, we'll whip 'em—even the dead have risen from their graves to help us!" When the Governor of Tennessee wrote him to abandon Fort Strother and send home his troops in consequence of want of supplies and the expiration of terms of enlistment,

he replied, "I shall do my duty. I will retain the post or die in the struggle to do so. I have long since determined when I die to leave my reputation untarnished."

Many of his declarations were like prophecies. Referring to the entire destruction of the Indians at Emucfau, he said, "In their places a new generation will arise, the weapons of warfare will be exchanged for utensils of husbandry, and the wilderness which now withers in sterility will blossom as the rose, and become the nursery of arts." "We must and will be victorious," said he when addressing his troops before starting for the Creek war. "Tell the alarmed people of New Orleans," said he to Livingston, "that the enemy, though on shore, shall never reach the city—tell it to them in both English and French." And his victory on that occasion astonished the world. It was not believed in Europe or at the North that we could hold New Orleans. Lord Castlereagh, the British Premier, told a member of the French Government in January that the English had then no doubt captured all our coast and burnt our seaports. The Washington newspapers in all that month expressed belief that the Executive was in possession of intelligence that New Orleans had been captured by the British. The New York papers declared if it had not fallen it must fall. Since the odds against us were so great, it was regarded as a matter of course. Is it too much to say, then, that the victory astonished the world?

His endurance of the fatigue of the march, when sometimes subsisting on nothing but parched corn and acorns, was wonderful. One of his old soldiers described him as riding along in the column when his health was broken and his eye lustreless, with his body bent forward and his head resting on the neck of his horse, but let the whoop of an Indian or the crack of a rifle be heard, and he would spring up erect in his saddle, well braced in his stirrups, and look around with an eye flashing like a fire coal.

The anecdote told of him when on his way over the Cumberland mountains on his first visit to Nashville as a young lawyer, was an early illustration of that character for firmness and courage which his subsequent career established. There was a woman in the party on the way to join her husband at Lexington, who was taken so ill that they had to stop and pitch their tents. Be-

fore she recovered some of them were about to mount their horses to move onward without her. Jackson remonstrated against their inhumanity; they insisted, and he levelled his loaded rifle at their heads, declaring he would shoot the first man that put his foot in a stirrup. The woman recovered next day, and the party moved on together.

These incidents in the career of Gen. Jackson are enumerated as showing that he was always master of the situation into which duty called him.

JACKSON'S FORESIGHT.

His forecast as a statesman was always apparent, and never more so than in his desire to open up Texas and the great West to our people. As soon as all preliminaries for annexation were arranged, he wrote to a friend in one of his very last letters, "all is safe." Harris, in his eulogy (thirty-three years ago) says he often declared "that nothing short of the Pacific shore could stop our westward march, and often predicted that the influence of our institutions would yet be felt in the eastern portion of the Old World, fireing the hearts of men there with the enthusiasm of civil and religious liberty." When we reflect that these declarations were made by Jackson, and published by his Tennessee eulogist years before a pathway was found over the Rocky Mountains, years before our acquisition of Mexican territory and settlement of the Pacific slope, many years before our treaty with Japan, and the wonderful influence of our commerce and civilization there, we are bound to recognize his great wisdom as a statesman as well as a degree of forecast almost prophetic. And his benign policy in the removal of the Indians to new homes beyond the Mississippi bears testimony to his high order of statesmanship.

When at the close of the Revolution Georgia ceded to the United States all the territory now constituting Alabama and Mississippi, the cession was made on condition that the Government should remove all the Indians from her reserved or present limits, but the condition was never fulfilled until Jackson became President. Cartwright, in his eulogy, said, "A large part of Tennessee and a good portion of Kentucky, nearly the whole of Alabama, and more than three-fourths of Mississippi were, in 1813, occupied by Indians, most of whom were bitterly hostile,

and continued to be thus occupied until Gen. Jackson came into power." Such was the state of things when Jackson opened up the Creek war. The population of these regions was too small to yield a very large force of volunteers for the field. The census of 1810 shows that in all the territory now occupied by Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, there was not then a population of more than seventy-five thousand. Gen. Jackson's Indian policy, from the time he first took the field against the Indians to the time he had located them in their new homes beyond the Mississippi, exhibits a measure of valor and statesmanship not surpassed by any one in the annals of our country's history.

OLD HICKORY'S GALLANTRY.

There is an authentic anecdote of Gen. Jackson which has never appeared in print, and which is so illustrative of his chivalric character that it should be preserved. All who remember him know how remarkable he was for gallantry on all occasions, and how all other things must give place, according to the old law, when there was a lady in the case.

Major Hunter was Marshal of the District of Columbia while he was President, and was a very polite and efficient officer, to whom the General was much devoted. The Major was escorting his wife and her sister down Pennsylvania Avenue on a summer afternoon, when they stepped into an auction store where goods were advertised to be sold that evening. A large and beautiful glass chandelier hung from the ceiling in the front room of the store with a card on it, "Don't touch," and while they were looking at it admiringly, it fell to the floor and broke into a thousand pieces. The storekeeper rushed forth from the back counting-room in a state of great excitement exclaiming, "Why did you touch it; did you not see the card?" "We did not touch it; it fell while we were merely looking at it," said Major Hunter. "Impossible, sir," said the storekeeper. "You or your ladies must have touched it, or it would not have fallen." And on that instant the Major hit him a clip under the ear, knocking him to the floor, and giving him additional blows as he fell. Then joining his ladies, who had hastened out to the sidewalk, he went back with them to his home.

The storekeeper called a carriage and drove off, with bruised

face and torn coat, to the White House, where, after some persuasion with Martin, the doorkeeper, he succeeded in getting into the President's reception room, and there reported Major Hunter, with his own explanations. The Major had not been at home half an hour before the President's carriage, with his Private Secretary, Major Donelson, appeared at his door. He went out at once, saying, "I know the President has sent for me, and I will go with you at once." When he entered the reception room, Gen. Jackson rose and expressed his astonishment that his peace officer in the District should have made such a brutal assault upon one of its citizens, and warming up with the occasion, exclaimed, "I shall be compelled, Major Hunter, to dismiss you from office. How can it be avoided, sir?" "It cannot be avoided, Mr. President, by any apology from me. The man insulted the ladies under my charge, ladies of my own household; and if he were to do it again, I would again serve him in the same way." "Major Hunter, are you aware, sir, of what you are saying?" "I am, sir," said the Major; "I would serve any man the same way. If you, sir, were capable of insulting ladies under my charge in that way, which I know you are not, I would try to punish you, sir, in the same way for the insult." "Would you?" exclaimed the President, as he fiercely approached the Major; "would you, sir? Well, well, Major, give me your hand, sir; you are a man after my own heart." And thus the audience closed.

Those who did not know Gen. Jackson intimately would suppose that this was an impulsive conclusion to which he had come. But he knew Major Hunter, and from the moment the storekeeper reported him, knew that Hunter had done as he would have done himself under the circumstances; and his apparently impulsive conclusion was only evidence that he admired the gallantry of the Major still the more after his manly and satisfactory defense of what he had done.

GEN. JACKSON'S PRIDE IN HIS STOCK.

It was an old saying of his that he believed as much in the blood of men as in that of cattle and horses, and he might have added, as in all other animals upon his plantation, for he was ever

careful to have the best blooded stock he could obtain, even down to the fowls of the barnyard.

Aleck Sevier, or some other friend of his in Arkansas, had sent him a bear's cub, which he had tethered to one of the holly-trees in the Hermitage lawn until it was well fattened for the table. He then invited three or four of his old friends of Nashville to drive out and dine with him on a day indicated. After dinner, as the party were strolling over the grounds in the rear of the Hermitage, he and Gen. Sam. Houston were conversing on the condition of the plantation, when he remarked that in his eight years' absence at Washington his fences had gotten very much out of repair, and what he most regretted was that his stock had run out to a great extent. At that moment Gen. Armstrong joined in the conversation, when Gen. Houston dropped back with another of the party, and with a significant twinkle in his eye, said, "I wonder if the old chief still retains his love for high blooded chickens—let's try him," and stepping forward again he pointed to a drove of fowls that were feeding by the wayside, saying, "Your fowls seem to be entirely run out, General; those look like dunghills." To which the old gentleman replied, with spirit, "Dunghills, sir! dunghills! No, sir, there never was a dunghill on this plantation!"

Gen. Jackson, as a farmer and planter here in the valley of the Cumberland, contributed a large share to that improvement of the breeds of stock which has given this locality so much celebrity. If he participated in horse-racing and the like in his early days, it was as a patron of the turf, and with a view to obtaining or improving the breeds of such stock as is both useful and ornamental.

GEN. JACKSON AS A VETERAN OF THE TURF—INTERESTING EVENTS AT GALLATIN, NASHVILLE, CLOVER BOTTOM, AND WASHINGTON.

Gen. Jackson was one of the earliest patrons of the turf in Tennessee, and stood at the head of it for twenty years. When our racing was inaugurated at Gallatin in the fall of 1804, he was there with a favorite filly called the Indian Queen, and shared the sport. A large company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled from adjacent counties, and the race was very exciting,

insomuch that a venerable preacher who happened to be hunting a cow near the track mounted the fence, waived his hat, and exultingly cried as Polly Medley, the winner, came flying home, "She leaves a blue streak behind her," for which excess of enthusiasm he was suspended from his parochial duties. It was a gala day in old Sumner. Dr. R. D. Barry's filly swept the stakes. The unsuccessful competitors could well afford to be beaten by the father of the Tennessee turf, for to that consideration Dr. Barry was fully entitled, as before the commencement of the present century he had brought over the mountains from the stable of Gov. Williams, of Virginia, the first thoroughbred stallion that ever appeared in the valley of the Cumberland. It was Gray Medley, the great grandsire of "The Four Tennessee Brothers," of the Tonson family, which are said to have conquered the best horses of their time in the hardest contests at all distances.

The evening of that memorable commencement day was rendered delightful at Gallatin by a handsome ball given at the house of Dr. Barry, which was gracefully opened by Gen. Jackson and Mrs. Hall, the sister of Mrs. Barry. The ladies participated in hailing the bright prospect of a new and useful amusement on the frontier, and nothing was talked of from day to day but the next races. Gen. Jackson named Indian Queen again in the spring of 1805, and was again unsuccessful. His pride was so chafed by this second defeat that before the year was out he had bought his famous horse Truxton, to which he became so much devoted, and also the fleet Greyhound; and in the fall of that year he beat, upon his track at Clover Bottom, a celebrated horse belonging to Joseph Erwin, and received forfeit of him for the failure of another.

The late Col. Bailie Peyton, in his accurate and interesting "Reminiscences of the Turf," so handsomely reviewed by a contributor to the *Spirit of the Times*, reminds our old turfmen that "it was about 1818 that the first Jockey Club was established at Nashville, by the most distinguished men of Tennessee, amongst them Gen. Jackson, Col. Ed. Ward, Gen. Carroll, James Jackson, Dr. Sappington, Dr. Shelby, Dr. McNairy, Dr. Butler, Wm. Williams, Col. Elliott, Newton Cannon, and other leading citizens of the State. One of the most celebrated characters of those

early times was a negro jockey called Monkey Simon, and, as Simon was distinguished and conspicuous on the turf of Tennessee for many years, it may be well to give some account of him. His soubriquet of 'Monkey Simon' conveys a forcible idea of his appearance. He was a native African, and was brought with his parents, when quite young, to South Carolina, before the slave trade was interdicted. In height he was four feet six inches, and weighed one hundred pounds. He had a hunch-back, with very short body and remarkably long arms and legs. His color and hair were African, but his features were not. He had a long head and face, a high, delicate nose, a narrow but prominent forehead, and a mouth indicative both of humor and firmness. It was rumored that Simon was a prince in his native country. I asked Uncle Berry Williams one day if he thought the report was true. He replied, 'I don't know; they say so, and if the princes there had more sense than others, he must have been one of 'em, for he was the smartest negro I ever saw.' Col. Elliott, speaking of Simon after his death, said he was the coolest, bravest, wisest rider he ever saw mount a horse, in which opinion Uncle Berry fully concurred. Simon was an inimitable banjo player, and improvised his songs, mak- humorous hits at everybody and every thing, even Gen. Jackson did not escape him, and no man was his superior in repartee. On one occasion Col. Elliott and James Jackson, with a view to a match race for $1,000 a side, a dash of two miles, on Paddy Cary against Col. Step's mare, consented to lend Simon to ride the mare. Col. Step not only gave Simon $100 in the race, but stimulated his pride by saying they thought they could win races without him, whereas he knew their success was owing to Simon's riding. Somewhat offended at the idea of being lent out, and by no means indifferent to the money, Simon resolved to win if possible, and nodding his head, said, 'I'll show 'em.' The mare had the speed of Paddy, and took the track, and Simon, by his consummate skill, as well as by intimidating the other rider, managed to run him far out on the turns while he rested his mare for a brush on the stretches. On reaching the last turn Simon found the mare pretty tired, and Paddy, a game four-miler, locked with her, so he boldly swung out so far as to almost leave Paddy in the fence corner. The boy came up and attempted

to pass on the inside, but Simon headed him off, and growled at him all the way down the quarterstretch, beating him out by a neck. Simon could come within a hair's-breadth of foul riding, and yet escape the penalty. Col. Elliott lost his temper, which he rarely did, and abused Simon, saying, 'not satisfied with making Paddy run forty feet further than the mare on every turn, you must ride foul all the way down the quarterstretch.' The Colonel repeated these charges until Simon answered him with 'Well, Col. Elliott (as he always called him), I've won many a race that way for you, and it is the first time I ever heard you object to it.' During the absence of Col. Elliott and Uncle Berry, Dr. Sappington employed Monkey Simon to ride for him, and when the race came off Simon rode Oscar against Whip, the latter owned and run by his old friends and favorites, Col. Elliott and Uncle Berry. Some uneasiness was manifested by the friends of Oscar, who was high strung and difficult to control, lest Simon should suffer him to exhaust himself early, and thereby lose the race. This suspicion was altogether groundless, for Simon always rode to win, if possible, and if he had a weakness it was in being too eager for success in a close contest. At the tap of the drum Oscar went off under a tremendous head of steam, and in spite of all Simon's exertions to restrain him, was soon fifty or sixty yards ahead, which served to increase the doubts of Simon's fidelity. Dr. Shelby dashed across the field and ordered Simon, in a most peremptory tone, to hold his horse, to which Simon replied, in his characteristic style, 'You fool, don't you see his mouth is wide open.' And Simon would have made the same reply to Gen. Jackson under the circumstances. The General said to Simon on one occasion, just before the horses started in a very important race, 'Now, Simon, when my horse comes up and is about to pass you, don't spit your tobacco juice in his eyes and in the eyes of his rider, as you sometimes do;' to which Simon replied, 'Well, General, I have done a good deal of work agin your horses, but (with an oath) none of them were ever near enough to catch my spit.' On another occasion, after Hanie's Maria had beaten the General's favorite, Pacolet, and when no friend dared to take a liberty with him, Simon, meeting him in a large crowd, said, 'General, you were always ugly, but now you're a show. I could make a fortune by show-

ing you as you now look, if I had you in a cage where you could not hurt the people who come to look at you.' Many years ago I was riding on horse-back with Col. Elliott to the Nashville races, and when we reached a point about one mile from the ferry at Nashville, on the Gallatin road, he observed, 'Here is the place where negroes were annually hired in old times, and where I have often hired Simon, who, on account of his deformity and dissipated habits, usually cost me from $12 to $15 per annum. On one occasion Col. Robert C. Foster, guardian of the minor children to whom Simon belonged, conceiving it to be his duty, bid against me, and ran Simon up to thirty odd dollars—the then price of a good field hand. I concluded to drop Simon on the Colonel's hands, and take the chance of hiring him privately. Simon watched the bidding with the deepest interest, as he was most anxious to remain in the stable and enjoy the fame and emoluments of riding Hanie's Maria, and other distinguished winners. When I indicated that I would bid no more, Simon turned to the Colonel and said, in his peculiarly sarcastic manner, with his head laid back and one eye closed, 'Col. Foster, I am not a selling, but *hirin'* for only one year.' The Colonel, who was a man of high spirit and great dignity, replied, shaking his cane at Simon, 'You impudent scoundrel, do you know who you are talking to?' Simon, with the most aggravating coolness, replied, 'I think I do, and if I am not mistaken, you are the same gentleman who made a *small 'speriment* for Governor once'—alluding to a race the Colonel had made for Governor under very unfavorable circumstances, in which he was badly beaten. The witticism of Simon created much mirth, amidst which Col. Elliott got him at the next bid."

This most remarkable little African was much respected for his great decision of character, and his fidelity and integrity in the discharge of his duties as a jockey. The reviewer of Col. Peyton's narrative adds that "in the sphere in which he moved, Monkey Simon was the observed of all observers. If the traditions that reach us at this late period may be credited, he was a most skillful jockey, and possessed to perfection those peculiar qualities that are ever essential to that character to assure success. He was not only able to hold a steady rein and maintain a graceful, easy seat, but no emergency ever came upon him so suddenly,

so unexpectedly, as to cause him to lose his presence of mind or disturb his equanimity. No danger, no peril, was too great for his courage to encounter, and he moved with steady nerve in the face of the most appalling and threatening conflicts. His integrity was as pure as his courage was firm, and the richest bribes had no charms that he could not resist. He was unflinchingly true to his employers, and although a slave, bound by all the bonds of servitude, he cheerfully yielded, without the hope of adequate reward, the most implicit obedience. 'To conquer' was the motto emblazoned by nature upon his mind and heart, and glittering gold, threats, dangers, nor any character of circumstances, were strong enough to come between him and success, when it was within his power to accomplish it. . . . . His character was admirable, because it was natural. In repartee he was inimitable, and was ever readily in command of eccentric and comic sayings of the broadest humor, always mirth-inspiring, though frequently not wanting in ridicule, cutting, withering, almost blighting. His position and natural deformity gave him the broadest liberties with all, white and black, with whom he came in contact, and he rarely failed to shiver a lance, in repartee, with even the most eminent that he chanced to come in contact with, and he met the most distinguished men of the times. It seems strange that one so prominent in his day, with so many admirable characteristics, with such incorruptible integrity, and withal, so skillful in his particular sphere, should be so little known so soon after his death. The small circle of sportsmen in the valley of the Cumberland yet meet and recount the interesting incidents of his life, and tell of his victorious career (he had few defeats). Outside of this circle he is scarcely remembered. These reflections only serve to remind us how suggestive is the thought, 'Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?'"

Of all his exploits on the track, no one is so well remembered by our old turfmen as his masterly riding of Hanie's Maria. It is a well-authenticated anecdote of Gen. Jackson that when, in the evening of his life he was asked by an old friend if he had ever undertaken anything heartily which he did not accomplish, he reflected for a moment and replied, "Nothing that I remember, except Hanie's Maria—I could not beat her." And what about Hanie's Maria? When Mr. Goodman came to Sumner

county in 1809, he brought with him a chestnut filly which he sold to James Hanie for $100, who named her Maria. In 1811, when she was three years old, he sent her to Green Berry Williams (the same that Col. Peyton familiarly calls Uncle Berry) to be trained, and at the fall races of that year she easily carried everything her own way on the Nashville course. For two seasons following she ran away from every horse entered against her, which waked up Gen. Jackson to a lively resolve that she must be beaten. He canvassed Virginia, gave his friends a *carte blanche* to buy for him the fastest horse in that or any other State, and finally bought Pacolet of Wm. R. Johnson at a fabulous price, with which he made a race against Maria. The appointed day and hour came. Maria, with Monkey Simon on her back, took the lead from the string, and won with ease. And a little later, at Clover Bottom, Maria, under Monkey's saddle, took all the purses that were up.

Gen. Jackson was amazed at her achievements, and for the first and last time in his life threw up the sponge, offering to stake $50,000 that Maria would beat any horse, mare, or gelding in the world.

Maria was, during her career, matched against Yellow Jacket, a celebrated racer from Kentucky, backed by Gen. Jackson. The race was a dash of two miles over the Nashville course for $1,000 a side. Elliott and Williams gave orders to Monkey Simon to let Yellow Jacket take the track and pull the mare at the end of each quarter and fall back, their object being to get bets. Their order was strictly carried out. Gen. Jackson was thus led to believe that Maria could not win, and proposed to bet $10,000 that Yellow Jacket would beat her. Elliott said he would take the bet. Gen. Coffee, who was a giant, standing six feet eight inches, stepped up and endeavored to dissuade Gen. Jackson from betting, but not succeeding, he stepped behind Jackson, lifted him on his shoulders, and carried him out of the crowd. Jackson, lying on Coffee's back, could do nothing but kick and fight the air, for the latter held him as tight as if he were in a vise, and continued to so hold him until the race was over. Monkey Simon, as he swung into the last quarter, applied the whip and won the race easily. This was fortunate for Gen. Coffee, for if Yellow Jacket had won, Gen. Jackson would certainly have held

Coffee personally responsible for the manner in which he prevented his betting.

The reviewer correctly says, "It has long been a matter of jest in Tennessee, indeed it was quite as freely spoken of during the life of Gen. Jackson as it has been since his death, that the old hero conquered all his enemies, and those of his country, whom he met; that he had overthrown the savage warriors of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida, and forced the fiercest and most stubborn to humbly sue for peace; that he had met and conquered the picked army of Packenham at New Orleans, with a handful of raw militia and volunteers; had overthrown the friends of the United States Bank; had met 'the beast with seven heads and ten horns,' as he always termed the nullification of South Carolina, and compelled submission; had forced the tariff into the channels he indicated, and had never known defeat; but he was unable to conquer the little Maria. She alone was able to meet all the hosts of the Hermitage, and compel them to follow her to the winning-post. Rivals for fame, imported from beyond the State, suffered the same ignominious fate. Finally she went abroad, and amid the rich fields and verdant grass of the 'dark and bloody ground,' she met and conquered the hitherto invincible Robin Grey, the great-grandsire of the ever-to-be-lamented Lexington, the racer without a peer, the sire without a rival." Such was Hanie's Maria in Tennessee, but in 1816, when nine years old, she was sold and taken to South Carolina, where she was badly beaten. Indeed she never won a race after she left this State. Various were the opinions concerning her sudden failures. But the best reason given was that she had lost the careful nursing of Green Berry Williams and the masterly horsemanship on the track of her old jockey, Monkey Simon, who rode every race she made in Tennessee, and she was never beaten until she left the State. The uniform success of Maria, however, must to a great extent be accredited to her trainer, Mr. Green Berry Williams. He came to Tennessee from Virginia or Georgia in 1806, with three thoroughbred horses, and found a home with Capt. Wm. Alexander at Hartsville, in Sumner county. He had been bred to the track, having as a boy been an expert rider of quarter races, and was an experienced trainer. He was a man of mark in his profession, and had a host of friends.

The love of fast horses, and, indeed, of all thoroughbred animals, was a life-long characteristic of Gen. Jackson. Col. Peyton tells us in his graphic and happy style, with what delight even in the last years of his Presidency the old chief enjoyed the exercises of his horses on the race course at Washington. He says: "In the spring of 1834, while a member of Congress, I was invited by my friend, Major A. J. Donelson, Private Secretary of President Jackson, to visit without ceremony the stable of horses then being trained at Washington by himself and Maj. T. P. Andrews, of the United States Army, consisting of Busiris, by Eclipse, owned by Gen. C. Irvine; Emily, by Rattler, and Lady Nashville, by Stockholder, belonging to Major Donelson, and Bolivia, by Tennessee Oscar, owned by Gen. Jackson, which were trained by M. L. Hammond, who shortly after trained John Bascom when he beat Post Boy in a great match over the Long Island course. I assisted in timing all the 'trial runs' of the stable, and as the race meeting drew near, Major Donelson called to notify me that the last and most important trial would take place on the following morning, urging me to be on hand, and saying the General and Mr. Van Buren (the Vice President) would be present. Galloping out, I overtook the party, the General being as calm as a 'summer's morning.' On our arrival the horses were brought out, stripped, and saddled for the gallop. Busiris, an immense animal in size, and of prodigious muscular power, became furious and unmanageable, requiring two men to hold him for Jesse, Major D.'s colored boy, to mount. As soon as Busiris began 'kerlaraping,' Gen. Jackson fired up, and took command, and issued orders to everybody. To the trainer he said, 'Why don't you break him of those tricks? I could do it in an hour.' Rarey could not have done it in a week. I had dismounted, prepared my watch, and taken my place immediately below the judges' stand for the purpose of timing, the General and Mr. Van Buren remaining on their horses in the rear of the stand, which was a safe and convenient position, as the quarter-stretch was enclosed on both sides down to the stand, no other part of the course being enclosed on the inside. The General, greatly excited, was watching Busiris, and commanding everybody. He said to me, 'Why don't you take your position there? you ought to know where to stand to time a horse'—pointing to

the place I intended to occupy in due time. I 'toed the mark,' lever in hand, without saying a word (nobody ever 'jawed back' at Old Hickory when he was in one of his ways). Busiris was still 'kerlaraping.' 'Hold him, Jesse. Don't let him break down the fence; now bring 'em up and give 'em a fair start,' and flashing his eye from the enraged horse to Mr. Van Buren, who had left his safe position in the rear and ridden almost into the track below the stand, he stormed out, 'Get behind me, Mr. Van Buren, they will run over you, sir.' Mr. Van Buren obeyed orders promptly, as the timer had done a moment before. This was one of the anecdotes current among the stump speakers of Tennessee in the Presidential canvass of 1836, between Mr. Van Buren and Judge White, to illustrate Gen. Jackson's fatherly protection of Mr. Van Buren. Lady Nashville and Bolivia were next brought out, and demeaned themselves in a most becoming manner. The trials were highly satisfactory, and greatly pleased the General, whose filly, Bolivia, a descendant of his favorite horse Truxton, was to run in an important sweepstakes at the coming meeting at Washington. He left the course in the finest humor, and on his way to the White House he gave us, in a torrent-like manner, his early turf experience in Tennessee. He was the most fluent, impressive, and eloquent conversationalist I ever met, and in any company took the lead in conversation, and nobody ever seemed disposed to talk where he was, and on this occasion I found him especially interesting—going back to the race of Truxton and Greyhound at Hartsville in 1805, and coming up to the great match between his horse Doublehead and Col. Newton Cannon's Expectation, which was run about 1811 over the Clover Bottom course, four-mile heats, for $5,000 a side, Doublehead being the winner. He alluded to the intense excitement and extravagant betting on the Truxton and Greyhound race; said besides the main bet, he won $1,500 in wearing apparel, and that his friend, Patton Anderson, after betting all his money and the horse he rode to the race, staked fifteen of the finest horses on the ground belonging to other persons, many of them having ladies' saddles on their backs. 'Now,' said he, 'I would not have done that for the world, but Patton did it, and as he won, and treated to a whole barrel of cider and a basketful of gingercakes, he made it all right.' He recounted a thrilling in-

cident, also, which occurred at Clover Bottom, after the race of Doublehead and Expectation, which illustrated his maxim 'that rashness sometimes is policy, and then I am rash.' 'After the race,' said he, 'I went to the stable to see the old horse cooled off (it was near the proprietor's dwelling), and about dusk I observed Patton Anderson approaching in a brisk walk, pursued by a crowd of excited men, with several of whom I was aware he had an old feud. I was bound to make common cause with Patton, and I knew that unless I could check them we should both be roughly handled. I met them at the stile, and protested against their course as unmanly, and pledged myself that Patton would meet any one of them at sunrise the next morning, and give satisfaction, thus delaying them until Patton had passed into the house. But the leaders of the crowd swore they intended to kill him, and I saw there remained but one chance for us, and that was to bluff them off. I knew they had no cause of quarrel with me, and that they supposed I was armed; putting my hand behind me into my coat pocket, I opened a tin tobacco box, my only weapon, and said, I will shoot dead the first man who attempts to cross that fence, and as their leader placed his foot on the first step, I raised my arm and closed the box with a click very like the cocking of a pistol (it was so dark they could not distinguish what I held in my hand), and, sir, they scrambled like a flock of deer. I knew there were men in that crowd who were not afraid to meet me or any other man; but, Mr. Van Buren, no man is willing to take the chance of being killed by an accidental shot in the dark.' I am aware that Mr. Parton, in his Life of Gen. Jackson, represents this tobacco-box exploit as occurring in the daytime, at a long dinner table, on the race-course, Gen. Jackson on the top of the table, 'striding at a tremendous pace to the rescue of Patton Anderson, wading knee-deep in dinner.'"

In the course of his remarks upon the character of Gen. Jackson as a patron of the turf, the writer in the *Spirit of the Times* says: "No man could have been more perfectly enraptured with the manliest of sports, or with the high-mettled racer than the Hero of the Hermitage. He was a man of energy, courage, sound judgment, great prudence, and unconquerable will. He rarely espoused the wrong, and never quailed before the most

imminent and perilous dangers in defense of the right. The secret of his life was the magnetism by which he attracted and held everyone he came in contact with. He spoke only to be believed, for his friends knew him to be ever sincere, and that his judgment was rarely at fault. Therefore, they invariably believed that Gen. Jackson was right, and never stopped to question whether he was or not, for he inspired all with an implicit faith in the purity and justice of whatever he advocated. It is not drawing it too strong to assert that, from the day he entered military life and took a prominent position in the affairs of the West, there were hundreds and thousands who would have gone willingly to martyrdom in his defense. His positive character and natural aversion to a more politic course pursued so universally to settle disputes and differences of opinion, made his enemies numerous and very bitter. He preferred this course 'to compromising truth with falsehood,' as he unhesitatingly declared. He never broke faith with friend or enemy, but with both alike his word was his bond. Innately polite, of tall, commanding stature, with manners that would have graced court circles in the most brilliant period, and a generous frankness in all his intercourse, he not only impressed all with whom he came in contact with his own feelings and sentiments, but actually carried them in bonds to the fold of his friendship. As a horseman, like George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, he was bold in the field and the chase, and upon the turf was far more successful than either. The racing annals of the West attest his numerous victories. He owned some of the finest horses of his day, among others, were Truxton, Pacolet, Greyhound, Doublehead, the Opossum filly, and Indian Queen. The celebrity of these, and other distinguished racers that he owned, spread over the country like the fame of their owner, and many were the challenges that he received at his beautiful home, at the Hermitage, to match his coursers against the flyers from other States. His pride and confidence in his own often impelled him to accept these challenges, and there is still a tradition extant in his old neighborhood, transmitted by the friends of his earlier years (most, if not all, of whom are now gone to the bourne of the dead) to their children, that he was never beaten in a match by a horse that was brought from beyond the borders of his State."

THE EULOGIES OF JACKSON.

After the death of Gen. Jackson, on Sunday, the 8th of June, 1845, eulogies on his life and character were pronounced all over the country, and in the year following a handsome volume was issued at Philadelphia entitled "A Monument to the Memory of Gen. Andrew Jackson: containing twenty-five eulogies and sermons delivered on occasion of his death." The authors of the eulogies thus published were George Bancroft, George M. Dallas, Benjamin F. Butler, Levi Woodbury, Benj. C. Howard, John Van Buren, Wilson McCandlass, M. H. McAllister, A. F. Morrison, Francis R. Shunk, Ellis Lewis, Pliny Merrick, Hugh A. Garland, John A. Bolles, Hendrick B. Wright, Andrew Stevenson, Thomas L. Smith, W. McCartney, Samuel A. Cartwright, William Irvin, J. George Harris, and Rev. D. D. Lore; and sermons by Dr. G. W. Bethune and Dr. Thomas Brainard. The same volume contains his proclamation against nullification, his farewell address, and his will, the whole preceded by a short sketch of his life. The book contains over four hundred pages, and passed through ten or a dozen editions, but has now gone out of print, as it is not found in our book-stores. The only Tennessee eulogy it contains is that pronounced at Charlotte by Col. J. Geo. Harris, on the 17th of July, 1845, the authorship of which in some of the latest editions is accidentally given to Gov. Isham G. Harris, at present one of the United States Senators from this State, in a foot-note of the publisher stating that the author was "subsequently Governor of Tennessee." Col. Harris was never Governor of the State. He entered the pay department of the naval service under President Polk's administration, and after a life of long and faithful service, is now in retirement under the act of Congress, to be assigned to active employment only in time of war.

Col. Harris' eulogy was such a worthy tribute to the memory of the great man he had known so well in the evening of life at the Hermitage, and whose confidence he had uniformly enjoyed, that it is deemed worth while to reprint in this connection the latter part of it, so accurately descriptive of the last scenes of the veteran's life, death, and burial. After reference to that part of the will in which his swords and trophies were given to Arm-

strong, Donelson, and others, with patriotic charges to the several recipients, the eulogy concludes:

"How beautiful the injunctions which accompany the bequests of the dying patriot! He had preserved his own sword pure and unsullied; he had guarded the stainless emblems of a nation's gratitude as a priceless treasure; and when he was approached by the great earthly conqueror of all mankind, he gracefully surrendered them into chosen hands, with a prayer and a command that they should never be dishonored.

"Nor was he thoughtless of her who had watched his bedside for years. In recognizing and confirming a marriage gift to the wife of his adopted son, he said: 'This gift and bequest is made as a token of my great affection for her, a memento of her uniform attention to me, and kindness on all occasions. When worn down with sickness, pain, and debility, she has been more than a daughter to me, and I hope that she will never be disturbed by any one in the enjoyment of this gift and bequest.'

"The exalted sphere of the ladies which his heart appreciated, his hand was ever ready to acknowledge. He successfully threatened the recreant soldier with the fear of their frown as a preventive of desertion—he was accustomed to speak of them as 'last at the cross, first at the sepulchre, and foremost in the cause of justice and humanity'—their defense and protection was his watchword on the plains of Chalmette, and when, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, he revisited those scenes of his early struggles for the last time, the charming daughters of the sunny South, those whom he had protected from the ruthless invader in their infant cradles, received him on carpets of roses, and loaded his venerable brow with kisses of gratitude. Chivalrous to the last, he makes them the umpire before whom American valor shall become emulous upon the battle-field for the heir-looms of patriotism.

"But as the last touches of the pencil give beauty and fidelity to the picture, so the closing scenes of the veteran's life become the most interesting portion of his history. As in earlier life he was the brave and dauntless soldier in defense of his country's rights, so he became the brave and dauntless soldier of the cross. From his childhood he had revered Christianity, and often dwelt with grateful emotions on the tender and prayerful solicitude of

his pious mother, during his boyhood, for his spiritual welfare. And even in the turbulent and boisterous periods of his career, when all his energies were concentrated in the conduct of sanguinary British and Indian wars, although vehement and impetuous in spirit, the purest religious feelings animated his heart and shaped his inclinations. There is not in our language a more beautiful form of prayer and thanksgiving than is contained in a portion of his congratulatory and farewell address to his soldiers at New Orleans after the battle of the eighth—meekly giving all the glory of the victory to the God of battles, in whom he had put his trust. I have heard an old warrior against the Indians say, that on the eve of one of the most deadly conflicts in the Creek nation, when they were on watch for the enemy, whom they knew to be near, and when an order had been given that there should be no unnecessary noise in camp, one of the guard approached the General and complained that a soldier was praying unnecessarily loud. 'God forbid,' said he, 'that *praying* should be considered an *unnecessary noise* in *my* camp.'

"These feelings ripened with age into a firmly settled conviction and conversion; and for the last eight years he who had led and directed his countrymen on so many well-fought fields, who had humbled the proud British lion upon our Southwestern shore, and sent him howling home to his sea-girt den—who had wrung the unwilling acknowledgment of our country's rights from the crowned heads of Europe—might be seen upon the Sabbath, when his health would permit, bowing with his neighborhood circle in deep humility and humble adoration before the little altar which he had caused to be planted a short distance from his house, devotedly and sincerely partaking of the sacred emblems of faith. I witnessed this—but I witnessed no richly embroidered carpets on which to walk—no silken and velvet cushions on which to kneel—no gorgeous purples in which to robe the chief—no pomp—no parade—no insignia of superiority or power, like those which glitter within the royal chapels of princes and potentates. All was plainness, simplicity, piety, Christian purity. He fostered that little church with a father's solicitude and protection; and one of his last wishes was that it might be sustained forever.

"In the full enjoyment of his mental faculties, he died as he had lived—undismayed, unterrified. Even death, at whose ap-

proach mankind are prone to shudder, though he had long tortured the veteran's frame with the most excruciating pains, as if to apply the severest tests to his resigned spirit, could not shake his nerve or make his resolution tremble. He had spoken of the coming event for so many months as one would naturally speak of a journey to a distant country not soon to return, and had taken great care in the adjustment of his temporal affairs, arranging all his papers, and leaving them where they would be accessible to the historian of his country.

"We rarely see a happier combination of all the virtues which belong to man than the character Jackson exhibited; and when the faithful historic pen shall institute its comparisons between him and the celebrated heroes and statesmen of antiquity, who favored the acquisition of territory by conquest and not by the influence of sound opinion upon the minds of the millions, whose object was to tyrannize over the world, and not to diffuse the blessings of free institutions amongst the governed, who were more ambitious of ephemeral popularity and power than of permanent welfare—the slaves of princely pride and passion, and not the faithful and accountable servants of their country—who lived as reckless adventurers, and died by the hands of violence—when these lines of contrast shall be drawn, as they will be drawn, by the pen of the impartial annalist, we shall need no lofty pillar of Trajan, no sculptured arches, no massive column of Napoleon, to commemorate his deeds of glory, for they will be enshrined in our hearts, and transmitted to the latest generation of our posterity.

"Had he been faultless, he had been more than man. Do you remember that he had any imperfections? Where, on earth, may we look for perfection? Error is one of the first offspring of humanity—and if in his career you have discovered indiscretions, you will at least admit, that they were of that class which 'sometimes serve us well when better judgment fails.'

"He is gone. 'I bequeath,' said he, in his last will and testament, 'my body to the dust whence it came, and my soul to God who gave it, hoping for a happy immortality through the atoning merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. My desire is, that my body be buried by the side of my dear departed wife, in the garden of the Hermitage, in the vault there prepared.'

"In the circle of an ever-watchful and devoted family, he expired on a summer's evening of our holy Sabbath. He had said it was probably the last he would be permitted to enjoy on earth, and had called his household to his bedside to tell them of the pleasant paths of righteousness, and to express a dying Christian's hope that he might meet them all again in Heaven.

"The funeral orator at his burial, held up a small copy of the Bible which had been literally worn out by the veteran's own hand, who was accustomed to consult it freely, to listen to its teachings, to believe in its promises, and to regard it as the only anchor of his spiritual safety.

"It was as he had desired. In the vault, which he had years before caused to be prepared for its reception, his body was buried by the side of his dear departed wife, in the garden of the Hermitage, amid ample beds of variegated flowers in full bloom, cultivated and arranged with taste and elegance under the eye of his 'more than daughter'—a spot on which nature had been encouraged to lavish the brightest charms of Flora—in all its beauty, simplicity, and sweetness, more appropriate for the remains of the plain republican patriot, than the marble sarcophagus of Septimus Severus,* which in life he had rejected with a freeman's indignation—nay, than the proudest of the Egyptian pyramids.

"By a few of his aged friends and compatriots in arms, his body was silently laid in its last consecrated spot—a select choir chaunted his favorite psalm as a requiem, and the gallant military corps, which had long borne aloft his portrait on their banner, discharged their musketry over his resting place.

"It was an hour of tears. Thousands were there to witness it. As the veteran soldier, with his whitened locks, lowered the remains of his old General into their last resting place, the tear which

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* His language declining it was: "I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an Emperor or a King. I have prepared an humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid," etc. When President, he charged Judge Woodbury, one of his cabinet ministers: "Should I die here in Washington, remove my ashes to Tennessee, and let me sleep beside my beloved wife." When asked by a friend what course he would pursue if permitted to live his life over again, he replied with a benignant smile: "I would not accept the boon if it were offered me."

trembled on his eye-lid and then trickled down his furrowed cheek, told the beholder that it was from the fountain of deep, deep grief.

"As the throng pressed nearer the spot to witness the last solemnities over the hallowed relics of their country's benefactor, a keener sense of their loss was manifest, and few, indeed, were tearless in that assembly.

> "'To live with fame, the gods allow
> To many. But to die with equal lustre,
> Is a gift which Heaven selects
> From all the choicest boons of fate,
> And with a sparing hand, on few bestows.'

"Like the Father of his Country, he descended to the grave with all the civil and military honors of his countrymen—like him, he welcomed the battle-field, welcomed the olive branch of peace, welcomed the public service, welcomed retirement, welcomed life, welcomed death, and abides in the grateful hearts of millions of freemen. Like him, his memory will bloom upon our altars for ages and ages with perennial freshness. The mother shall teach her infant to lisp their names in unison—the father shall teach him to emulate their strong virtues. An admiring posterity shall make frequent pilgrimages to Mount Vernon in the East, and the Hermitage in the West, to linger around the mounds which contain the ashes of the illustrious dead, to commune with the spirits of the immortal WASHINGTGN and JACKSON.

XI.

Incidents in the Early Life of Sam. Houston—How the Independence of Texas was Won.

I have incidentally noticed in the sketch of the campaigns of Gen. Jackson the signal bravery displayed by Gen. Sam. Houston in the battle of the Horse Shoe, which secured for him the lasting friendship of his old commander, as well as the admiration of the army. Gen. Houston was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, March 2, 1793. His mother, after the death of her husband, removed to Tennessee, and settled in Maryville, Blount county. In 1813 he enlisted as a private in the thirty-ninth regiment, United States army, commanded by Col. John Williams, of Knoxville, but was promoted to the position of Ensign before the battle of the Horse Shoe. After the ratification of peace in 1815, he was promoted to be a Lieutenant, and was stationed with his regiment near Knoxville, and afterwards in New Orleans. At the latter place the wound in his shoulder received in the battle of the Horse Shoe, broke out afresh, and he underwent a painful and dangerous operation which nearly cost him his life. In April, 1816, he sailed for New York, where he remained several weeks, and with health somewhat improved, returned to Tennessee by way of Washington. He was stationed in Nashville, Januuary 1, 1817. In November of the same year he was appointed a sub-agent for the Indians, and being called to Washington on business connected with the agency, he resigned his position as Lieutenant in the regular army, March 1, 1818, returned to Tennessee, and settled in Nashville. Here he studied law with Judge James Trimble for about six months, when he obtained a license and commenced the practice of the law. In October, 1819, he was elected by the Legislature Attorney General for the district embracing Nashville, but discharged the duties of that office for only a short time.

Gen. Houston stood six feet and six inches in his socks, was of fine contour, a remarkably stout, well-proportioned man, and of

commanding and gallant bearing; had a large, long head and face, and his fine features were lit up by large, eagle-looking eyes; possessed a wonderful recollection of persons and names, a fine address and courtly manners, and a magnetism approaching that of Gen. Jackson. He enjoyed unbounded popularity among men, and was a great favorite with the ladies. He was strongly inclined to dabble in politics, and ambitious to receive the applause of the people. In 1823, he was elected to Congress, and was re-elected in 1825. Immediately upon entering Congress, he assumed a prominent position in that body. He did not possess the advantages of a finished education, but was a man of strong practical sense, and had acquired a vast fund of knowledge from his intercourse with educated and intelligent men of his day. During the administration of Gen. Jackson, a fellow-member of Congress made a coarse and vulgar speech against the President, to which Houston replied in a very effective manner, and afterwards caned the traducer of his old commander, which caused great excitement in the North.

In August, 1827, Houston was chosen Governor of Tennessee by a majority of about 12,000, his competitor being Gov. Newton Cannon. The retiring Governor was Gen. Wm. Carroll, who had already served three terms, and the constitution rendered him ineligible for a fourth. Houston's personal popularity was very great, and it is said that on his accession to office he had not a single opponent in the Legislature. Houston became a candidate for re-election and was opposed by Gov. Carroll, who was now eligible. This contest was between two heroes of the war of 1812, each possessing fine talents and being good speakers, while they had hosts of friends, and the result of the election was regarded as very doubtful. The canvass opened near Nashville in April, 1829. In the January previous Gov. Houston had married Miss Eliza H. Allen, a daughter of John Allen, of Sumner county. She came of a wealthy and very influential family. Her brothers, Campbell Allen and Col. Robert Allen, of Smith county, had distinguished themselves in the war of 1812 under Gen. Jackson, especially Robert Allen, who commanded a regiment of volunteers in the Creek war. Col. Allen served in Congress with distinction, and was afterwards a member of the Convention of 1834 which framed the constitution of Tennessee.

He was the father of our townsman, Mr. Joseph W. Allen; also of Mrs. Allison, Capt. John Allen, and others. Gov. Houston's wife was a most estimable woman, yet family troubles long since forgotten, and still shrouded in a mystery that is impenetrable, and will forever remain so, caused him to separate from her immediately after the opening of the canvass for Governor in April, 1829, and to resign the office of Governor two days afterward, and go into involuntary exile among the red men West of the Mississippi, from which he emerged to become the great leader of the Texas revolt. This revolution stands upon as strong ground of justification as our own revolution of 1776, which gave birth to our Republic. By the treaty of 1819, the United States foolishly surrendered to Spain the magnificent territory embraced by Texas, which from its position and contiguity, should have constituted part of our Republic. Mexico had never extended its settlements further than the head of the Rio Grande and the bay of San Francisco. The fine lands of Texas remained uncultivated for a very long period. The people of Mexico were a mining and pastoral people, and that country was not adapted to agricultural pursuits. Mexico desired to place a brave American population in Texas as a barrier to the incursions of the Indians into Mexican settlements along the frontier, and invited citizens of the United States to accept grants of land in Texas upon condition of settling upon them, and assuring them that they should be protected by the constitution of Mexico of 1824, which was similar in most of its features to that of the United States. A hardy and brave colony under Col. Austin were the first to settle in that country. Others came afterwards, principally from Tennessee and Kentucky, but there were considerable numbers from other Southern and Western States, constituting a population that would compare favorably in all the essential requisites of manhood with any people in the world. Meantime affairs in Mexico became very much disturbed. The republic of 1821 was superceded by Iturbide in 1822, who was in 1823 deposed, banished, returned and was shot, and Victoria was made President. Pedraza was elected in 1828, and Guerrero deposed him the next year and was made President. Then Bustamente overthrew Guerrero, and quickly Santa Anna overthrew Bustamente, and with him all the forms of the constitution and the whole frame

of the federal government, annihilating the State governments and establishing a consolidated government of which he was monarch, under the retained republican title of President. The Texans did not acquiesce in what Santa Anna had done, but they did not revolt. They retained their State government in operation, and looked to other States of Mexico, older and more powerful than Texas, to re-establish the federal constitution of 1824. This was still the position of Texas in September, 1835, at which time a Mexican armed vessel appeared off the coast of Texas and declared her ports blockaded. At the same time Gen. Cos appeared in Western Texas with an army of fifteen hundred men, with orders to arrest the State authorities, to disarm the inhabitants, and to reduce the State to unconditional submission. Gonzales was the point selected for the commencement of the execution of these orders; and the first thing was the arms, those trusty rifles which the settlers had brought with them from the United States, which were their defense against savages, their resource for game, and the guard which converted their houses into castles stronger than those "which the King cannot enter." A detachment of Gen. Cos' army appeared at Gonzales and demanded the arms of the inhabitants. It was the same demand, and for the same purpose, says Mr. Benton, which the British made at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775. It was the same demand, and the same answer was given—resistance, battle, victory! for American blood was at Gonzales as it had been at Lexington; and between using their arms and surrendering their arms, that blood never did and never will hesitate. Then followed the rapid succession of brilliant events, which in two months left Texas without an armed enemy in her borders, and the strong forts of Goliad and the Alamo, with their garrisons and cannon, the almost bloodless prizes of a few hundred Texan rifles. The Mexican soldiers captured in these forts were released on parole. This was in the fall of 1835.

Thus was the war between Texas and Mexico commenced. An army of invasion appeared before Bexar and commenced fortifying. A small force of Texans held the Alamo, and the Mexican commander demanded the surrender of the place. This demand was answered by a shot from the fort. On the 23d of February, 1836, the Mexicans opened their guns upon the Alamo,

which they bombarded for eleven days. Before daybreak of the 6th of March, a combined attack was made upon the fort by the whole Mexican force. Twice assaulting, they were twice driven back with severe loss. The Texans, unable to load in the hand-to-hand fight which ensued, clubbed their rifles and fought with desperation until but six of their band were to be found alive. These, including Col. David Crockett, surrendered to Castillion, under promise of his protection, but being taken before Santa Anna, they were by his orders instantly put to death. Col. Crockett fell with a dozen swords sheathed in his breast. Col. Bowie, ill in bed, was then shot, after having killed several of his assailants. Maj. Evans, another gallant officer, was shot while in the act of firing the powder magazine. The bodies of the slain were now collected together in the center of the Alamo, and after being horribly mutilated (in which act it is said Santa Anna and his Generals joined), they were burned. But three persons, a woman and child and a servant, escaped this massacre. Not one of the brave defenders of the Alamo was left to tell the story of that bloody episode. Among the soldiers engaged on the Mexican side were a number who had been captured and paroled by the Texans a few months previous. This act of treachery and murder was repeated in a more horrible form at Goliad on the 27th of the same month. A detachment under Col. Fannin surrendered to a superior Mexican force near Goliad on the 20th of March, and a capitulation was signed by which it was agreed that the Texans should be treated as prisoners of war, and as soon as possible sent to the United States. Having surrendered their arms, they were then marched to Goliad, where on the 26th of March an order was received from Santa Anna requiring them to be shot. At daybreak on the morning of the 27th (it was Palm Sunday), the five hundred and twelve prisoners at Goliad were marched out of the fort under the cruel delusion of a return to their families, when they found themselves enveloped in double files of cavalry and infantry, and were marched to a spot fit for the perpetration of the horrid deed; and there, says, Benton, without an instant to think of parents, country, friends, and God—in the midst of the consternation of terror and surprise, were inhumanly set upon and pitilessly put to death, in spite of those moving cries which reached to Heaven, and regardless of

those supplicating hands, stretched forth for mercy, from which arms had been taken under the perfidious forms of a capitulation. Five hundred and six perished that hallowed Sunday morning—young, vigorous, brave, sons of respectable families, and the pride of many a parent's heart—and their bleeding bodies, torn with wounds and many yet alive, were thrown in heaps upon vast fires, for the flames to consume what the steel had mangled. The victims of the Alamo and Goliad were like those of the Old Mission and San Patricio. One common fate befell them all. The men whose lives were thus sacrificed while bravely defending the country of their adoption will never be forgotten, and the memory of their great deeds will be enshrined in the hearts of all throughout the civilized world who struggle for liberty.

Santa Anna had an army seven thousand strong, and flushed with what he called victory, he confidently expected that the spirit of the Texans had been broken under the heavy losses they had sustained through the treachery of himself and his subordinates, and that the remnant of the Texan army would seek safety in flight to the United States, and thus leave the State of Texas under his domination. But he soon found that he was laboring under a fatal delusion. It was reserved for Sam. Houston at San Jacinto not only to dispel that delusion, but to turn the tide of events and to gain a victory which brought independence to Texas. Mr. Benton speaks of the result of this battle as a "romantic victory which has given to the Jacinto (the hyacinth) that immortality in grave and serious history which the diskos of Appollo had given to it in the fabulous pages of the heathen mythology." "That combat of the San Jacinto!" exclaims Mr. Benton, "it must forever remain in the catalogue of military miracles. Seven hundred and fifty citizens, miscellaneously armed with rifles, muskets, belt-pistols, and knives, under a leader who had never seen service, except as a subaltern, march to attack near double their numbers—march in open day across a clear prairie, to attack upwards of twelve hundred veterans, the elite of an invading army of seven thousand, posted in a wood, their flanks secured, front intrenched; and commanded by a General trained in civil wars, victorious in numberless battles; and chief of an empire of which no man becomes chief except as a conquerer. In twenty minutes the position is forced. The

combat becomes a carnage. The flowery prairie is stained with blood; the hyacinth is no longer blue, but scarlet. Six hundred Mexicans are dead; six hundred more are prisoners, half of them wounded; the President-General himself a prisoner; the camp and baggage all taken, and the loss of the victors, six killed and twenty wounded!" It was a victory without a parallel except that of the 8th of January, 1815, at New Orleans. Where all fought so nobly, it may seem invidious to mention names, but I must be pardoned for referring to Richard Scurry, who commanded the artillery, and his brother Gen. William Scurry (cousins of my wife)—who gallantly fell on the side of the South in the war between the States—as having greatly distinguished themselves in the battle of San Jacinto.

The victory of San Jacinto was demanded by retributive justice. It was a victory that the civilization of the age and the honor of the human race required to be won. The battle of San Jacinto stands unparalleled in the history of the world, either as to the manner in which it was fought or the results growing out of that splendid victory of a few raw, undisciplined troops, poorly armed and equipped, over a veteran army, thoroughly armed and provided with all the appliances to make a war of invasion effective. Texas thus secured its independence and became a republic. Goliad and the Alamo decreed independence, and San Jacinto gave force and effect to that decree. The massacre of the prisoners of the Alomo and Goliad must ever be regarded as snapping the last ligament that bound Texas to Mexico. These acts, more befitting an untutored savage than the soldiers of a professedly civilized nation, not only gained for the struggling Texans the sympathy of patriotic and liberty-loving people throughout the world, but nerved the survivors to deeds of valor that won for them and their posterity a heritage as enduring as their own broad and beautiful prairies. It is said that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." It is equally true that the blood of slaughtered patriots is the dragon's teeth sown upon the earth from which heroes, full grown and armed, leap into life and become victors in battle and founders of republics. the leader of the revolution and the hero of San Jacinto, was made

Texas having won its independence, established a republic by adopting our constitution and institutions. Gen. Sam. Houston,

President of the new republic, and afterwards he brought upon his broad shoulders the empire of Texas, and the "Lone Star" was annexed to our glorious constellation, and became one of the States of the Union. Gen. Houston was elected one of the first United States Senators from Texas, and was afterwards frequently elected Governor of Texas, which office he held in 1861. Being opposed to the war, he was deposed, and retired to private life, and died at Huntsville, Texas, in January, 1863, at the age of seventy. If he had lived, it is probable that he would have become President of the United States. Gen. Houston married for his second wife an estimable lady of Alabama, and left seven interesting children.

HOUSTON'S SEPARATION FROM HIS FIRST WIFE.

The citizens of Sumner county who knew Mrs. Eliza H. Houston from childhood, and that there was no stain of dishonor upon her character, deemed it due to her to call a meeting of the citizens of that county nearly half a century ago, to give expression to the opinion entertained by the entire community of the private virtues of that lady, and whether her character had received any injury, among those acquainted with her, in consequence of the unfortunate disagreement between her and her husband, Gen. Sam. Houston, resulting in their separation. The following letter published in the *Louisville Courier Journal*, in January, 1875, reproduces the action of that meeting:

"CLARKSVILLE, TENN., January 18.

"The domestic misfortune of Samuel Houston, the unswerving friend of Andrew Jackson, Governor of Tennessee, and the first and third President of the republic of Texas—troubles long since forgotten by the masses of the nation—were probably the cause of driving him into exile among the red men West of the Mississippi, from which he emerged into the wilds of Texas and became the captor of Santa Anna, established a republic, and afterwards represented the State of Texas as Governor and one of its most honored Senators. Strange as it may seem, General Houston, with all the heroism of his nature—the man of nerve who never did concede that Texas belonged to Spain by the stipulations of the Florida treaty—although he had filled the position of Governor of Tennessee, President of a republic, and Senator from Texas, still failed to secure from this nation that respect which

has been enjoyed by obscurer men. It was these family troubles over which the general public desired forty years ago to throw the mantle of forgetfulness that blasted his private character, and with it followed the fame his daring exploits and love of country had so worthily bestowed upon him.

"The subjoined extract, copied from an old paper published in this State in 1830, explains to some extent the cause of the dissolution of his marital ties:

"'At a meeting of sundry respectable citizens of Sumner county, Tenn., assembled at the court-house in Gallatin, on the 26th day of April, 1830, George Crockett, of said town, was called to the chair, and Thomas Anderson appointed secretary. The design of said meeting having been explained by appropriate remarks from Col. Jo. C. Guild, on motion of Wm. H. Douglas, it was

"'*Resolved*, That the following gentlemen be appointed a committee to consider and draw up a report expressive of the opinion entertained of the private virtues of Mrs. Eliza H. Houston, and whether her amiable character has received an injury among those acquainted with her, in consequence of the late unfortunate occurrence between her and her husband, Gen. Samuel Houston, late Governor of the State of Tennessee, to-wit: Gen. Wm. Hall, Wm. L. Alexander, Esq., Gen. Eastin Morris, Col. J. C. Guild, Elijah Boddie, Esq., Col. Daniel Montgomery, Thomas Anderson, Esq., Capt. Alf. H. Douglas, Isaac Baker, Esq., Mr. Robt. M. Boyers, Maj. Charles Watkins and Joseph W. Baldridge, Esq.; and that said committee meet at the court-house in Gallatin, on Wednesday next, and report.

"'The meeting was then adjourned until Wednesday next at 10 o'clock, A. M.

"'GALLATIN, April 28, 1830.

"'The citizens met according to adjournment (all the members present except Col. Montgomery), and presented the following report:

"'The committee deem it unnecessary at this time to animadvert on the character and conduct of Governor Houston, except so far as they may be inseparably connected with the investigation and development of the character of his unfortunate wife.

"'It appears that very shortly after the marriage Governor Houston became jealous of his wife, and mentioned the subject to

one or two persons, apparently in confidence; yet the committee are not informed that he made any specific charges, only that he believed that she was incontinent and devoid of the affection which a wife ought to have toward her husband. The committee cannot doubt but that he rendered his wife unhappy by his unfounded jealousies and his repeated suspicions of her coldness and want of attachment, and that she was constrained by a sense of duty to herself and her family to separate from her infatuated husband and return to her parents, which she did early in the month of April, last, since which time she has remained in a state of dejection and despondency.

"'The committee will close this report by observing that they are informed that Gov. Houston had lately made a tour through the Middle States, and had returned to Nashville on his way to Arkansas, where they understood he has located himself in the Cherokee Nation; and it has been suggested that public sympathy has been much excited in his favor, and that a belief has obtained in many places abroad that he was married to an unworthy woman, and that she has been the cause of all his misfortunes and his downfall as a man and as a politician, whereas nothing is further from the fact; and without charging him with malignity of heart or baseness of purpose, the committee have no hesitation in saying that he is a deluded man; that his suspicions were groundless; that his unfortunate wife is now, and ever has been, in the possession of a character unimpeachable, and that she is an innocent and injured woman there is not the semblance of a doubt.

"'The committee appointed to express the sentiments of this meeting in relation to the character of Mrs. Eliza H. Houston, and the causes which led to the separation from her husband, beg leave to present that, on the 22d of January, 1829, General Samuel Houston, the then Governor of Tennesse, was married to the daughter of a highly respected citizen of Sumner county. She was born in the town of Gallatin, and reared in the county of Sumner, and is personally known to the whole community, a majority of whom have known her since her infancy. Up to the time of her marriage with Governor Houston, no lady sustained (and the committee think justly sustained) a fairer and more unsullied reputation for all those virtues which embellish and adorn the female character.

"'The committee have had placed in their hands a letter from Gov. Houston to his father-in-law, written shortly after the separation, a copy of which is appended herewith without comment:

"'DEAR SIR—The most unpleasant and unhappy circumstance has just taken place in the family, and one that was entirely unnecessary at the time. Whatever had been my feelings or opinions in relation to Eliza at one period, I have been satisfied, and it is now unfit that anything should be adverted to. Eliza will do me the justice to say that she believes I was really unhappy. That I was satisfied, and believed her virtuous, I had assured her last night and this morning; this, however, should have prevented the facts coming to your knowledge and that of your wife. I would not for millions that it had ever been known to you. But one human being knew anything of it from me, and that was by Eliza's consent and wish. I would have perished first; and if mortal man had dared to charge my wife or say aught against her virtue, I would have slain him. That I have and do love Eliza none can doubt, and that I have ever treated her with affection she will admit; that she is the only earthly object dear to me God will bear witness. The only way that the matter can now be overcome will be for us all to meet as though it had never occurred, and this will keep the world, as it should ever be, ignorant that such thoughts ever were.

"'Eliza stands acquitted by me. I have received her as a virtuous, chaste wife, and as such I pray God I may ever regard her, and I trust I ever shall. She was cold to me, and I thought did not love me; she owns that such was one cause of my unhappiness. You can think how unhappy I was to think that I was united to a woman who did not love me. That time is now past, and my future happiness can only exist in the assurance that Eliza and myself can be more happy, and that your wife and yourself will forget the past, forget all, and find your lost peace—and you may rest assured that nothing on my part shall be wanting to restore it. Let me know what is to be done.

"'Your most obedient, SAM. HOUSTON.'

"The report was unanimously accepted, and it was

"'*Resolved*, That the editors of the State of Tennessee, and all other editors who feel any interest for the character of an injured female, be requested to give the foregoing report and proceedings

an insertion in their respective papers. And the meeting adjourned.'

"This separation was final; a pure woman's character was fully exonerated. Governor Houston never returned to Tennessee,* but remained in Texas, where he married a most estimable woman. In 1861 he was deposed as Governor, and resided in Texas throughout the remainder of his life, which terminated at Huntsville, Texas, in June, 1863.

"He was a staunch supporter of the cause of the Union. He died, aged seventy-three, in full faith and fellowship in the Calvinistic Baptist Church, leaving a widow and seven children, none of whom had attained their majority. He died as Tom Benton said an honest public man ought to die—poor. His eldest son was a Confederate soldier."

I did not see Gen. Houston after this meeting until he visited Nashville while a Senator in Congress. While here, he was the guest of Dr. John Shelby, but received his friends at the Nashville Inn. In early life I had sustained him, in my feeble way, in all his aspirations for office. But I did not know how he would now receive me, supposing he had seen the action of citizens of Sumner county touching the unfortunate troubles between him and his wife, and the part I had taken in that meeting; yet I ventured to call on him, and extending my hand as I approached him, he rose and received me in the most cordial manner, and expressed much concern as to my welfare. We spent an hour chatting about men and events of the "long time ago." At one time during the interview, when not interrupted by visitors, he took me cordially by the hand and said, "Guild, you did a noble thing in vindicating the character of Eliza. I thank you and citizens of Sumner county for the stand you took in that unfortunate affair." It was too delicate for me press the interview further. He then glided off upon the heroic conduct of the seven hundred and fifty Texans he commanded in the great battle that secured the independence of Texas, and did not again allude to his family troubles.

Napoleon put aside his estimable wife Josephine and married the Austrian Princess Maria Louisa in order to advance his po-

* Gov. Houston visited Tennessee after he became a United States Senator from Texas.—J. C. G.

litical ambition. Houston, from perhaps the same consideration, espoused the amiable Eliza H. Allen, and for reasons inexplicable separated from her and went into voluntary exile. The conduct of Napoleon and Houston in these matters has placed a cloud upon the brilliant fame of these great men which will, perhaps, never pass away.

I have deemed it due to the memory of Gen. Houston and of his first wife to print the following documents in this connection:

LETTER FROM COL. WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1878.

Judge Jo. C. Guild—My Dear Sir: In the several conversations we have had on the subject of Gen. Sam. Houston's life, you have expressed a desire to have me relate some of the particular scenes and events in his early career still familiar to my mind. I will endeavor then, in a short sketch, to give you what now occurs to me of most interest.

My earliest recollections of Gen. Houston date back to 1811, at Kingston, Roane county, Tenn. He was a clerk at the time in the store of Mr. Sheffy. My mother, in her widowhood, was living about three miles from Kingston. I was thirteen years of age, and Mr. Houston five years my senior. The line of the Cherokee country was about three miles South of Kingston, the Holston river being the boundary. The Indian trade being much valued, his services were highly appreciated from the fact that he spoke with fluency the Cherokee language. He was especially kind to me, and much of my time was spent in his company. He remained in the capacity of clerk until after the declaration of the war of 1812. At that time the United States were recruiting troops at Kingston for the war. Lieut. Wm. Arnold, of the thirty-ninth regiment of regulars, was sent to Kingston on recruiting service. The whole population had caught the war fever, and intense interest prevailed. The manner of enlisting at that day was to parade the streets with drum and fife, with a Sergeant in command. Silver dollars were placed on the head of the drum, and, as a token of enlistment, the volunteer stepped up and took a dollar, which was his bounty; he was then forthwith marched to the barracks and uniformed. The late Robert H. McEwen, of this city, cousin to Gen. Hous-

ton, and myself were standing together on the street and saw Houston take his dollar from the drum and enlist as a private in the year 1813. He was taken immediately to the barracks, dressed as a soldier, and appointed the same day as a Sergeant. Soon after this Lieut. Arnold had received thirty-nine soldiers, and was ordered to send them forth to join the troops, marching to the Creek war, under the command of Col. John Williams, of Knoxville, who commanded this regiment of regulars in person at the battle of the Horse Shoe, and afterward became a distinguished Senator in Congress from Tennessee. Soon after Houston left Kingston, his friends applied to President Madison for his promotion, who commissioned him as Ensign. The commission was promptly sent, and reached him before the battle of the Horse Shoe. At that battle he mounted the Indian defenses with colors in hand, and was wounded by a barbed arrow in the thigh. A soldier, whom he ordered to extract it by main force, made several ineffectual efforts, and only succeeded under a threat by Houston to kill him unless he pulled it out. He was carried back, suffering intensely from the wound, which had been much lacerated. His indomitable will led him immediately back into the fight, when he was soon wounded by two balls in his right shoulder. The intrepid spirit he displayed on this occasion won for him the lasting regard of Gen. Jackson. Disabled from further service, he was sent back to Kingston with the sick and wounded. Robert H. McEwen and myself met him some distance from Kingston, on a litter supported by two horses. He was greatly emaciated, suffering at the same time from his wounds and the measles. We took him to the house of his relative, 'Squire John McEwen, brother of R. H. McEwen, where he remained for some time, and from thence he went to the home of his mother, in Blount county. After this battle he received the appointment of Lieutenant for his gallantry. After the restoration of peace he was appointed sub-agent of the Cherokee Nation under Return J. Meigs, who was agent, the agency being on the West bank of the Hiwassee, near where the railroad between Knoxville and Chattanooga crosses, the spot where the remains of Gov. McMinn and Return J. Meigs lie buried, both having been agents to the Indian Nation. While in the capacity of sub-agent, a controversy arose between himself and Mr. Cal-

houn, Secretary of War, which caused his removal about the year 1818. Soon after this he came to Nashville and commenced the study of law with Hon. James Trimble, father of Mr. John Trimble, of this city, and obtained license to practice after six or eight months' study. At the first meeting of the Legislature he was elected Attorney General of this district over some distinguished lawyers as competitors, and in 1821 was elected Major General of the militia of this division of the State, and in 1823 was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1825. While a member of Congress he preferred some charges against the postmaster here, who, it was understood, would hold him personally responsible on his return home. The matter was public, and great excitement existed among the friends of both parties, and rumors were afloat that a duel would follow. Col. John T. Smith, a noted duelist, living in Missouri, arrived in the city, and it was understood he would be the bearer of the challenge to Houston. It was believed that Col. McGregor, who was the second of Gen. Houston, would refuse to accept the challenge through the hands of Col. Smith, for reasons which he explained. This caused some excitement amongst the friends of Gen. Houston, as they expected a difficulty to occur between McGregor and Smith because of the refusal to accept the challenge if borne by Smith, he being well known as a desperate man. It was anticipated that the challenge would be delivered at the Nashville Inn, where Gen. Houston was stopping that afternoon, and all were on the lookout for the movements of Smith. He was soon seen, about where now stands the Hicks block, walking in the direction of the Nashville Inn, and the friends of both parties hurried to the Inn, where the meeting was to take place. Maj. Philip Campbell, a gallant soldier in the Creek war, and a warm, personal friend of Gen. Houston, with ten or fifteen other Houston men, made their appearance at the Inn prepared to take part, as it was expected there would be a fight when McGregor refused to accept the challenge borne by Smith. The challenge was presented by Smith to McGregor in front of the Nashville Inn, with these words: "I have a communication from Col. Irwin to Gen. Houston, which I now hand to you, sir," extending his hand with the challenge. McGregor replied, "I can receive no communication through your hands from Col. Irwin," and the paper dropped on the pavement

before them. Col. Smith then returned to his quarters, walking down the Public Square, the same route by which he approached the place of meeting. The crowd rushed into the hall of the Inn, where Gen. Houston was standing, greatly relieved that there was no fight between McGregor and Smith. Gen. Wm. White, a brave and chivalric gentleman, remarked that he did not "think the proper courtesy had been extended to Col. Smith." Houston heard the remark, and said to him, "If you, sir, have any grievances, I will give you any satisfaction you may demand." Gen. White replied, "I have nothing to do with your difficulty, but I presume to know what is due from one gentleman to another." This ended their conversation. The next day it was rumored on the streets that Gen. Houston had "backed down" Gen. White. When it reached the ear of the gallant White through some evil-minded person, he resented the imputation by sending a challenge to Gen. Houston, who readily accepted. Robert C. Foster, a prominent citizen of Davidson county and preserver of the peace, came to town and heard the rumor. He expected the fight, and immediately had a warrant issued for the arrest of both parties, which was placed in the hands of Joseph W. Horton, the Sheriff of this county at that time. Mr. Horton requested me to accompany him next morning to the residence of Gen. White to make the arrest. White was then living four or five miles North of Cumberland river. Declining the request of Mr. Horton, I immediately went to Houston's room and found that he had heard, late in the afternoon, of the warrant for the arrest of both himself and Gen. White. That evening he left the city, and passed by the Hermitage on his way to the home of Jimmy Dry Sanders, in Sumner county. The next day he sent a messenger to learn what had been done with White, and to notify him that he would be in Kentucky on a certain day to offer him any redress he might desire. White met him according to appointment, and they fought a duel at runrise. White was thought to be mortally wounded, but recovered. On the evening of the fight a large crowd was assembled at the Inn to hear the news of the duel, among them Gen. Jackson. While waiting in great expectation, a personal friend of Gen. Houston, and a noted character, John G. Anderson, who had gone up to witness the fight, was seen coming in full speed over the bridge,

and soon announced that Houston was safe and White mortally wounded.

After Houston's term in Congress expired, he was elected Governor of Tennessee, successor to Gen. Wm. Carroll. During his Governorship he married Miss Allen, who was a member of a large and influential family in Sumner and Smith counties. Gen. Carroll, after being out of office two years, was again eligible, and declared himself a candidate in opposition to Houston. The first meeting of Houston and Carroll in the canvass occurred at Cockrill's spring, in the month of April, at a battalion muster. I was at that time Sheriff of the county and Colonel of the militia, and, at the request of Houston, drilled the regiment on that day. He desired me to fully acquaint myself with popular sentiment, and communicate it to him after the speaking, which I did, and it afforded him much gratification. He left the muster-ground Saturday afternoon for the city, and I accompanied him as far as the residence of Mr. John Boyd, in sight of the city, and then returned to my home, leaving him in fine spirits. I went into the city on Monday morning early, and while registering my name at the Nashville Inn, the late Daniel F. Carter, who was at the time clerk of the hotel, said to me, "Have you heard the news?" I replied, "No; what news?" He replied, "Gen. Houston and wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's home." I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. Asking where Gen. Houston could be found, Mr. Carter replied he was in his room, but could not be seen. I went immediately to his room and found him in company with Dr. Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain this matter. I left him with Dr. Shelby for a few minutes and went to the court-house on business. When I returned I said to him, "You must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice your friends and yourself." He replied, "I can make no explanation. I exonerate this lady fully, and do not justify myself. I am a ruined man; will exile myself, and now ask you to take my resignation to the Secretary of State." I replied, "You must not think of it," when he again said, "It is my fixed determination, and my enemies, when I am gone, will be too magnanimous to censure my friends." Seeing his determination, I took his resignation to the Secretary of State, who

received it. The following morning he went in disguise to the steamboat, accompanied by Dr. Shelby and myself. He wrote me afterward he was not recognized until he reached Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas river, where he met a friend, of whom he exacted a promise not to make him known. He went up the river to Fort Smith, thence to the Cherokee Nation to his old friend Jolly, a noted Indian whom he knew when sub-agent. He remained in the Nation some time, and on one occasion passed through Nashville with a delegation of Indians on their way to Washington City, in the full garb of a Cherokee. From the Nation he went to Texas and settled at St. Augustine, commencing there the practice of law with John Dunn, of this county, son of Michael C. Dunn, and there remained until the breaking out of the Texas revolution. He soon raised an army, and was made commander-in-chief of the Texas army, and at the battle of San Jacinto captured Santa Anna, President of Mexico, which closed the war. He sent Santa Anna and Gen. Almonte as his prisoners through Nashville, on their way to Washington City, under charge of Col. George W. Hockley, formerly of Nashville. Gen. Houston was then made President of the Republic of Texas, and, after its annexation, was Senator in Congress from that State; then was made Governor, and at the commencement of the war was opposed to secession and rebellion, was deposed by the Legislature, and soon after died. Some years previous to his death he professed the Christian religion and became a consistent member of the Baptist Church.

The incidents I have related to you, my old friend, are just as they present themselves from my own memory, without reference to history, hence there may be some inaccuracy in the dates. Many other incidents occur to my mind, but I will not tax you longer. Long and faithfully yours,

WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS.

REFUTATION OF A WANTON SLANDER.

NASHVILLE, April 22, 1878.

To Col. Samuel D. Morgan, Hon. J. C. Guild, Gen. Samuel R. Anderson and Maj. John L. Brown—Dear Sirs: Referring to the recent communication in the *American*, over my signature, addressed to Hon. Jo. C. Guild, touching certain events in the

life of Gen. Sam. Houston, I related, among other incidents, his marriage to Miss Allen, of Sumner county, and his separation from that lady. I was handed to-day a copy of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, of a recent date, containing a biographical sketch of Gen. Sam. Houston, extracted from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and written by a Mr. Asa Jarman, of Houston, Texas. Mr. Jarman makes mention of having seen Houston, when a youth, at Nashville, in the company of Indians; that he was very expert in the use of the bow and arrow, and afforded amusement to the citizens here by shooting sixpences from the end of a pole placed there to test his skill. In all this Mr. Jarman is wholly mistaken, for Houston never visited Nashville until after the close of the war with Great Britain, a fact well known by all of his friends in this country familiar with his early career. Mr. Jarman further says that Gen. Houston married "Miss Lucy Dickerson, the belle of Nashville;" that Gen. Houston, enraged with jealousy of a Mr. Nickerson, caused an abrupt separation, charging his wife with infidelity to him. I have addressed my letter to you for the reason that you have known Gen. Houston personally well from his youth to the time he became a voluntary exile from Tennessee, Col. Morgan's friendship with him dating back to 1810. You are all familiar with this remarkable man's career from youth to the grave. Above all, you are familiar with the sad story of this separation from his wife. You all know that he married Miss Allen, of Sumner, a most estimable lady, whose name has ever been without reproach in the land that gave her birth. You know that after her separation from Gen. Houston, she married a gentleman of the highest repute, Dr. Douglas, of Sumner county. I call upon you, then, to remove any false impressions this letter of Mr. Jarman may have made upon the public mind. I hand you herewith enclosed the article alluded to in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and copied from the *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis. Respectfully yours,

WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS.

The following is the letter to the *Globe-Democrat* to which the above refers:

HOUSTON, TEXAS, March 26.

Asa Jarman, aged seventy-four, a Texas veteran, who partici-

pated in the battle of Nacogdoches, August 5, 1832, and residing in Houston, has just completed a MS. memoir of the life of Gen. Sam. Houston, the Texas patriot and General. Mr. Jarman kindly invited a correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* to peruse it and make such notes as suited him.

Gen. Sam. Houston, one of the remarkable men of modern times, the founder of a republic whose domain equaled, if it did not exceed, the realm of France, was born in Rockbridge county, Va., in 1788, and died in Texas in 1863. At thirteen, his father dying, he and his widowed mother removed to Tennessee, then inhabited by Indians, near which, and in daily converse with whom, lived mother and son. The latter got acquainted and soon became a great favorite with the Cherokees, with whom he spent most of his time hunting and fishing. He became very proficient with the bow and arrow, and the first time Mr. Jarman saw the future General and leader of armies was at Nashville, whither he came with his friends, the Indians, to sell skins, furs, and meats. Some of the citizens, on the occasion referred to, put up a sixpence on a pole or stick, and amused themselves by having the boy shoot it off with his arrow.

The boy lived with the Indians until the breaking out of the famous war against the Creeks, in Georgia, when he joined a volunteer company, rose to the rank of Lieutenant, under Gen. Jackson, and was the second to scale the enemy's works at the battle of Horse-shoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa river, where the Creeks were nearly exterminated. In the battle young Sam. was wounded by an arrow in the thigh, which, with his own hand, he deliberately pulled out. The savage missive brought a piece of flesh along with it, and though Gen. Jackson ordered him to the rear, the young Lieutenant rushed with his men to storm the enemy in another position, where he received two shots in the shoulder. Being sent to the hospital, his mother, on horseback and on an old side-saddle, rode two hundred miles from Tennessee to see and attend her son.* He was subsequently appointed Agent of the Cherokees at Washington.

*It is not true that Mrs. Houston went to the Creek Nation "to see and nurse her son." A biography of Houston, written many years ago, says: "At last, when he reached the house of his mother, he was so worn to a skeleton, that she declared she never would have known him to be her son but for his eyes, which still retained something of their wonted expression."

The friends of Gen. Houston in Texas and elsewhere have ever maintained a profound silence on the causes that led to the separation of Houston and his first wife. Jarman's story about the matter is as follows: After Houston rose to be Governor of Tennessee, he was induced to marry Miss Lucy Dickerson, a great beauty, and at that time the belle of Nashville. Miss Dickerson had, however, previously been engaged to a handsome young man, Mr. Robert Nickerson, during whose absence in Virginia her father and mother prevailed on her to marry Gov. Houston. Miss Dickerson's father was one of the wealthiest men of Tennessee, and all things went well until the return of Mrs. Houston's former lover, when she evidently became unhappy. She managed that frequent interviews with the young man should occur. Finally Houston's body-servant, faithful to his master, informed the Governor that something wrong was going on between his wife and Mr. Nickerson. The husband, fearing to act without the fact, pretended to be going to Maury county, to be absent some time, and informed Mrs. Houston that he would be absent several days. The Governor made a detective out of his servant boy, who watched Mrs. Houston and her paramour, and informed his master at the exact moment when he might, by ocular demonstration, assure himself of his wife's guilt. The Governor boarded the stage for Columbia, but soon got out and returned to his home. Stepping softly in, the Governor passed to a bed-room, and there beheld Mrs. Houston in the arms of her former sweetheart, and on the same couch. The Governor, with that greatness of soul which subsequently distinguished him when sparing the life of Santa Anna, the Mexican tyrant, turned away without saying a word, feeling that the lovely and incomparably beautiful woman he had so lately led to the altar was lost to him forever! It was a terrible moment! Hell and despair seemed to clash together. Houston went out in silence, and sent for his friend, Gov. Carroll, to whom he related what had happened. Carroll said, "You must take your own course in this affair." Gov. Houston then sent for his wife, and said, "What do you mean by acting in this way?" Without the least embarrassment, she replied, "Gov. Houston, I now tell you the plain words, that I like Mr. Nickerson's little finger better than your whole body." "Well, then," said the Gov-

ernor, "you can take the little finger, body and all, as I am now done with you, Lucy, forever." After this terrible experience, the demon of unrest seemed to enter Houston, who went back to his old friends, the Cherokees, and thence he found his way to Texas, dressed, when Jarman first saw him at Nacogdoches, like an Indian out and out.

COMMENT OF COL. SAMUEL D. MORGAN.

At Home, April 23, 1878.

Dear Col. Williams—I have just read your note addressed to Judge Guild, Gen. Anderson, Major Brown and myself, touching the article that lately appeared in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, in relation to the marriage of Gen. Sam. Houston, his separation from his first wife, etc., etc. Mr. Jarman, who it seems is the author of this *palpably*, and I may add *ridiculously*, false account of the affair, evidently knows nothing about the particulars of the events he professes to enlighten the community in regard to; and were it not for the fact that he so *grossly and wantonly* attemps to cast a stigma on the reputation of one of Tennessee's *most excellent and universally respected* ladies, I would advise that the article in question be treated with the silent contempt it so richly deserves. But, as the article may come under the notice of many readers who have not the means of its refutation, perhaps it is well to treat it otherwise. As to the truthfulness of the statements you make in the note to which this alludes, as well as those set forth in your previous letter, to Judge Guild, I most heartily endorse every one of them.

You refer to my long acquaintance with Gen. Houston. Yes, Colonel, I enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship from the year 1809 (not 1810, as your note has it) until the time of his death—first as plow-boy, my school-mate, bedfellow, and co-store-boy; then as an enlisted private United States soldier and Sergeant, from which position he was promoted to be Ensign and Lieutenant (being thrice wounded at the battle of the "Horse Shoe;" next, as Governor of Tennessee—from that post, as a self-made exile, to the humble dwelling of his Cherokee foster-father, the venerable Alu-tucky. His eventful career from that time till his death having become history, it is useless to recur to it here. I will only add to this, that in all my inter-

course with him, since the unhappy event of his separation from his wife, and in repeated allusions to it, he never spoke of the lady in other than the *most respectful terms;* never once upbraided her, but, on the contrary, evinced a wish to have the whole misfortune placed *on his own shoulders.*

Respectfully, S. D. Morgan.

REPLY OF JUDGE GUILD, COL. BROWN, AND GEN. ANDERSON.

Nashville, April 23, 1878.

Col. Willo. Williams—Your favor of yesterday was this day handed me for answer. I state I have with astonishment read the article published in the *Cincinnati Daily Enquirer* of the 20th inst., copied from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, touching the separation of Gen. Sam. Houston and his first wife, Miss Eliza Allen, daughter of the late John Allen, of Sumner county. The article referred to does great injustice to his first wife, and is the result of a disordered imagination; not one fact stated in it is true. In the first place, he never married a Miss Dickerson; nor did such a man as Robert Nickerson ever live or any way exist in Davidson county, Tennessee. The charge of impeaching the honor of his wife is a tissue of falsehood. I lived in the same town (Gallatin) where Eliza was born and raised. She was a modest, retiring lady from her early youth until her death. There was not, nor is there now, a lady or man in Tennessee that ever assailed, or believed that Houston's wife was guilty of any impropriety, or ever in her intercourse, either before or after marriage, did anything affecting her unsullied honor. The first citizens of Sumner—such men as Gov. Hall, Gov. Desha, Gen. Anderson, Col. Elliott, Judge White, Gen. William Trousdale, and a host of others—sympathized with her in her misfortune. The friends likewise of Gov. Houston deemed it due to her to hold a public meeting, at which Gov. Hall presided. I drew the resolutions fully vindicating the character of his wife—to which was attached a letter signed by Gov. Houston, strongly stating that Eliza was a pure woman, without the least stain upon her honor. These resolutions were unanimously passed by the large assembly present. I continued to know her intimately. She afterwards married Dr. Elmore Douglas, a gentleman of worth and education, by whom she had

several children. She is now dead, and it is a cruel outrage to slander the dead and fix a stain upon the living. Col. Williams, you were the loved friend of Gen. Houston in life, and ever faithful to his memory; you aided him efficiently in the extraordinary rise he made, and knew well the history of this great man. Your communication to me gave a truthful history of the General and this unfortunate marriage.

Your friend, JOSEPHUS C. GUILD.

I have read over the statement of Judge Guild, and I fully and cordially endorse all that it contains.

JOHN L. BROWN.

I fully confirm all that Col. Guild has said.

S. R. ANDERSON.

THE HOUSTON–WHITE DUEL.

My earliest recollections embrace Gen. Wm. White, the friend of my uncle, Maj. Josephus H. Conn. Gen. White first settled in Gallatin as a practicing attorney. He soon rose to the head of the bar at that place. He was a bold and most efficient officer under Gen. Jackson; aided in upholding the flag of his country throughout the Creek campaign, and distinguished himself in the battle of Chalmette. In 1818, my uncle, Maj. Conn, who had likewise distinguished himself in Jackson's Indian campaign, was elected to the Legislature, and during the canvass reflections were made upon him. According to the prevailing custom of that day, he called his traducer to the field. He sent me to Gen. White, who then resided on White's creek, for his dueling pistols. Gen. White treated me as though I were a young prince, and acted as the second of my uncle. He was one of the most gallant men I ever knew, and was the very soul of honor. He never gave or submitted to an insult. I have given Col. Willoughby Williams' recollections of Gen. Houston, in which reference is made to the duel between Houston and Gen. White in 1826. I supplement that publication with an extract from a letter of Gen. White himself, written shortly after the occurrence, because it corresponds in all important respects with that of Col. Williams, written from memory fifty-two years after the event. The letter of Gen. White has recently been furnished by his son for publication in the *Nashville American*, and the part relating to the duel is as follows:

At Home, Tennessee, 21st Dec., 1826.—My Dear Friend: Before your letter reached me, I had addressed one to my dear old mother, in order to dissipate the apprehensions of my friends and prevent the indulgence of those melancholy forebodings which the newspaper accounts in relation to my difference and combat with Gen. Houston would authorize. As it is not certain that you have seen a letter which I addressed to the Doctor on the subject, and as my friends in your quarter may feel anxious to know all the particulars, I will proceed to give them to you as much in detail as I can.

A vacancy having occurred in the office of postmaster at Nashville, last winter, several candidates presented themselves for it, and among the rest a Mr. Erwin, who was a lawyer, newspaper editor, etc., and did not favor the pretensions of Gen. Jackson for the Presidency. Gen. Jackson, with a host of adherents, and I among others, recommended a Mr. Currey. But Erwin, who was equally qualified, who was also well recommended, and whose brother married Mr. Clay's daughter, finally received the appointment. Gen. Houston, who was in Congress, not content with making all the opposition he could properly, seeing that Erwin was to be appointed, assailed his private character, charging him with the "want of integrity," etc., etc. Long before Houston returned from Washington he had been notified that Erwin would demand satisfaction on his return to Tennessee, whereupon he began to practice shooting with pistols, and no one ever supposed that he would refuse to meet Erwin, if called out. On account of Erwin being opposed to Gen. Jackson, it became somewhat difficult (although Erwin is a man of good standing) for him to procure a friend to carry his challenge. I was applied to first, but not feeling any hostility towards Houston, I declined doing so. About that time a Col. Smith, an old officer of the army, who had slain seven men in single combat, arrived in Nashville. He presented a challenge from Erwin to Houston. No direct answer was given to Col. Smith, but it was intimated to him that, as he did not reside in the State, he was not a proper person to be the bearer of such a paper, and that no reply would be made to it through him. I happened to be in Nashville on that day, and having been previously acquainted with Col. Smith, he desired me to go and see him tender the paper to Gen. Houston again.

Houston said he would not open the paper, nor should he receive it, and threw it on the pavement where he was standing. Fearing that, from the warmth manifested on both sides, a combat might result from a continuance of the conversation, I remarked: "Col. Smith, you have tendered him the paper, and that is sufficient, I suppose; let us walk." Houston then addressed me as follows: "Gen. White, I will receive one from you, with pleasure." I retorted in about the same terms, and this was followed by a warm altercation between us, in which I left him nothing to boast of. Erwin then advertised Houston as a coward and calumniator. Houston, in the next paper, denounced Erwin as a rogue, and procured a certificate from Erwin's rival candidates to prove that he had taken a newspaper belonging to another person before Erwin became Postmaster. To this publication Houston attached the certificates of two persons, in which the altercation betwixt him and myself was very much misrepresented, thereby placing himself in a defensive, and me in an offensive attitude. Houston, who was somewhat popular, hoped, in this manner, to escape public censure himself and at my expense, and that, too, without subjecting himself to the necessity of a combat with anyone, for he was fully aware of the inequality of our situations. Knowing that, according to the tone of public sentiment here, a coward cannot live except in disgrace and obscurity, I did not hesitate as to my course, nor shall I have cause ever to regret it, for I find that, although I fell in the combat, I conquered even in my fall. Yes, I conquered the prejudices and extorted the admiration of my foes themselves, whilst I am established in the esteem and approbation of my friends. And now it affords me pleasure to add further that, although I was very severely wounded, I have entirely recovered from it.

The *American* accompanied the publication of this letter with the statement that "one of our old citizens takes issue with Col. Williams in regard to Anderson galloping across the bridge and into Nashville with the first news of the duel. He says that Anderson was killed in a duel seven or eight years before the meeting between Houston and White." To this Col. Williams replies:

There can be no *issue* between the "old citizen" and myself in regard to Anderson; he has simply mistaken *the Anderson*. *This* Anderson who was killed in a duel was a respectable merchant,

occupying a house situated on the spot where now stands the store-house of James M. Hamilton. He was killed in the year 1817. The name, I think, was Robert Anderson. The Anderson to whom I alluded in my letter came to the surface ten years after, and was a *grocer* merchant on Market street, near Broad, who was an ardent friend of Houston and a considerable politician, and who is well known by Col. Anthony Johnson, who is now living. My recollection of these circumstances is borne out by Col. Anthony W. Johnson and Joseph Vaulx, Esq., who knew both the Andersons.

THE WASHINGTON OF TEXAS.

Gen. Houston was the leading champion of Texas in her battles with Mexico for independence, and as first in war so first in peace. And his election and re-election to the Presidency showed that he had the full confidence of his countrymen. In him, therefore, it was a laudable ambition to imitate the patriotic virtues of Washington, the father of his country.

After the capture and release of Gen. Santa Anna by Gen. Houston, the former made a visit to Washington and was pleasantly entertained at the White House by Gen. Jackson. On his return homeward he met Gen. Houston at the St. Charles, in New Orleans, and at the genial interview which ensued Houston asked the fallen Mexican General how he had enjoyed his visit to the great capital. Santa Anna said he had been more than delighted—Gen. Jackson had received him as a son and entertained him as a prince, giving him much excellent advice, which he intended to profit from hereafter.

"And I suppose my old and life-long friend, the distinguished statesman and chieftain, had something to say about me, did he not, General Santa Anna?"

"Oh yes, he spoke of you with great kindness and with perfect respect. I told him I believed you to be the greatest General I had ever met, for you had conquered me, and he replied: Sam. is a brave man, patient under defeat, and magnanimous in victory. I raised him in the field from a sergeant and am glad to hear so good account of him."

"General Santa Anna, did he call me *Sam.* in his conversation with you?"

"He did, with much apparent pleasantry, and seemed to rejoice in your successes."

"That is all very well (replied Houston), but, Gen. Santa Anna, do you not think it exceedingly strange that President Jackson should still attempt to keep up the old familiarities of the past with one who has been so generally acknowledged to be the Washington of the Republic of Texas?" And as he said this he thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest under his suspenders on either side and paced the room with a princely air, as though he had not been sufficiently appreciated by Gen. Jackson in the presence of Santa Anna.

Gen. Houston should certainly be pardoned for any apparent vanity of aspiration to imitate the example and emulate the patriotic virtues of Gen. Washington. He could not have chosen a better model. Those who were present at his inauguration as the first President of Texas, have said that on that occasion he dressed himself so much like Stuart's picture of Washington, with powdered hair and elegant fitting garments, that he really looked more like the picture than ever Washington did himself. And this is quite likely, for Houdon's statue of him, cut while Washington was yet living, for the State of Virginia, and which must be accepted as accurate in its proportions, is no more like Stuart's picture than if they were not intended to represent the same person.

THE HUMOR OF HOUSTON.

One of the elements of Gen. Houston's popularity was his constant study to know every man by name whom he happened to meet. If he did not know the name he would make the man believe he did, which accomplished the same end. In 1839, when between his first and second Presidency of the Republic of Texas he was spending the summer at Nashville, he was riding with a friend out on the Gallatin road on horseback, when they saw a man from Sumner approaching them, on his way to the city, when the General asked who he was. And on being told that his name was Hall, and that his brother was killed at the battle of San Jacinto, the General, who had never seen him before, hastened towards him and exclaimed: "How are you, Mr. Hall? I am glad to see you again—how well you are looking." Remember-

ing the General as Governor of the State years before, Mr. Hall expressed his satisfaction at being recognized, and wondered that the General should have remembered him. "Remember you," said Houston, "how can I ever forget you, sir, or any member of your family? Did not your gallant brother die in my arms on the bloody field of San Jacinto?"

HUMOR AND GALLANTRY.

Houston was visiting Nashville when quite a young man, just after he had received his commission as a Lieutenant in the United States Army. Walking along the sidewalk on the West side of the Public Square in his new and bright uniform, he passed two young ladies of great beauty, from Southwestern Virginia, by the name of Kent. As he passed he touched his cap, although he did not know them, and at the same instant heard one of them whisper loudly to the other, "Who is that?" Turning on his heel at once he raised his cap, bowed gracefully, and replied: "Lieutenant Houston, of the United States Army, ladies, at your service."

ANECDOTE THAT HOUSTON TOLD OF HIMSELF.

When Gen. Sam. Houston resigned the Governorship of Tennessee in consequence of some domestic infelicities, he went off to the Indian Nation and remained there two or three years. On his way back he crossed the Mississippi some thirty miles below Memphis and rode on horseback up along the river until nightfall, when he stopped where a tavern sign told him there was entertainment for man and horse, and asked of the man who stood in the doorway if he could get quarters for the night. He was told that he could if he would be content with a little common hog and hominy and would sleep on his own blanket before the fire. After retiring alongside of his host, stretched out before the fire, their feet toasting at the blaze of nearly a half cord of wood that the immense fireplace contained, he thought he would have a little conversation with the old tavern-keeper. So he asked him whether his house stood in Tennessee or Mississippi, to which he replied, "in Tennessee, just over the Mississippi line." He then asked who was now Governor of Tennessee, and

the reply was, "Governor Carroll." "And what sort of a Governor does he make, my friend?" asked the General. "He makes a pretty good Governor—he was second in command to Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and I reckon we shall elect him again." Desiring to know how he stood himself in the estimation of his host, he asked: "And who was your Governor before Carroll?" "Oh! our Governor before Carroll was Houston—Sam. Houston; he was all sorts of a fellow, was very much liked, made us an excellent Governor—*but he disgraced himself and the State and ran off amongst the Indians.*"

The General said he asked no more questions, drew his blanket closer around him, dropped to sleep and slept soundly till sunrise. He said he found he had made so good an impression upon the old tavern-keeper that when he rode away in the morning he would not spoil it by telling him that he had entertained Sam. Houston.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE THAT HOUSTON TOLD OF HIMSELF.

Another anecdote which Gen. Houston used to tell upon himself was this one:

Usually he made it a point, on his way North, to stop three or four days at Cairo to enjoy the fishing. On one occasion he had located himself on the stern guard of a wharf-boat, while a boy, bent on the same business, had taken position on a wood-boat moored a few feet off. Both were patiently awaiting results. At the interesting juncture of a bite at the boy's bait, Houston threw out his line, which became hopelessly entangled with that of the boy. There was a pause. Neither seemed to have a word fit for the occasion. At last Houston broke the silence.

"Sonny, go elsewhere and fish, and then we'll avoid entangling alliances."

"You blasted old short-coat," retorted the bud of promise, "go elsewhere yourself and fish."

"I apprehend that you are a very saucy boy," returned the Senator, "for whom there is by no means enough rods in pickle."

"Now look here, old Skeezicks," cried the boy, fully agitated, "I don't want to quarrel with you, nor nobody like you. Your name is Sam. Dawson, and you live in Texas; and like every-

body else, you stole a hoss, and had to go there; and now you're putting on a big shine, you old thief, and calling yourself Sam. Houston." Saying which, this very amiable creature gave a sudden lurch, and pulled the honorable gentleman's rod from his hands, and threw it into the river.

In relating this in his characteristic style, Houston would say: "I have met men in debate at the bar, on the stump, and upon the floor of Congress, but never was I so completely discomfited. The boy had decidedly the best of me, and, from his looks, I know that when he said I stole a 'hoss,' in his heart of hearts he believed it."

XII.

Felix Grundy—A Reminiscence of the Great Tennessee Lawyer.

Felix Grundy will always rank among the greatest men this country has produced. He was Tennessee's greatest criminal advocate, and he was the peer of any the United States has produced. He was not only a great lawyer, but was a powerful stump-speaker, and ranked with Henry Clay as an orator before he removed from Kentucky to Tennessee, which occurred about the year 1807. He had been a distinguished member of the Kentucky Legislature, a member of the convention that framed the constitution, and Chief Justice of that State. He was a member of the United States House of Representatives from Tennessee, and sustained the war of 1812 with great eloquence. He was a member of the Tennessee Legislature in 1820, and was the author of the relief measures adopted by that body for the purpose of mitigating the severity of the revulsion of 1819. He was elected to the United States Senate, and was a tower of strength in that body to Gen. Jackson's administration. He was Attorney General under Mr. Van Buren's administration, the duties of which he discharged with the same marked ability that he had brought to bear in every position he had accepted.

Judge Grundy was not what may be called a book-man or a case-lawyer. To his fine voice and inimitable action, there was added a brilliant intellect, through which ran a vein of strong common sense. He was good at repartee, and his wit fairly sparkled. He possessed in a marked degree the power to arouse and sway the passions of the heart, to excite sympathy or indignation, to parry the blows of an adversary, and to carry his point by a brilliant charge. He was a consummate judge of human nature, and this rendered him unrivaled in selecting a jury. He was unsurpassed in developing the facts of a case, and wonderful in the cross-examination of the witnesses introduced against his clients. He generally relied upon his associate coun-

sel to bring into court the books containing the law of the case in which they were employed, and the law was read and commented upon by these associates. And then when Mr. Grundy came to close the case, so clear were his deductions, so striking his illustrations, so systematically would he tear to pieces the superstructure of the opposing counsel, and so vividly portray the right and justice for which he contended, that all who heard him regarded him as the finest lawyer of that or any other age. So thoroughly did he carry the crowd with him, that he may be aptly likened to Paul when he made his great speech before King Agrippa, and extorted from that monarch the expression, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

While I was reading law in Nashville in the year 1821, Judge Grundy and Wm. L. Brown were engaged on the same side in an ejectment case involving the construction of the phrase, "being in possession of the land under a deed or assurance of title founded on a grant," contained in the statute of limitations of 1796. Some Judges held that the words "founded on a grant" meant that the deed must be connected by a regular chain of title down to the grantee, while others held the meaning to be that the land must be granted, but the deed under which it was held need not be connected with the grant. This conflict of opinion rendered the present case all the more important. The proof was all heard, as also the title papers, and the case was ready for argument. Judge Grundy had expected to make the closing speech, as was usual with him in all cases in which he was employed, and had not examined the law and the decisions bearing upon the suit. This he had left for Judge Brown to do, intending to avail himself of that gentleman's research to enable him to make the closing argument. He requested Judge Brown to open the case, but he refused. Grundy appealed to Brown to open the argument, but the latter pointedly refused to do so. Judge Grundy was therefore compelled to open the case, and this was the only occasion, as was said at the time, that he was ever known to make an utter failure. If Judge Brown had opened with his clear and exhaustive exposition of the law, he would have laid the foundation upon which Judge Grundy would have built a brilliant and masterly argument. Judge Grundy was a great manager, and he relied for

success more upon his knowledge of men, his brilliant wit, and his unrivalled eloquence, than upon the dry details of the law.

This much by way of introduction to the following account of a noted trial in which Judge Grundy appeared under peculiar circumstances, and in which he displayed his wonderful powers as an advocate. The account appeared originally in the *St. Louis Republican:*

"Felix Grundy, in his day and time, was beyond doubt a man of the finest legal abilities in the United States. * * * On the 16th day of March, 1825, Palemon H. Winchester, a young lawyer of talent, fine ability, and of great promise, who had been indicted for the murder of Daniel H. Smith, at Edwardsville, Ill., was tried for murder. The trial was one that created intense excitement and pervaded the public mind with the deepest interest. Smith, the man who was killed, generally went by the name of Rarified, was a man of much humor and wit, and a great caricaturist. It was for some of these drawings made by Rarified Smith, that the quarrel between him and Winchester originated.

"Felix Grundy and Henry Starr appeared as counsel for the defendant, and Alfred Coles and Benjamin Mills, men of fine talents and education, conducted the prosecution. Hon. Samuel McRoberts presided as Judge. A large crowd of people attended the trial from the beginning to the close.

"The master-mind of Grundy was manifested at every movement throughout the trial. In selecting the jury the first question propounded by Grundy in every instance was to ask the juror, who had been sworn to answer questions, what State he was from; where he had been born and raised. And if the juror answered that he was from Vermont, Massachusetts, or from any other State than Tennessee, the counsel would tell him to stand aside and reject him. One juror who had been sworn to answer questions, in reply to the usual inquiry as to whether he had formed and expressed an opinion in regard to the case, said that he had. Grundy asked the juror where he was from, and he answered, "Tennessee." "We'll take him," said the able counsel, and he immediately took his seat as a juror to try the cause. In this manner the counsel for the defense succeeded in getting a jury of original Tennesseeans. Another part of the

management on the part of the defense was to get Winchester's wife and children and all their relatives to come into court and range themselves in a row along the side of the defendant. At the head of this formidable phalanx of criers was seated Gov. Ninian Edwards, whose fine and commanding personal appearance, with his elegant, striking, intellectual face and venerable gray head gave effect to the picture, which was also heightened by the elegance of dress and neatness of apparel in which his Excellency was habited. Mr. Grundy, having thus made his arrangements and made the proper dispositions of his forces for the defense, so to speak, the trial began. After three days' trial the defendant was triumphantly acquitted, amidst plaudits and shouts.

"Mr. Ben. Mills, for the people, opened the case for the prosecution. In doing so, he alluded, amongst other things, to the fact that Mr. Grundy, one of the most eminent lawyers in the United States, had been retained as counsel for the defendant, and had rode all the way from Nashville to Edwardsville on horseback in the middle of March, a distance of four hundred or five hundred miles, at the breaking up of the winter, when the frost was all out of the ground, his horse sinking to his knees in the mud almost every step of the way. This of itself should be taken as some evidence of the desperateness of the defendant's case; that a man of Mr. Grundy's great abilities and character, and at his age (he was then fifty-five years old), could not be expected or induced to encounter these hardships and personal sufferings without being paid a very heavy compensation by way of fee, etc.

"When Mr. Grundy came to reply to this part of the speech of the prosecution, he said, amongst other things, that this statement of the prosecuting attorney was but another illustration of 'cold-blooded Yankees and Yankee character;' that they looked upon 'money' as the moving power and 'consideration for human actions' with all men as it was with themselves; that the 'cold-blooded, unfeeling, hard-hearted Yankees' could conceive of no higher motives of human action than 'money.' 'Thank God,' he said, 'that he had been bred and raised in a country—as they had not been—where honor and the nobler impulses of the heart moved and controlled the actions of men.' He went

on to say that 'when the messenger came after me to Nashville and told me of the difficulty that Palemon had got into, I told him I could not go. I was sorry to hear of the trouble that had befallen the boy, but I could not go to Edwardsville to defend him. Winchester's children, the father of Palemon, and mine played together. They went to the same school. The families and children were attached to each other. I had resolved, gentlemen of the jury, not to go. I could not go. The whole family were greatly distressed to hear of the misfortune that had befallen Palemon, almost as much as if he had been one of our own children. At last,' said he, 'gentlemen of the jury, my little flaxen-haired daughter, Malvina, who went to school with Gen. Winchester's children, the father of Palemon, came and threw her arms around my neck where I sat, and burst into tears and said, "Pa, you must go."' As he said this, Mr. Grundy burst into tears and boo-hooed aloud, while his whole band and company of criers and weepers blubbered aloud, which communicated to the jury, all of whom cried. And in truth and in fact, there was hardly a dry eye in the court-room. This was one of the finest pieces of acting during the whole trial. As Mr. Grundy recovered himself, after wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, he said to the jury: 'Pardon me, gentlemen of the jury, this weakness. I do love my children, and this is why I am here to defend Palemon. From a consideration of feeling, of duty and affection, I was induced to come here to defend this case—the son of my old friend—and this is why I am here now. No money could have induced me to come.' Such scenes took place frequently during the whole trial.

"To my ancient and valued friend, the honorable and distinguished Joseph Gillespie, so long the able and learned Judge of the Circuit Courts of Madison and St. Clair counties, in Illinois, who was present during this remarkable trial, I am indebted for many of its incidents and details. Among other things, Judge Gillespie said: 'Major Lee and an old man named Wilder both swore that they were in the room and saw Winchester with a knife in his hand approach Smith; but they were both proved to have been so drunk as to be incapable of knowing what was going on, and Grundy's cross-examination completely riddled their testimony, so that it had no weight with the jury.' I

quote further from his honor, Judge Gillespie, who says: 'Winchester was a very popular man. I remember the facts and surroundings of the case very distinctly. The impression made upon my mind was, that Grundy was the most lordly man I ever beheld. He made it appear that every right exercised by the prosecution was a generous concession on the part of the defense. One would think to hear him talk that he was giving away all the rights of his client to avoid controversy. He had an air and a manner which was absolutely overwhelming. When he discovered that a point was about to be ruled against him, he would arise with the most majestic and apparently sincere air imaginable, and, with a graceful waive of the hand, he would say to the other side: "Take it, gentlemen; take all. Anything to avoid trespassing longer upon the patience of this jury and this court. We can afford to concede everything your consciences will permit you to ask." I think he was the most consummate actor I ever saw in a court-house. He was likewise a manager; he attended to the outside affairs as well as those inside the bar. He had his auxiliaries as well posted as ever Napoleon arranged his forces. Plaudits and tears always came in the right places. The witnesses are all dead, the Judge, the jury and the lawyers are all dead, and of the bystanders (so far as I know), —— and I alone am left to tell the story.'

"With the story as told by Judge Gillespie, I close this piece.

"JOHN F. DATBY.

"S. Louis, February 26, 1876."

CLAY AND GRUNDY.

The happy personal relations between Mr. Clay and Mr. Grundy were never seriously disturbed by their political differences, and each frequently indulged in sallies of wit and humor at the expense of the other in their political speeches.

In the presidential campaign of 1840, Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, and other leading Whig orators, visited Nashville, and held forth at a great barbecue prepared for the occasion. They came first into East Tennessee and crossed over the mountains. When speaking at Knoxville, Mr. Clay said when he came through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee one of the first questions he asked was, "Where is my old friend, Felix Grundy? And," he

continued, "on being informed that he was away down in Alabama making speeches for Mr. Van Buren, I raised my hands and exclaimed, Ah, yes, still pleading the cause of criminals!"

When Mr. Grundy returned to Nashville he was invited to address the people of Rutherford at Murfreesboro. He availed himself of the opportunity to say that he had seen the report of Mr. Clay's Knoxville speech in the newspapers, and regretted that he was not there to reply to it, or that he could not now make a reply in Mr. Clay's hearing. He said it was true he had acquired some reputation as a criminal lawyer, and expressed a belief that he still retained all his professional faculties; but he felt well assured if Mr. Clay were to be indicted and brought before a court of strict justice for all his political offenses, and he (Mr. G.) were to be retained as his counsel, it would prove to be another Bennett case!

This elicited a round of applause that made the welkin ring, for everybody seemed to know the fact that of the many causes of criminals managed by Mr. Grundy, he never lost but one, and that was the cause of a most notoriously guilty client by the name of Bennett, who had murdered a Mr. Hays in Wilson county. For many years the case was continued in the courts, and at last, by a change of venue, Bennett was convicted and hanged in Williamson county.

XIII.

Exploits of Maj. John Buchanan, the Founder of Buchanan's Station.

Maj. John Buchanan was born at Harrisburg, Pa., January 12, 1759. His father was of Scotch-Irish descent. His mother's maiden name was Jane Trindle. The family consisted of three sons, John, Samuel, and Alexander; and two daughters, Sally, who married James Todd, and Nancy, who married James Mulherrin. This family removed from Harrisburg to North Carolina, but remained only a few years in that State. Thence they went to Kentucky, and settled where the town of Danville now stands. After remaining there four years, they, in company with a few friends, came to Tennessee, making the trip through the wilderness to the Cumberland river opposite the mouth of Lick Branch. It was in the early part of December, during a very cold season, and they found the river frozen over, but were compelled to wait until the ice was sufficiently hard to bear their weight before they could cross, which was finally effected on the 14th of December, 1778. They found Gen. James Robertson and family and one other family living in humble log-cabins on the bluff near where the county jail now stands, then called the Spout Spring, from which Spring (Church) street took its name. Gen. Robertson and Maj. Buchanan found in each other the elements for a confidence that ripened into a lasting friendship. The third log-cabin was soon erected for Maj. Buchanan, whilst accommodations were provided for the other members of the new accession to the settlement. Maj. Buchanan was a surveyor and hunter, and these pursuits constantly called him into the woods, thus enabling him to gain a thorough knowledge of the Indian character—their sagacity, their treachery, and their blood-thirsty purposes against the white settlers.

Robertson and Buchanan immediately set about erecting a fort for protection and defense against the depredations and attacks of the Indians, and shortly after its completion, Indian "signs" were reported to have been seen near the fort. On the

2d day of April, 1781, a desperate effort was made by the Indians to take this fort. A numerous body of Cherokee warriors came in the night and lay around in ambush. In the morning three of them came in sight, and fired at the fort and immediately retreated. Nineteen horsemen in the fort at once mounted their horses, and, under the lead of Maj. Buchanan, followed them in a southerly direction. When they reached the steep and abrupt banks of the branch emptying into the river above the present city wharf (now known as Wilson's Spring branch), a few Indians were seen on the opposite side of that stream hiding behind trees and making demonstrations as if preparing to give battle. It appears that this was only a ruse to decoy the men from the fort, for a considerable body arose from their concealment and fired upon the horsemen. The latter dismounted and gave them battle, and returned their fire with great alacrity. Another party of Indians lay concealed in the cedars ready when the fighting should commence at the branch to rush into the fort in the rear of the combatants. The horses ran back toward the fort, leaving their riders on foot to fight their way out as best they could. To guard against the expected assault from the Indians against those in the fort, its gates were closed, and preparations made for defense. Meantime the battle raged without. Retreat was cut off by the party concealed in the cedars, and the position of Maj. Buchanan and his men was extremely critical. The Indians were advancing upon them rapidly on either side, and there was no time for consultation and concert of action in whatever course it might have been thought best to pursue. It was a crisis when each man had to act upon his own judgment. Emptying the contents of his rifle in the breast of an advancing Indian, Maj. Buchanan rushed to the bluff at the river for the purpose of gaining shelter while re-loading his gun. An Indian having discovered his place of retreat, approached very cautiously to the edge of the bluff, and began to peer about in the hope of discovering the Major's hiding place. While thus engaged, Buchanan sent a ball crashing through his brain. Loading his gun again quickly, he started for the fort, but before reaching the brow of the bluff he discovered an Indian coming bounding like a frightened antelope in the direction where he stood, but apparently having his attention fixed in an opposite direction. The trusty rifle was

again leveled and another red-skin fell before Buchanan's unerring aim. While the Major was thus engaged, his companions were fighting with equal desparation, and quite a number of Indians fell before their deadly aim. In this engagement five of Buchanan's men were killed, his brother Alexander being of the number, and two badly wounded. One of them (Isaac Lucas) had his thigh broken by a ball. His comrades had gotten within the fort, and the Indians rushed upon him to take his scalp. One of them running toward him, and being but a short distance from the supposed victim of his barbarous revenge, was fired upon and shot through the body by Lucas, who, with rifle well charged, was lying unable to rise from the ground. The Indian died instantly. Those in the fort in order to save Lucas, kept up a brisk fire upon the pursuing Indians, and finally drove them off, when Lucas was brought into the fort. "Among those who escaped toward the fort," says Ramsey, "was Edward Swanson, who was so closely pursued by an Indian warrior as to be overtaken by him. The Indian punched him with the muzzle of his gun, and pulled trigger, when the gun snapped. Swanson laid hold of the muzzle, and wringing the lock to one side, spilled the priming from the pan. The Indian looked into the pan, and finding no powder in it, struck him with the gun-barrel, the muzzle foremost; the stroke not bringing him to the ground, the Indian clubbed his gun, and striking Swanson with it near the lock, knocked him down. At this moment Maj. Buchanan, seeing the certain death that impended his comrade, gallantly rushed from the fort to the rescue of Swanson. Coming near enough to fire, he discharged his rifle at the Indian, who gritting his teeth on receiving its contents, retired to a stump near at hand. Buchanan brought Swanson off, and they both got into the fort without further injury. From the stump to which the wounded warrior retired, was found after the Indian forces had withdrawn, a trail made by the body dragged along the ground much marked with blood. When the Indians fired upon the horsemen at the branch, the party of them lying in ambush in the cedars, rose and marched toward the river, forming a line between the combatants and the fort. Meantime, when the firing between the dismounted horsemen and the enemy had commenced, the horses took fright, and ran in full speed on the South side of the Indian

line toward the French Lick, passing by the fort on the bluff. Seeing this, a number of Indians in the line, eager to get possession of the horses, left their ranks and went in pursuit of them. At this instant the dogs in the fort, seeing the confusion and hearing the firing, ran toward the branch, and came to that part of the Indian line that remained yet unbroken, and having been trained to hostilities against the Indians, made a most furious onset upon them, and disabled them from doing anything more than defending themselves. Whilst thus engaged the whites passed near them, through the interval in the Indian line made by those who had gone in pursuit of the horses. Had it not been for these fortunate circumstances, the white men could never have succeeded in reaching the fort through the Indian line which had taken post between it and them." The Indians finally retired, and although their loss could never be ascertained, it must have been considerable.

Shortly after this incident, Maj. Buchanan went out hunting on Richland creek, several miles West of Nashville. Having the luck to kill a young doe, after skinning and selecting the choice pieces to take home with him, he converted the hide into a knap-sack in which he placed his venison. Throwing this knap-sack over his neck and shoulders, he commenced to retrace his steps toward home. The country was covered with a heavy growth of cane and pea-vine, through which the buffalo had beaten a track from Richland creek to the French Lick, now called the Sulphur Spring. Maj. Buchanan was returning by this path, and at a point some distance out, he came to where a tree had fallen across the path, and the buffalo had made a path around the top as well as the root of this tree. As he approached the spot, he turned to the left, and just at that moment he heard the voices of Indians coming around by the right. To his astonishment there were seven Indian warriors within twenty feet of him, who had that day stolen two boys from the fort, and had these boys with them. Before the Indians discovered him, Maj. Buchanan shot the leader dead, which so frightened the others that they took to their heels in a wild scamper through the brush, cane, and pea-vines, the two boys running with their Indian captors, fearing that they would be killed if they attempted to escape. The Major retreated in a different direction. On his arrival at

home the next morning, a company of men started out in pursuit of the Indians to recover the boys if possible. They found Maj. Buchanan's venison where he had thrown it off at the fallen tree, the camp where the Indians had spent the night, and a new-made grave where they had buried their companion who had been killed by Maj. Buchanan, but they did not succeed in recovering the boys. Several years afterward the younger of the boys came home and reported that the night after Buchanan had killed the Indian, his brother made his escape and ran down Richland creek. One of the Indians followed him, and returned about daybreak bringing his brother's scalp with him, which he showed to the younger brother, and told him that if he attempted to run off, he would kill and scalp him. The boy remained with the Indians a long time before he succeeded in getting away. They treated him very kindly, but made him stay with the squaws and children and work. These boys were named Clayton.

After his return from captivity, young Clayton and another young man, named Gee, were out on a scouting tour in the direction of the Big Black Fox camp, a noted Indian camping ground, near where Murfreesboro now stands, and as they were riding through a dense cedar forest about two miles East of the present site of Lavergne, they were fired on by a party of Indians and killed. They were not found until several days afterward, and then by attention having been attracted by the hovering of buzzards about the spot where their bodies were lying.

Maj. Buchanan was married twice—first, in 1786, to Miss Margaret Kennedy, who bore him one son; and the second time in 1791, to Miss Sally Ridley, daughter of Capt. George Ridley, who bore him nine sons and four daughters. After remaining four years in Nashville, he located on Mill Creek, where the Tennessee and Pacific Railroad crosses that stream, four miles from the city. The place is known in tradition and history as Buchanan's Station, and is memorable on account of having been attacked about midnight on the 30th of September, 1792, by about nine hundred Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw warriors, who were held at bay and finally repulsed by twenty-one in the fort. This repulse has been pronounced "a feat of bravery which has scarcely been surpassed in all the annals of border warfare." The following are the names of the men who were in the fort,

and who acted with such conspicuous bravery on that occasion: Maj. John Buchanan, James Bryant, Thomas Wilcox, James O'Connor, Robin Castleman, James Mulherrin, Thos. McCrory, Morris Shane, William Kennedy, Robin Kennedy, Samuel Blair, Jo. DuRat, George Finalson, Charles Herd, Sampson Williams, John Castleman, Samuel McMurry, Robin Turnbull, Thomas Latimore, Robin Hood, and Robin Thompson.

Some three or four months before this battle, George Finalson, a Frenchman, and Jo. DuRat, a half-breed, who were on terms of intimacy with the Indians as well as the white settlers, and entertaining the warmest sympathies for Maj. Buchanan, determined to communicate to him the purpose of the Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw Indians to unite their forces, attack and destroy his fort, and after murdering those who had taken refuge in that place, march on to Nashville and capture the town, and then divide the plunder they might secure. On learning the purpose of the Indians, Maj. Buchanan set about repairing and strengthening his feeble fortification. About five hundred State troops had been ordered to Buchanan's Fort to meet and repel the Indians. The time at which the Indians were to have attacked the fort having passed, and no sign of their coming, the matter was looked upon as a *ruse* on the part of Finalson and DuRat to get up a little excitement, or that they were themselves unduly excited, if not frightened, the troops were disbanded the Friday previous to the attack on Sunday night. Maj. Buchanan, however, prevailed on a number of his friends to remain with him, having the fullest confidence in the information given him by Finalson and DuRat touching the purpose of the Indians, which was fully verified within three days.

The moon was full the night of September 30, and the sky was unobscured by even the smallest cloud. As the clock struck the hour of twelve, two faithful sentinels at the entrance gate descried in the distance the approach of the Indians. The sentinels awaited their coming until they were within easy range, when the sharp report of two rifles rang out upon the still air of that bright moonlight night, the one killing the Cherokee chief and the other severely wounding the celebrated Choctaw chief John Watts, who was shot through one thigh while the ball lodged in the other. The Indians returned the fire, and continued a con-

stant and very heavy fire upon the fort for an hour. A few yards from the fort a cellar had been dug out over which a house was soon to be built. The Indians took refuge in this as a safe retreat, from which they hoped to be able to pick off the men in the fort as opportunity should present. The block-houses were so constructed as to give the whites a decided advantage, which was improved with telling effect by some expert riflemen from the upper port-holes. Whenever an Indian raised his head above the ground sufficiently high to be seen, he was sure to be picked off by one of the expert shots in the fort. Many were the bloody traces made by hurriedly dragging the bodies of dead Indians down the rough, rocky declivity from that fatal spot. The principal burying ground of the Indians was at the lower extremity of Todd's Knob, near the mouth of Stone's river, on the farm now owned by Maj. David H. McGavock, and numerous are the graves yet to be seen containing the bones of red men who fell in the sanguinary attempt to take the fort on that memorable night of Sept. 30, 1792. Prior to this attack, Maj. Buchanan's sagacity and apprehension of the purpose of overriding and destroying him, put him actively on his guard against surprise, and he was at all times fully prepared to meet any emergency. The fort was repaired and strengthened, block-houses built, guns cleaned up and placed in position for use at a moment's warning, powder-horns filled, bullets moulded and stored in convenient places; and although the spring was but a few yards distant from the fort, to guard against a siege, all vessels for holding water were carefully filled and conveniently arranged for use should necessity require. So that when the Indians came he was fully prepared for them. The attack being made at midnight, the inmates were all in bed and asleep, except the two sentinels on guard at the outer gate, and when these faithful sentinels discharged their guns at the advancing Indians, every man and woman in the fort was soon at the post of duty. The attack was so sudden and the emergency so great that no time was lost by the inmates of the fort in dressing, and they commenced the fight with only the clothes on—many in only their under garments—in which they had retired for the night. One lady fearing capture, and believing the women and children would not be killed but carried off, dressed herself and children so as to be

ready for the fate that awaited them. James O'Conner, who was one of the inmates of the fort, was a gallant son of the Emerald Isle, as his Irish brogue clearly indicated, but was much addicted to strong drink. He had that day been to Nashville, and had imbibed just enough to make him quite lively. He had returned to the fort only about an hour before the attack by the Indians. While the battle was at its hottest, Jimmy O'Conner appeared before Maj. Buchanan and asked permission to use an old long pistol owned by the mother of the Major, and usually kept loaded and laid away under the old lady's pillow. His request was granted and Jimmy was soon at an upper port-hole, which was reached by means of a ladder, and thrusting his blunderbuss, which was known as "My Grandmammy's Pocket Piece," through the port-hole, pulled trigger, and supposing that he had fired, and that at least one Indian had been made to "bite the dust," returned to the Major for another load. This "pocket piece" required just four times the quantity of powder that an ordinary rifle did. Jimmy repeated his visit to the Major for "another load" for the fourth time, thinking he had fired each time. At the fifth trial his blunderbuss went off, with a report akin to that made by a six-pounder, and sending poor Jimmy backward from the top of the ladder to the floor, a distance of eight feet, and inflicting a severe bruise on his shoulder. No sooner had he reached the floor than he was up and on his feet again, and going to the Major, he exclaimed with all the enthusiasm of his nature, "Be jabbers, I give it to 'em; but she give me a tremendous pounce!"

The night was quite cool, especially to those who were dressed only in their night-clothes. Mrs. Sally Buchanan was kept busy in furnishing the men with powder and bullets, and occasionally she warmed up their spirits with a "dhrop" of Jimmy O'Conner's favorite beverage. Mrs. Buchanan was large, active, cheerful, brave, and daring, knowing no fear and shunning no responsibility; with a strong mind, generous impulses, and sensitive to the wants of the suffering. She was well calculated to encourage the little band then defending the fort to deeds of great bravery. During the fight Mrs. Buchanan observed one man shirking duty. She approached him and asked resolutely, "What are you doing there, Tom? Why are you not fighting?" And then she

added, with emphasis, "I would rather be killed fighting like a man, than be crouching in a corner like a coward. Go to your gun this instant, for your own credit's sake." Of course such a speech had its desired effect.

The lady who had dressed herself and children, was so completely the victim of fear that she left her room and advanced toward the gate of the fort. Mrs. Buchanan seeing her leading her children along, hastened to her side and inquired, "What in the world are you going to do, Phœbe?" "To surrender," was her reply. "Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Buchanan, "as long as there is life in this body! Go back to your room and keep out of the way; we will whip the Indians!" And back Phœbe went with her children.

Mrs. Buchanan was frequently by the Major's side during the engagement, to see that his orders were promptly executed, while she occasionally visited every part of the fort to encourage the brave men upon whose coolness and intrepidity so much depended. Never were husband and wife better suited to each other, or possessed in a greater degree the traits which lead to heroic daring—even in those days when these traits were so conspicuously developed in men and women—than were John and Sally Buchanan. It is a memorable incident that eleven days after this engagement Mrs. Buchanan gave birth to her first child.

In an account of the attack on Buchanan's Station in a letter to the Secretary of War, Gov. Blount says: "Their (the Indians') approach was suspected by the running in of cattle that had taken fright at them, and upon examination, they were found rapidly advancing within ten yards of the gate; from this place and distance they received the first fire from the man who discovered them (John McRoy). They immediately returned the fire, and continued a very heavy and constant firing upon the station (block-houses surrounded with a stockade) for an hour, and were repulsed with considerable loss, without injuring man, woman, or child in the station. During the whole time of the attack the Indians were not more distant than ten yards from the block-house, and often in large numbers around the lower walls, attempting to put fire to it. One ascended the roof with a torch, where he was shot, and falling to the ground renewed his attempts to fire the bottom logs, and was killed. The Indians

fired thirty balls through a port-hole of the overjutting, which lodged in the roof in the circumference of a hat, and those sticking in the walls on the side were very numerous. Upon viewing the ground next morning, it appeared that the fellow who was shot from the roof was a Cherokee half-breed, and there was much blood, and signs that many dead had been dragged off, and litters having been made to carry their wounded to their horses, which they had left a mile from the station."

The loud report of "My Grandmammy's Pocket Piece," in the hands of Jimmy O'Conner, impressed the Indians with the belief that the whites had a cannon in the fort, and caused them to retreat sooner perhaps than they otherwise would have done. So much for the part the "Pocket Piece" played in this memorable engagement.

For sixteen years after his settlement on Mill creek, Maj. Buchanan was compelled to keep a guard constantly on watch for the protection of those who cultivated his farm. His brother Samuel was cut off from the guard whilst plowing, and wounded. His old father was shot down in his own house by a band of Indians while the men were out at work. Mrs. Sally Buchanan died Nov. 23, 1831, and Maj. John Buchanan, Nov. 7, 1832, and both were buried in the family graveyard near the site of the old fort.

XIV.

Timothy DeMonbreun—First White Man to Visit Nashville.

Timote DeMonbreun was a native of France, and was born in 1731. After attaining his majority, he joined the army of his native country, and participated in the great battle of Quebec, between the British and French, in 1759. His term of service having expired, he remained in Canada until 1760, when he left there and settled in Kaskaskia, in Illinois. Here his given name was Anglicised to that of Timothy. He was of an adventurous and roving disposition, and determined to penetrate the wild hunting grounds of the red men in what is now known as Middle Tennessee, and build up a trade with the Indians. In the autumn of 1760 a small boat might have been seen creeping along with noiseless motion beneath the banks of the river then known by the Indians as the Warioto, and by the French as the Shauvanon, but now as the Cumberland. There was that in the shape of the boat and the appearance of the three men who composed its crew, that attracted the attention of the son of the forest, who regarded it with great curiosity. "Ugh!" he ejaculated in the deep sonorous tone of his native tongue, "that is a war-boat from the Great Spirit's lake." So closely was his attention rivited to the boat, that three deer descended the path near him unobserved to the water's edge to drink. The boat was of an entirely different model from the upturned birch canoe moored near where he stood. It was long and lay low in the water, with a high stern and had a short mast, across which hung a yard with a small sail furled closely to it. It had two oarsmen whose long sweep dipping into the water in regular strokes attracted the admiration of the Indian. In the stern stood DeMonbreun, who guided the little boat in its slow ascent under the shadow of the banks. A small stream emptied into the Cumberland just above where the boat was discovered, and the Indian saw it enter the mouth of the inlet and soon disappear behind the trees and thick

growth of cane. The Indian shook his head with mingled reverence and fear. He had never before seen such a boat nor the faces of white men. Heedless of the noble stags that passed in close proximity to him, he gathered his buffalo robe about him, and with the speed of the deer, hastened to his cabin to report what he had seen. As the boat ascended this litle stream, the men on board being thirsty, and the water looking cool and refreshing, dipped up and drank, when it was found to be strongly impregnated with salt and sulphur. It was remarked by one of the menthat there was a "lick" where this water came from, and another said, "Where there is buffalo there is red Injuns, by jingo!" They again tasted the water. "Sulphur as Limbo down below!" exclaimed one; "Salt as Lot's wife!" chimed in another. "Give me the flask to wash my mouth with, Franco," and the flask went the round of the party. They ran up what is now called Lick Branch, at present embraced within the bounds of Nashville, and tied up their boat, which was a French Canadian trading boat. The branches of the trees on the banks lapped over and formed a complete archway above the stream. DeMonbreun wore a blue cotton hunting shirt, leggins of deer-hide, a red waistcoat that had once been in the French army, and a fox-skin cap, with the tail hanging down his back. He was a tall, athletic, dark-skinned man, with a large head, broad shoulders and chest, small legs, a high, short foot, an eagle eye, and an expression of daring about his mouth. His followers addressed him as Jacques. They concluded to trace the stream in which their boat was then lying to its source, and as they followed its meanderings, they noticed a movement among the bushes at one point. One of the men lowered his gun, but DeMonbreun ordered him not to shoot, as their object was to trade and not make war. At length they arrived at a level basin, encircled by low hills, covered with a thick forest. Here they found a bubbling spring running into the stream that they had ascended. They looked around and found many signs of buffalo, deer, and bear. Using every precaution against a surprise, they encamped for the night, cooked their victuals, and slept upon their arms. It is confidently believed that this is the first white party that had ever trod the soil where Nashville now stands. The next morning they hung out their trinckets, beads, blankets, and other articles calculated to

attract the fancy of the Indians, giving assurance of their friendly intentions and a desire to exchange their goods for furs. The effort proved successful, and a profitable trade was inaugurated, while at the same time the nucleus of the first white settlement was formed, one hundred and eighteen years ago. One of DeMonbreun's party was a Spaniard who understood the Indian dialect, and through him friendly relations were brought about with the Indians hunting in this section. Every year thereafter for a considerable period, DeMonbreun would return to Kaskaskia, taking with him furs and buffalo robes purchased from the Indians, and bringing back a new supply of goods. He lived during the winter in a cave situated between Stone's river and Mill creek, fronting upon the Cumberland river. He reached the mouth of this cave by means of a ladder, which he drew after him upon entering. He carried on a profitable trade with the Indians until the year 1789. After 1780, the whites began to come in and settle around Nashville, then called the French Lick, and in Sumner county, at Bledsoe's Lick, and the growing of the settlements stimulated hostility on the part of the Indians, who held Tennessee as their great hunting ground. Neither the Creeks, the Choctaws, nor the Cherokees, dwelt within the limits of this fine hunting ground, but held it as the common property of those tribes, in which to hunt and gather furs and hides and carry on trade. DeMonbreun had a fleet of trading boats, which were manned by seventeen men. During their first raid, the Indians killed all of his men except two, who made their escape with him to Kaskaskia. DeMonbreun would not give up his trade, but returned, and built a store-house of cedar logs on the bluff near the Northeast corner of the Public Square, where he carried on a large business for the times and place. DeMonbreun's second wife lived with him in the cave, and here his first child was born. This was Wm. DeMonbreun, who afterwards settled in Williamson county, where he lived. He was a most worthy and respectable citizen, and died four or five years ago, leaving a large family and a fine estate.

Timothy DeMonbreun built his first cabin, of cedar logs, near the junction of Broad and College streets. He built another on the ground now occupied by the Nashville Female Academy. He afterwards built a farm-house on Broad street, near High,

where the residence of George C. Allen now stands. He lived and died in that house. His pre-emption of six hundred and forty acres of land was located near Goodlettsville. He had four children, all of whom are now dead. Our townsman, Wm. R. DeMonbreun, is a grandson of the old pioneer, and is a most estimable citizen. He has in his possession a shot-gun, with flint lock, which his grandfather brought with him when he came to this region in 1760; he also has the watch his grandfather wore in the battle upon the plains of Abraham. Timothy DeMonbreun was a generous and an honest man, active, energetic, and bold. He adhered through life to the customs of his fathers; always wore short breeches with knee-buckles, and stockings covering the smallest legs that ever bore so large a head and heart. He died in Nashville in 1826, being ninety-six years of age. He possessed to the day of his death a vigorous intellect, and every tooth in his head was sound, though worn short by time. In religion, he was a devout Roman Catholic. Nashville has honored the memory of this noble old pioneer by naming one of its streets "Demonbreun."

I have extended this sketch to some length because I have thought it due to the memory of Mr. DeMonbreun, who belonged to that noble band of patriotic adventurers who encountered the hazards of a wild country and hostile Indians, to lay deep and broad the foundations of civilization, in which praiseworthy effort so many of our fathers and mothers fell the victims of savage warfare. It is due to these pioneers that their memory should be embalmed in the hearts of a grateful people who have received and enjoyed the rich heritage secured to us through the hardships and dangers they encountered.

XV

"Old Chattanooga"—Development of the Idea of a Railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga.

Thirty-three years ago, it was a bold idea that a railroad could be laid across the Cumberland mountains. The very few thoroughfares of that kind on the Atlantic seaboard were laid on an air line, without any curves whatever, passing over hills on the route by inclined planes; and it was thought to be almost madness to advocate a road from Nashville to Chattanooga. The Nashville and Knoxville papers had discussed it, and many of our shrewdest men had ridiculed it. Yet light was constantly breaking forth on railroad matters, and the State of Georgia was rapidly constructing her road from the ocean over her plains towards Chattanooga, where it was very desirable Tennessee should meet her with the road from Nashville.

In 1845, Dr. James Overton was nominated by the Democratic party for State Senator from Davidson county—to himself quite unexpectedly, for he was a quiet citizen and not a politician. The Whigs were largely in the majority, and knowing ones did not care to run and be so certainly defeated; but the Doctor accepted the nomination nevertheless, for he was fond of public speaking and could air his eloquence. But all the old partisan issues of bank, tariff, internal improvements by the General Government, etc., had become obsolete, and he was puzzled to frame a platform for himself in the canvass. Stepping into the *Union* office one morning, he was congratulated by the editor on his nomination, when he gracefully acknowledged the compliment, and remarked that he was at a loss for a platform, and asked what questions it would be best for him to discuss on the stump. Col. Harris called his attention to the question of a railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga, there to meet the Georgia railroad to the ocean. But, said the Doctor, I have not the ammunition, the documents to work with; if you will give me the data, I will make it my hobby. So the editor took from his

book-rack some half a dozen volumes of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, containing all the railroad statistics that were extant at the time, pointing to the difficulties that had been overcome on different routes, and the cost of every mile that had been made, with a complete history of the railroad enterprise in Europe and America, showing the feasibility of a railway towards Chattanooga, at least as far as Cumberland Ridge. Taking the volumes out to his home upon the hill, the Doctor went to work, and in a week or two he was chock full of it, when it was arranged to have a grand county meeting at the court-house to listen to his elaborate and well-prepared speech.

The attendance was large, and the speech was well delivered. Those who went from mere curiosity and for the purpose of ridiculing the measure, were many of them convinced that the scheme was practicable, and soon became its advocates. The opposing candidate thought he was half a century ahead of the age, and while he did not oppose it as a private enterprise, was opposed to the State taking any stock in it. Dr. Overton argued it in every precinct of the county, until the public opinion was very generally in its favor, and yet partisan feeling prevailed at the polls, and of course he was defeated; but the measure had taken birth, and still lived.

It immediately attracted the attention of capitalists and men of enterprise. The Legislature assembled in Nashville in the fall of 1845, and I had the honor to be a member of the House of Representatives at that session. Mr. Hayne, the great South Carolina orator, visited Nashville during the sitting of the Legislature, and was invited to address that body on the importance of connecting Nashville with the South Atlantic by a railway to Chattanooga, to meet the Georgia State railroad, thus giving us an outlet to the markets of the world by way of Charleston or Savannah. He delivered a great speech, which made a very favorable impression upon the members of the Legislature as well as upon the large number of citizens who heard it. He was certainly one of the greatest debaters and most eloquent orators in the United States. The Legislature granted a most liberal charter to the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad Company; the city of Nashville endorsed the bonds of the company to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, and a large in-

dividual subscription of stock was made; V. K. Stevenson, a man of practical talents and untiring energy, took charge of the enterprise, and some ten or twelve years before the late "cruel war," had it in successful operation. It is now a great connecting link between the South and the North, and the East and the West.

Doctor Overton had put the ball in motion and given it the desired impetus, though he did not invest largely in the enterprise. He was so identified with it at the time that he went by the sobriquet of "Old Chattanooga" wherever he was known; and as it was to his efforts before the people that the measure was launched on the tide of success, the road should be handed down in history as "The Overton Railway."

XVI.

Some Odds and Ends of Early History and Customs.—The First Wedding "Pound Cake" in Nashville.

The first wedding in the colony which settled at the Bluff, near the French Lick (now the city of Nashville), was that of Capt. Leiper and his wife in the summer of 1780. They were married by Gen. James Robertson, who was the founder and a trustee of the colony. This wedding was followed by a feast and dancing. It is mentioned that roasting-ears were the great delicacy for the ladies on this interesting occasion. Mr. James Shaw was also a trustee and married Edward Swanson to Mrs. Carvin, James Freeland to Mrs. Maxwell, Cornelius Riddle to Jane Mulherrin, and John Tucker to Jenny Herod, all in one day. These were probably the next marriages succeeding that of Capt. Leiper and his wife. Tradition has handed down some particulars touching the marriage of Cornelius Riddle to the beautiful Jane Mulherrin. The colony was then in its infancy and the settlers were not supplied with the means or appliances necessary to make a wedding occasion brilliant, either in the way of gorgeous dresses, a table laden with rich viands and luxuries to tempt the fastidious appetite, and a fine band to furnish music while the guests "tripped the light, fantastic toe," as the older settlements could do, or as their descendants in later years could do, but there was not wanting the disposition on the part of those more immediately interested to make the affair as grand and imposing as circumstances would admit, especially as it was among the first weddings in the new settlement. They were well supplied with game of almost every description, with which to prepare the most savory and tempting dishes, but there was neither flour nor meal in the whole colony with which to make bread, nor had there been for six months. In this emergency two of the settlers were mounted on horses and hurried off to Danville, Ky., for a small quantity of corn in order to supply the wedding table with bread. Only a few days elapsed ere the couriers returned, bringing with them

each one bushel of corn, which soon found its way to the mortar and pestle, where it was speedily converted into excellent meal, and from it was baked the first "bride's cake" of which this new colony boasted. It was made of pounded corn-meal, with no other ingredients than a little salt and water. All things were in readiness and the happy pair pledged their love and fealty to each other,

"And their lips and lives express'd
The sacred vow that they profess'd."

Amid the dangers that environed the settlement, the hearts of this band of pioneers grew happy while celebrating this wedding with song, dance, and feast, rendered exquisitely delightful by the introduction of the wedding "pound cake," and perhaps no cake on a similar occasion, before or since, was enjoyed with more zest.

HARD TO KILL.

Some few years subsequent to the attack on Buchanan's Station, a party of Indians were prowling about in that neighborhood in the fall of the year. One Sabbath morning four of John Everett's children, three little girls and their still smaller brother, were out on a walnut-hunting expedition but a few hundred yards from the house. They had been absent but a few minutes, when the family were horrified with the cry, "Indians! Indians!" and the screaming of the children. The men in the house snatched up their rifles and rushed to the spot whence came the alarm, to find that the Indians had made their escape, after wounding and scalping two of the girls and the boy. The eldest girl, nimble and active as a young deer, outran the Indians and reached the house in safety, shouting as she ran, "The Indians are killing the children!" All the wounded children recovered, grew up, married respectably, and raised families from whom some of Tennessee's distinguished and honored citizens sprang. The little boy, Thomas H. Everett, besides being scalped, had his breast-bone badly broken by the heel of an Indian. Though roughly handled, the little fellow recovered and lived to a good old age. He married the eldest daughter of Maj. John Buchanan, and was the father of five sons and eleven daughters. He was a farmer, and resided two miles North of the present Asylum for the Insane. Perhaps no man ever enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his

neighbors, and the community at large, to a greater degree than did Thomas H. Everett.

In the spring of 1782, three men were fired upon by a party of Indians at the French Lick. David Hood was shot down, scalped and trampled upon, and believing him dead, the Indians left him and gave chase to his companions, John Tucker and Joseph Hendricks, who were wounded. Being pursued until in sight of the fort on the bluff where Nashville now stands, they were rescued and their pursuers repulsed. Hood, supposing the Indians were gone, wounded and scalped as he was, got up softly, and began to walk towards the fort at the bluff. To his mortification and surprise, he saw, standing upon the bank of the creek before him, the same Indians who had wounded and scalped him, making sport of his misfortunes and mistake. They then fell upon him again, and inflicting other apparently mortal wounds, left him. He fell into a brush heap in the snow, and next morning search being made by the whites, he was found, and being taken home, was placed in an out-house as a dead man. To the surprise of all, he revived, and after some time recovered, and lived many years.

HOW APOSTOLIC BLOWS AND KNOCKS WERE STRUCK IN SUMNER COUNTY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

I am indebted to the *Gallatin Examiner* for this incident: About fifty years ago Old Shiloh Meeting-house stood on the big hill just back of the house on the Hartsville pike, about a mile East of Gallatin, now owned by John Branham. It was the Presbyterian meeting-house of that day. The membership was not very large. Preachers came from far and near to preach in it. The Presbyterians, a good ways ahead of the times, determined to learn young negroes to read and write. It met with great opposition, especially at Cairo, on the river, five miles distant from Gallatin. Cairo was the rival of Gallatin, and for a long time it was not settled which was going to get the mastery in trade and population, but Gallatin got ahead. So great was the popular indignation at the river town that a party was organized there to "wipe out" the negro Sunday-school, under the lead of the late Maj. William Harvey. Maj. Harvey will be remembered by hundreds of our citizens. He was a Virginian,

and first settled at Cairo. He was an Anak among men, and his arm was as powerful as a trip-hammer. He could take any two medium sized men and hold them up in the air at arms-length. We have no doubt that he could have mashed in a man's skull as easily as he could an egg-shell.

The raiding party on a bright Sunday morning assaulted the school-house, captured the white teachers and all the little niggers, and set off with them to Cairo, nearly five miles off. Somehow intelligence had been conveyed to Gallatin of the warlike movement of Cairo, and a rescuing party was speedily made up, headed by Samuel Blythe, the uncle of the late Samuel M. Blythe, of this place. Blythe was a solid old Presbyterian of the blue stocking order—one who

> "Proved his opinion orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks."

He built and lived in the brick house, nearly one mile East of Gallatin, and now owned by Van H. Allen, Esq., and it was in sight of Shiloh meeting-house. The Blythe party rapidly moved towards Cairo, and overtook the marauders with the prisoners, white and black, at the big hill overlooking Cairo. They immediately assaulted the enemy with every sort of missile at hand. Harvey raged like a roaring lion, like Goliath among the pigmies, striking right and left with telling effect. Many were *hors du combat* and lay about on the ground wounded and bruised. The battle waxed fearfully, and the victory hung in the scales, when in dashed a fresh warrior on the Gallatin side and settled the fight. The little negroes had scattered like rats at the beginning of the battle. Cairo retreated to her gates, and the victory was with the Presbyterian Blue Stockings. Their "apostolic blows and knocks" carried the day, just as they did in the days of John Knox.

FIXING TAVERN RATES.

About 1787, tavern rates were established by the County Court of Davidson county as follows: "One-half pint of whisky, *such as will sink tallow*, two shillings; bowl of toddy, made with loaf sugar and whisky, three shillings and six pence; one quart bowl punch, with fruit, ten shillings; dinner and grog, four shillings and six pence." Corn was ordered to be received for taxes at

two shillings and eighteen pence per bushel; good fat bear meet, if delivered where troops are stationed, four pence per pound; fine buffalo beef, three pence; salt, two shillings and four pence per bushel.

At a later period the tavern rates were fixed as follows:

State of Tennessee—Davidson County Court, July Sessions, 1820, when the tavern rates for this county are established as follows: Jamaica spirits, per half pint, 37½ cts.; wine, per half pint, 50 cts.; French brandy, per half pint, 37½ cts.; peach brandy, per half pint, 12½ cts.; whisky, per half pint, 12½ cts.; breakfast and supper, each, 25 cts.; dinner, 37½ cts.; lodging, per night, 12½ cts.; stabling for a horse twenty-four hours, 50 cts.; single feed for a horse, 12½ cts., as to the town of Nashville; and in the county they are established as follows, to-wit: Liquors, the same rates as in town; breakfast, dinner, and supper, each, 25 cts.; lodging, per night, 6¼ cts.; stabling for a horse twenty-four hours, 37½ cts.; single feed for a horse, 12½ cts.

NATHAN EWING, Clerk.

THE NAME OF OUR STATE.

From information derived from all the sources within his reach, Ramsey believes that the Tennessee river was called by the first explorers and geographers, Reviere des Cheraquis, or Cosquinambeaux—but by the aborigines, Kallamuchee, which he takes to be the aboriginal name of the stream from its confluence with the Ohio to the mouth of Little Tennessee. From this point to the mouth of the French Bread, it was called Cootcla; and from there to the mouth of the Watauga, and perhaps to its source in Virginia, the Holston was known to the Indians as Hogohegee. The first mention he finds of the name Tennessee, is in a report of a council held by Sir Alexander Cumming with the Cherokees of the Lower, Middle, Valley, and Over-hill settlements, at Nequassee, in 1730. A "crown was brought from Tenassee, their chief town, which, with five eagle tails and four scalps of their enemies, Moytoy presented to Sir Alexander, requesting him, on his arrival at Britain, to lay them at his majesty's feet." The town thus called was on the West bank of the present Little Tennessee river (then also called Tenassee by the Indians), a few miles above the mouth of Tellico, not far from where Fort Loudon

was subsequently erected, and, adds Ramsey, "afterwards gave the name to Tennessee river and the State." He says of the Cherokees: "This tribe, inhabiting the country from which the Southern confluents of the Tennessee spring, gave their name at first to that noble stream. In the earlier maps, the Tennessee is called the Cherokee river." Speaking of the Convention of 1796, Ramsey says: "It is tradition that the beautiful name given to our State, in the Convention, was suggested by General Jackson. The members from the county of Tennessee consented to the loss of that name, if it should be transferred to the whole State. Its principal river still retains its aboriginal name, and the Convention adopted it, in preference to others that were spoken of."

THE GENERAL MUSTER.

A feature of the early times in Tennessee was the general muster, and it retained many of its characteristics until thirty-five or forty years ago. It was the grand event of the year, and brought together more of all sorts of people than any meeting or "gathering" that occurred. And what a pride the men of that time, covering a period of nearly half a century, took in whatever related to their equipment and their instruction in the tactics! The officers were dressed in their gayest trappings—"plumed and belted warriors"—and even the "prancing steeds" which the field officers rode seemed to feel and act as though the occasion was a grand one; and then the "soldiery," the right-arm of the State—the tallest man heading his company, and so on down through the roll—their hardy looks, their athletic forms, their marching "with the light and noiseless step peculiar to their pursuit of woodland game," and their picturesque costume—for in addition to being dressed in their best clothes, they wore the hunting-shirt, with its fringes, "the venerable emblem of the Revolution"—made them "the observed of all observers," and awoke in them an honest pride in the hearty plaudits they won from admiring spectators. The hunting-shirt did not finally disappear from military parades in Tennessee until about the close of the first half of the present century. The hunting-shirt, once the dress of the commonality as of the *elite*, is now a thing of the past, and will be found, if at all, only in museums, "like ancient armor, exposed to the gaze of the curious."

The rifle was the arm used in the exercise of the manual at these musters, and the men who carried them would have been a dangerous foe to meet anywhere, as was amply demonstrated at King's Mountain, Emucfaw, the Horse Shoe, and New Orleans, for they were not only cool and determined, and brave as men dare to be, but were among the most splendid marksmen the country has produced, and the "death-dealing aim of these matchless marksmen" made them a terror to the enemy on every battle-field where the yell peculiar to the Tennessee volunteer was heard. Accustomed to the use of the rifle from boyhood, they became so expert with it that they could "drive the center" almost every shot at a distance of one hundred to two hundred yards. A favorite sport of the men of the early times in this State was the "shooting match," in which the old "flint-lock" rifle was used. A number of the best shots in a county would meet at some point for a trial of their skill, and it may well be imagined that some remarkably good shooting was done. It was a contest among "crack shots" to see who would come off victor and carry off the first prize, and these matches drew together large crowds, who manifested great interest in the success of their friends. Is it any wonder that the Tennessee riflemen became famous and a terror to the foe in the Indian wars as well as in those with Great Britain and Mexico?

But we have wandered from the muster to follow our brave riflemen, not only to their shooting-matches, but to the scenes of their great triumphs. At these musters were to be found large numbers of people "plying their vocations" in the effort to "turn an honest penny." If a man had anything in which he took a particular delight, he was only too happy to exhibit it at the general muster; and if he had anything he desired to sell, he would never miss this occasion to exhibit whatever it might be. Here was the peddler displaying his wares and merchandise; there was a man with this thing or that to sell; and elsewhere we would find a sturdy old farmer dilating upon the fine points and remarkable performances of an exceedingly handsome horse; and so on through a long catalogue. But the feature, the "institution," of these musters was the "cake-man," who displayed his tempting ginger-cakes to admiring urchins and "boys of larger growth," and sold them, too. There were usu-

ally several of these important personages at these "gatherings," some of whom had established a reputation for the superiority of their cakes, not only in their own county, but in those adjoining. These men sold large quantities of cakes, which were either consumed on the ground or taken home to the "little ones;" and how these young scions danced with very joy as the sire or brother displayed the tempting cake on his return from muster! It was a treat they knew how to enjoy, and they did enjoy it! The ginger-cake of to-day is a poor thing as compared with that of the muster-times of the long ago; but then——they were the first cakes which many of the boys and girls of that time had seen, and cakes of any kind were esteemed much greater luxuries in those days than the best, most delicious of to-day are!

Another feature of the muster was, that if an individual had any difficulty to settle with a neighbor, it must be done on this chivalrous day. The knife or the pistol was not resorted to in those days, but it was a regular old-fashioned fisticuff. If a man had exhibited extraordinary prowess in this line at any of the gatherings along the valleys or among the hills; if he or his friends were disposed to boast of his manhood, when the general muster came round he would find that he would have to fight somebody, just to see which could endure the most hard knocking, in a ring, with a man each to see that all went off in accordance with the "code of honor" of those days of fisticuffs.

THE FLAT-BOATMEN.

Mention has been made in these sketches of the boatmen returning from New Orleans and Natchez through the Indian Nation, which was then a wilderness, to their homes in Tennessee and Kentucky. In the early days of the present century flat-boating became a favorite and profitable avocation of many of the people of this State who lived along the principal rivers. This continued for many years to be the only mode of transportation by which the produce of the country could be got to market in the towns along the great rivers or in New Orleans. It was in this manner, and by this system of exchanges, that most of the money in circulation in Tennessee, especially the mountainous portions, found its way hither. But since the advent of the steamboat and the iron-horse, the "broad-horns," as

the flat-boats were called, have entirely disappeared from many sections where in years gone by they afforded the only means of reaching the Southwestern markets. The old-time boatmen were a jovial set of fellows, and merrymaking was one of the first impulses of their nature. And they were a generous, noble-hearted set of men as ever trod the face of the earth. Their occupation, full of the hazards and dangers of the swollen, mad river—for it was only when the tides came that they could navigate the rivers of the mountain region—taught them the great lesson of dependence upon each other, and they would brave any danger to assist a fellow-boatman when his property or his life was imperiled.

THE LOG CABIN OF THE PIONEERS.

There are many men and women still living who retain a vivid recollection of the habits and customs of the early settlers, for they were handed down from father to son, and were in vogue in some portions of the State within the last forty years. The log cabin, with its puncheon floor and its door-sutter of the same material, hung with wooden hinges and fastened with a wooden latch, the string of which hung on the outside, was an "institution" of the mountainous districts long after the pioneers had passed away; and there are many men and women living to-day, sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters of the pioneers—honored for their sterling worth and respected for their intelligence, who have lived in just such cabins. In the pioneer days the floor of many of these cabins was the earth. "The interior of the cabin," says Ramsey, "was no less unpretending and simple. The whole furniture of the one apartment answering in those primitive times the purposes of the kitchen, the dining-room, the nursery, and the dormitory, were a plain, home-made bedstead or two, some split-bottomed chairs and stools; a large puncheon supported on four legs, used as occasion required, for a bench or a table; a water-shelf and a bucket; a spinning-wheel and a loom, finished the catalogue. The wardrobe of the family was equally plain and simple. The walls of the houses were hung around with the dresses of the females, the hunting-shirts, clothes, and arms and shot-pouches of the men." In one corner of the cabin stood the "dresser," which contained

the pewter plates, all bright and shining, off which the people ate their meals, and the pewter dishes, pans, and spoons, for in those days the table-ware was of the most primitive character. The women spun the cotton, flax, and wool, wove the cloth, and made the clothing for the family, a habit that was continued for many years after Tennessee became a populous and flourishing State. "Could there be happiness or comfort in such dwellings and in such a state of society?" asks Kendall. "To those who are accustomed to modern refinements, the truth appears like a fable. The early occupants of log cabins were among the most happy of mankind. Exercise and excitement gave them health; they were practically equal; common danger made them mutually dependent; brilliant hopes of future wealth and distinction led them on; and as there was ample room for all, and as each new-comer increased individual and general security, there was little room for that envy, jealousy, and hatred, which constitute a large portion of human misery in older societies. Never was the story, the joke, the song, and the laugh, better enjoyed than upon the hewed blocks or puncheon stools around the roaring log-fire of the early settler. The lyre of Apollo was not hailed with more delight in primitive Greece, than the advent of the first fiddler among the dwellers of the wilderness; and the polished daughters of the East never enjoyed themselves half so well moving to the music of a full band, upon the polished floors of their ornamented ball-rooms, as did the daughters of the emigrants, keeping time to a self-taught fiddler on the bare earth or puncheon floor of the primitive log-cabin."

THE SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

The people of the frontier times and of the early days of the present century were eminently social, hospitable, and they impressed this characteristic not only upon those who became their neighbors, but upon their descendants, and Tennessee hospitality carries with it a meaning to-day that reflects great credit upon our people. The patriotism of the pioneers—those who laid broad and deep the foundations of society and of a great State—was a principle, deep, strong, active, full of vitality and vigor, and they illustrated their love of country, and their regard for the welfare of their neighbors and their descendants, with a

courage as lofty as it was devoted, and with a sincerity as unselfish as was ever exhibited. Of proverbial honesty and the strictest integrity, of simple and unostentatious habits and customs, and possessed of good common sense and strong convictions of right and justice, they so impressed these great qualities upon their descendants, that their benign influence in forming character is to be seen and felt even to-day. With such builders, it is not to be wondered that Tennessee became great in all the essentials that constitute a State. With them hospitality meant something more than glittering show and conventional constraint; it carried with it a genial cheer that broke down all barriers to the freest and fullest social enjoyment; neighbor met neighbor upon the level of a common brotherhood, and in the true spirit of friendly and social intercourse, and "every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted." Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, "one of the first born sons of the *State* of Tennessee," bears strong testimony to the social traits of the early settlers of this State, the result mainly of personal observation and experience. "The new-comer, on his arrival in the settlements," he says, "was everywhere, and at all times, greeted with a cordial welcome. Was he without a family? he was at once taken in as a cropper or a farming hand, and found a home in the kind family of some settler. Had he a wife and children? they were all asked, in backwoods phrase, 'to camp with us till the neighbors can put up a cabin for you.' The invitation accepted, the family where he stops is duplicated, but this inconvenience is of short duration. The host goes around the neighborhood, mentions the arrival of the strangers, appoints a day, close at hand, for the neighbors to meet and provide them a home. After the cabin is raised, and the new-comers are in it, every family, near at hand, bring in something to give them a start. A pair of pigs, a cow and calf, a pair of all the domestic fowls—any supplies of the necessaries of life which they have—all are brought and presented to the beginners. If they have come into the settlement in the spring, the neighbors make another frolic, and clear and fence a field for them. All these acts of kindness and beneficence are not only gratuitous, but are performed without ostentation, and cordially. The strangers so appreciate them, and the first occasion that presents, they are ready, with a like spirit, to

extend similar kind offices to emigrants who come next. The performance of them thus becomes a usage and a characteristic of the frontier stage of society. Of other stamina in the character of the Tennessee pioneer, a stern independence in thought, feeling, and action, attracts the notice and secures the respect of all who are pleased with simplicity, truth, and nature. To these may be added frankness, candor, sincerity, cordiality, and the inviolability of a private friendship. He that could be false or faithless to a friend, was frowned out of backwoods society, and could never again enter it. No perfidy was considered so base, so belittling, and was so seldom excused or forgiven, as the desertion of a friend or ingratitude to a benefactor. To say of an individual that he was not true, carried with it a stigma which, on the frontier, could never be wiped out. On the contrary, to say his heart was in its right place, secured to him fraternal regard and public confidence. Being in the simplest stage of society, wealth, station, office, family, were, of course, not essential to distinction or esteem. His own personal merits, in which the physique had its weight—his good feelings, his capacity to amuse and instruct, and his innate civility, gave the possessor a passport to the consideration and regard of the frontier man and his family. Indeed, without them, an emigrant was friendless and a stranger. To have it said of one, 'he cares for nobody,' was, itself, to exclude and drive him off. To say of one, 'he has no neighbors,' was sufficient, in those times of mutual wants and mutual benefactions, to make the churl infamous and execrable. A failure to ask a neighbor to a raising, a clearing, a chopping frolic, or his family to a quilting, was considered a high indignity; such an one, too, as required to be explained or atoned for at the next muster or county court. Each settler was not only willing, but desirous to contribute his share to the general comfort and public improvement, and felt aggrieved and insulted if the opportunity to do so were withheld. 'It is a poor dog that is not worth whistling for,' replied the indignant neighbor who was allowed to remain at home, at his own work, while a house-raising was going on in the neighborhood. 'What injury have I done that I am slighted so?' This beneficent and unselfish feeling is the charm of a new community, and has not yet (1853) forsaken the more rural districts of Tennessee. Long may it

be retained and venerated amongst the descendants of the pioneers!"

BARRING OUT THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

The custom of "barring out the school-master" prevailed extensively in the early days of this State, and afforded infinite amusement to the younger portion of the community; but, like many of the customs of our fathers, it is now a thing of the past, and but few of the men and women of to-day remember to have witnessed one of these exciting episodes. The following description of the "barring-out of the master" was contributed to the *Knoxville Argus* about thirty-five years ago, and is a faithful picture of that custom:

"Christmas is just upon us again," says the contributor to the *Argus*, "and its return will awaken in the recollection of many an old settler a melancholy reminiscence of the way it was kept in *auld lang syne*. What would you give, Mr. Editor, to see a real old-fashioned backwoods Christmas frolic? or a Christmas country dance? or a Christmas quilting? or best of all, a genuine Christmas wedding? I mistake you much if, with all your known appreciation of modern improvement, the bare mention of it has not excited your enthusiasm; and he must have little veneration, indeed, who can think of it without emotion. Why, your town parties, and balls, and *soirees*, and all that, are nothing in comparison. There is no heart about them—there is still less of nature. But the contrast makes me sad, and I leave it. Who, in these times of modern degeneracy, ever hears of school-boys barring out the master? That, in my early days on the frontier, was one of the regular observances of the Christmas holiday. Perhaps you don't understand even this custom of early times in Tennessee, and need to have it described. Well, then, if either you or your readers have so far wandered from the old paths trodden by our venerated fathers as to require it to be explained, let me do so by first saying that in the nomenclature of early times out here, school-boy was synonymous with your present pupil, scholar, student, academian, or collegian. The different grades of freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, graduate and under graduate, bachelor and master of arts, were as little known as the secrets of astrology or the Metamorphoses of Ovid. A country school had but two classes in it, viz: the big boys and

the little boys, and sometimes a third—the girls. Again, in the backwoods vocabulary, master was a synonym with your present teacher, preceptor, tutor, professor, principal, superintendent, rector, or president. Academy, institute, college, and university, were words not adapted to these parallels of latitude at all; and if you had spoken of a matriculation ticket, the employers and employees, parents, master and boys, would all have been astounded. They expressed the same idea by a simpler form: 'John Smith has signed the school article, and Jim will be here to-morrow.' The school-house was, in that day, a genuine *bona fide* log cabin, built of unhewn logs, cut from the forest in which it stood, near a spring, and was erected by the joint assistance of the 'neighbors.' The building was sexangular, the extreme points of the longest diameter subserving the double purpose of ends to the house and convenient appendages for commodious fireplaces, as chimneys were most significantly and appropriately called in those days of simple convenience and comfort in architecture. What did it matter if appertures at each end, as large as a barn door, did allow a rather free ingress to Boreas and the snows of winter? A neighboring wood furnished supplies of fuel without stint. Oh! who can forget the luxury of one of those old-fashioned school-house fires! I shiver this cold night to think I shall not again sit by and enjoy them. But barring out the master was effected thus: A school is a larger community in miniature, and a schoolmaster a monarch upon a small scale. Boys sometimes claim the right of self-government as inherent and divine, and, like older politicians, declare themselves, and especially about Christmas, to be free and equal; and if that declaration is not sanctioned by others, they claim the right of maintaining it even by revolution. The master, on the other hand, is as tenacious of his short-lived authority as the Autocrat of Russia, or any European legitimist; and resists, at its inception, the first invasion of his prerogative. A short time before the usual outbreak, a spirit of insubordination and greater familiarity is manifested in the school. To repress this in the bud, the master assumes a sterner demeanor, becomes captious, arbitrary, and tyrannical. His subjects become, of course, less patient of restraint, and call a convention. Some one, 'born to command,' proposes the bold measure of rebellion, and the de-

thronement of the despot. The proposition meets the general concurrence of the school, and Friday morning preceding Christmas is appointed as the time for carrying the purpose into execution. The plan is communicated to some congenial spirits in the neighborhood, who, sympathizing with the feelings of the youthful confederates, become their allies. At an early hour they take possession of the school house, kindle large fires in the chimneys, barricade the door, and wait, with shouts of defiance, for the approach of the master. He arrives, and is denied entrance. He commands submission, asserts his authority, attempts to enter by force, but is repulsed. Sometimes he calls others to assist in reestablishing his authority, but the besieged refuse to surrender, unless upon terms of honorable capitulation—a treat and a week of holidays. Conferees of both parties are appointed to negotiate the treaty, the terms are arranged, and the belligerents are at peace. If the terms are not assented to by the master, negotiation is at an end, and the *ultima ratio regum* decides the contest. The benches are removed from the barricaded door, the besieged party sallies forth and captures the unaccommodating master. A prisoner in their hands, if he still continues obstinate a gentle kind of violence is threatened. His captors, though unacquainted with the laws of nations, feel that *inter arma silent leges*, take their prisoner to the water and plunge him under it. The argument of the cold bath in December succeeds; he yields to their demands; a messenger is started off for apples and cider, and sometimes for refreshments of a more stimulating kind. A general merriment and exhilaration follow, in which the victors and the vanquished unite in reciting with cordial glee both the tragic and comic of the siege. The holidays are spent in rural sports and manly amusements. The good wishes of the season obliterate all recollection of past differences between master and boys; and when, on next Monday, 'books' is called, each one quietly and cheerfully resumes his proper position in the school-house. The master's authority is recognized as legitimate—his instructions duly valued; the boys, late successful insurgents, have voluntarily returned to their allegiance, and after a pleasant relaxation from their studies, are again prosecuting them with profit and diligence. They continue studious and obedient until the approach of the next Christmas."

The following is a graphic description of one of these episodes by a man who was a "bully boy" on that occasion:

My early life was made miserable by one Mulberry Bangs, a gentleman of the old school, who devoted himself to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the general use of a stick. Upon my head and other parts of my person he imprinted himself so positively that I can see him now as plainly as if we had parted but yesterday. He was a stout man, who made in his figure, when seen in profile, Hogarth's line of beauty, being round-shouldered and crooked in the legs. He was a blonde. The hair of his head had that sunny tinge so much admired to day, and when rubbed down with a tallow candle, as was his wont to dress it, was so smooth and straight that the boys believed that the flies slipped down it and broke their legs. His eyes were dark and fierce, and, hid under the cavernous recesses made by his bushy red eyebrows, seemed to watch like evil spirits over his precious nose. The nose was a ruby nose, bottle in shape, and when Bangs was angry, which appeared to be all the time, it glowed like the headlight of a locomotive. His mouth was finished without lips, and resembled a slit in a piece of sole leather. My early experience gave me a distaste for the whips in schools. But I am far from siding with the sentimentalists of the present day, who advocate kindness and moral suasion. The easier teachings—not the best, but, in fact, the only ones—are those of the rod, that gave us a realizing sense of pain to the body, and drilled us into patience and self-denial. Boys are of two sorts—good little boys, who die young, and bully boys, who cannot be killed. As the last-named only live to be men, instead of being transplanted into angels, it is well to discipline them through the only process known to animals, and that is the discipline of fear. The old adage is not far wrong that said, "When you meet a boy whale him—for if he has not been in mischief, he is going in." It was understood throughout the country that the boys were justifiable in barring out the master, and, if successful, were not only entitled to a week's recess, but the admiration and praise of their parents. Old Bangs was famous for his power of resistance, and boasted that no school of his had ever succeeded in conquering in such attempts. On the occasion to which I refer we had two big boys in school named Bill Henning and Bob

Strong. They were knotty-headed, broad-shouldered, and hard-fisted fellows, who worked through the summer for means to attend school during the winter. Each, in turn, had been unmercifully whipped by the master, and it was understood throughout the school that the barring out of Master Bangs was to be accomplished, and old scores settled. The evening before the general engagement, Bill and Bob, our noble leaders, with a few confederates, stole back to the school-house, armed with hickory poles. Breaking open the door, they whittled one end of these tough sapplings to a point, and then hardened the points in the fire. Then placing these in a corner ready for use, with a stout cord, they gave orders to the boys willing to take part in the fight to be on hand at the school-house before daylight next morning. At the time indicated nearly all the lads were in attendance. Some were pale and trembling, others were noisy and boastful; but I observed that the real leaders and reliable soldiers were quiet—so quiet, indeed, that one might doubt them. "Men are but boys of a larger growth," said Dryden; and that solemn pomp of a poet, Wordsworth, assures us that "the child is father to the man." In the animal propensities and tastes that survive our boyhood this is undoubtedly true, and many and many a time since, in hours of peril, I have re-enacted the same exhibitions of character that occurred on that cold morning in December among the boys.

Our first order was to cut and carry in enough wood to serve the garrison during a siege. This was promptly executed. Then the window shutters were pulled to and securely nailed, the door closed, and desks and benches piled against it. After two port-holes were opened by removing the chinks and daubing, and gathering about a roaring fire in the huge fireplace, we awaited the approach of the enemy. As the time approached for the master's coming a dread silence fell upon the little crowd, so that when he did come we could hear his heavy tread upon the crusted snow, and many a heart sunk and face whitened in terror. Our leaders sprung to their posts on each side of the door, and, on being ordered to surrender, boldly demanded a week's holiday and a treat of cider and apples. This was sternly refused. "Fire!" cried Bill and Bob, and two poles were thrust out with all the strength the stout arms could give them. They took the

indignant pedagogue in the sides with such force that, but for a thick flannel overcoat, holes might have been in his wicked body. As it was he staggered back, and for twenty minutes or more we saw him sitting upon a log catching his breath and rubbing his wounded sides. We gave no end of loud cheers, claiming for ourselves the first knock down, if not the first blood. At the end of twenty minutes the master arose. Digging a huge stone from under the snow, he approached and threw it with great violence against the door. The stout oak batting fairly shook under the blow, but held its own. Another and another followed amid jeers and laughter, encouraged by our noble leaders to keep up the courage of their followers. The fourth stone split the door, and the fifth broke the upper wooden hinge, and but for the barricade within, the breach would have been available. The enemy now, being aware of the defense within, suddenly dropped the stone and ran in at the door. We were not to be taken by surprise. Again were the sharp lances thrust out. One hit with decided effect in the commissary, vulgarly called stomach; the other, as he stooped doubled by the pain, in the face, inflicting an ugly wound from which the blood flowed in profusion. He retreated, and we saw him fairly dance with rage and pain. The more of this he indulged in, the wilder grew our delight, which we testified in screams of laughter. He soon ended this exhibition and disappeared around the school-house, evidently on a reconnoisance. There was a dead silence, and we realized that which we have so often felt since, the unknown movement of a silent enemy. This was ended by a noise upon the roof, and soon volumes of smoke pouring into the room told us that strategy had taken the place of assault. We were to be smoked out. For a moment our leaders looked puzzled. Fortunately, in the excitement of the conflict, the fire had not been fed, and now only a few embers and chunks supplied the smoke. These were scattered upon the broad hearth, and water thrown in to extinguish the remainder. Then Bill and Bob, selecting four of the stoutest poles, thrust them up the chimney, and, at the word, we gave, to use our own phrase, "a bloody hist." The consequences were a rattling of falling boards, with the unmistakable thump of a heavier body upon the ground. We found afterward that the master had not only covered the chimney-top with boards, but

had seated himself upon them; the sudden and unexpected "hist" had tumbled him off. We heard dismal groans and cries for relief from the enemy. Some were in favor of going at once to his assistance; others, more cautious, opposed such a merciful errand. "He's hollerin' too loud to be hurt much," said shrewd Bob.

We had a division in our council of war. This ended in a call for a volunteer to make a sortie and investigate. Jack Loder, one of the most daring and active among the younger boys, responded. A shutter on the opposite side to the cries for help was opened quickly, and Jack thrust out. The result of this was not only a cessation of groaning, but a chase that we witnessed through the port-holes. Jack was a good runner, and when the two disappeared over the meadow into the willow thicket Jack was gaining on him, and we had good hopes of his escape. To our dismay and horror, in half an hour we saw the master returning with poor Jack in his grasp. He had a hostage, and was swift in his use of the advantage. Stopping before the house, he began whipping the poor fellow unmercifully. Jack's cries were piteous.

"Oh, let him in, boys; let him in, he's a killin' o' me," rung in our ears. There was a hurried consultation. The benches and desks were quietly removed from the door. A sortie had been determined on. The master stood at the side of the house South of the door, and as soon as the opening was made Bill unclosed a shutter and proposed a parley. The answer was a rush at the open window by the master, who began climbing in. Brave little Jack seized him by the legs, and before he could kick him off a dozen stout lads were clinging to them, while as many more held him on the inside. Bill seized the rope and attempted to pass the noose over his arms. In the hurry and confusion of the fight he succeeded only in getting it over his head. Pulling it as the boys did, there was a fair prospect of ending the useful labors of this teacher by strangulation. That he deserved it no one of us doubted; but Bob, having climbed over the master in the window, and with all the school pulling at the ends of old Bangs, was soon master of the situation; getting hold of the rope, and assisted by Bill, he succeeded in tying the arms of the almost exhausted man to his sides. He was then tumbled from the window as unceremoniously as a pig.

"Will you give up?" demanded our leader.

"No," gasped the master.

"Then we'll put you down the well, hanged if we don't!"

The brave old pedagogue still refusing, he was dragged, rolled, and tumbled to the well-curb.

"Will you give up, dern you?" demanded Bob.

"No, I won't."

He was shoved inside of the bucket, and orders given to lower. But the weight proved too much for the lads, and, the crank of the windlass slipping from their grasp, the learning of our district went whirling to the bottom with a thundering noise befitting such an exit. This was more than we bargained for. Had we really murdered the master? Bob and Bill, assisted by the stoutest, began pulling up the unfortunate old fellow. It was hard work, and, tugging at the windlass, they just caught a glimpse of his blonde head when a wild cry of "fire!" caused them to let go, and again the venerable Bangs rattled down with a splash in the water. The school-house was on fire; the chunks pulled out by the boys had communicated to the floor, and the dry old concern was in a blaze. A few neighbors, who just then arrived, gave the alarm, and attempted to extinguish the flames. To do this they called for water, and the first bucket brought up contained the vanquished teacher of reading, writing, and arithmetic. He came up with his teeth chattering, and when lifted out and untied was too weak to stand or sit. The school-house burned down. The master was carried to a neighbor's house, and for weeks hung between life and death. We were regarded as heroes by the country side, and in the burning of our place of torture and the sickness of the master, we were the happiest set of little animals in the world.

XVII.

About a Portrait—The Presentation Ceremonies and the Speeches on the Occasion.

The following account of the presentation to me of my portrait on behalf of members of the bar and officers of the Law Court, is copied from the *Nashville American* of January 23, 1876:

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon Judge Jo. C. Guild walked into the Law Library room of the Bar Association, surrounded by a score or more of gentlemen of the law, bent on witnessing a ceremony fraught with intense interest. As they filed into the room, each one glanced to the right where the venerable Judge's portrait hung in a gilt frame, a general murmur of approval spreading over the apartment. They all seemed to be of the one opinion—a singular circumstance among lawyers—that it was a magnificent portrait, a life-like representation of "Old Jo. Guild" himself. The perfect likeness was rendered more apparent from the fact that Judge Guild now wore the same garb he sported when the picture was taken, but instead of holding in his hand the familiar clay pipe, which appeared in the portrait, he carried a knotted hickory stick.

Congratulations were now in order, and the hand of the Judge was cordially shaken, until Chancellor Cooper, the President of the Association, called the meeting to order by a rap on the table. Every one then squared himself to hear something rich and rare.

WHAT THE CHANCELLOR SAID.

Chancellor Cooper said: Gentlemen, Members of the Bar—You are, doubtless, aware that we have come together upon this grave and solemn occasion for the purpose of having placed in a prominent position in our library room here, the figure of one of our pioneers in the law, our old war-horse of the law, who has tried more cases and a greater variety; who, before he went upon the bench, acquitted more criminals, and since he went on the bench divorced more unhappy couples, than any other person in

Tennessee. [Immense laughter.] In the course of human events, we shall lose him, but we hope not until a long-distant day. When we shall no more greet his personal presence, we will have the consolation of the next best thing in looking upon a most excellent likeness, and clothed in the ermine of the Law Court of Nashville [loud laughter], with nothing but the pipe to make it complete.

John Ruhm.—It is there.

Chancellor Cooper.—Then the painting is complete indeed.

Gen. Thruston.—Everything but the smoke. [Laughter.]

Chancellor Cooper.—The ceremonies will now be opened by our distinguished fellow-citizen, Gen. Bate.

THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

Gen. Bate spoke as follows:

President and Gentlemen of the Bar of Nashville—We are about to participate in ceremonies of a highly interesting character. We have received at the hands of the members of the bar of Nashville, associated with the officers of the court over which he presides, the picture of Judge Guild, which we are now about to present. It can certainly be said that in the line of his duty he has been successful as a pleader and as a judge, and has released more unfortunate people from the bonds matrimonial than any other gentleman in the State. [Laughter.] But, perhaps, I can't speak of that so feelingly as Chancellor Cooper [laughter], and I therefore make no illusion to official duties. I take pleasure in presenting this picture for various reasons. I take a personal pride in doing so. I have known Judge Guild from boyhood up, and heard him argue the first lawsuit I ever heard and the last charge he made—that went very much against me in the Law Court yesterday. [Laughter.] I am pleased to present this token of esteem, because I know that he is one of the historic characters of the State of Tennessee; he is a link that fastens the past with the present members of the bar. He is one of those legal mile-posts that direct us to our future destiny. Judge Guild is entirely a self-made man, and his success should be an encouragement to you younger members of the bar. He has struggled up through poverty and misfortune in early life. He was an eloquent and bold advocate of the bar and one of the best

men in the land. The picture speaks for itself. It is life-like. Mr. Dury has drawn a true representation of the original. He has painted it to the life, in accordance with the instructions the committee gave him—with his gown on, that familiar clay pipe in one hand and his court papers in the other, just as he presents himself upon the bench. As Cromwell said to his artist, we intended to have him painted, scars and all. It does credit to Dury, as it does to those who present it to Judge Guild. There is not one in this assembly that cannot at any time call to his mind Judge Guild's strong cast of features, his expression, his very walk and actions. There is not one of us that will not remember these peculiarities; but we wanted one of the greatest of the historic characters of the bar of Middle Tennessee to go down to posterity as we behold him here to-day. When I spoke to Mr. Dury in praise of his work, he said: "I don't deserve to be complimented, for the simple reason that a man would not be an artist who could not paint the strong and characteristic features of Judge Guild."

Judge Guild has been a part and parcel of the bar of Tennessee for fifty years, and he is still as young as ever.

I am pleased, Judge Guild, on behalf of the bar of Tennessee and the officers of the court over which you preside, to present that picture to you, leaving you to make what disposition of it you may see fit. We transmit you to the eyes of those who may never have had the pleasure of looking upon you in person.

RESPONSE OF JUDGE GUILD.

Judge Guild responded in the following characteristic speech:

Gentlemen of the Bar of Nashville and of the Bar Association—I feel like my friend Gen. Bate. I had made no preparation, and had very little time to prepare myself for this interesting ceremony. But I am like the old Baptist preacher who was unprepared—he opened his mouth and trusted in God to fill it. [Laughter.] I feel greatly honored upon this occasion. Looking back upon my past life, it does not occur to me that I have done anything in the great battle of life that is worthy of the honor conferred upon me. I attribute it to your kindness, to your generosity, and to the happy relations existing between us from our first acquaintance. It would be a great pleasure to me

if, when we look back at the distinguished bar that Tennessee has ever been honored with, I could see upon these walls the portraits of the lamented Felix Grundy, of Ephraim H. Foster, William L. Brown, Balie Peyton, of Crab, of Hays, of John Bell, and that great galaxy of talent that has never been excelled at any bar in these United States. It would draw us closer to those of our worthy brothers that have gone down to the grave, and revive in our recollections the eloquence and collisions that took place at the bar long, long ago.

It is a great misfortune, I say, that we have not the portraits of such men. Gentlemen of the bar, while you are no better at heart than other men—for all men have the slumbering and latent fires of patriotism in their bosoms—you are greater, as the history of the world shows, in consequence of your training, in consequence of the eloquence that has aroused the heart of every people who have lived on the face of the earth. There never was a revolution, there never was a lick struck for liberty, for the cutting down of the prerogative of kingly power, the oppression of the people, but the members of the bar were leaders in the great work. You belong to a noble avocation; you have the example of those great men running down the tide of time to emulate, to admire. It was Cicero's great fire that burned on the forum and in the Senate at Rome; it was his fire that drove the traitor Cataline from Rome, and the infamous Claudius; it was the sacred fire of Demosthenes that aroused Athens; it was the eloquence of Philip that nerved Leonidas and his three hundred followers at Thermopylæ for the salvation of their country; it was a lawyer, when the Apostles became alarmed and dispersed in the garden and deserted the blessed Messiah, that stood firm, his heart swelling with indignation at the treatment of Christ on Calvary amidst the Roman bayonets, and that took down our Saviour, dressed him in linen, embalmed him in the sepulcher; it was the lawyers of England that rose up against the tyranny of the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Lancasters, and aroused the English to arms; it was Shrewsbury and Lord Bolingbroke who put William and Mary upon the throne in 1688. When George the Third sought to oppress the colonies of America, James Otis rose up and made a great speech against the bill of assessments. Old John Adams caught the fire of Otis. The ball was set in

motion in Massachusetts, and brought out the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry, the great natural orator, in the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Otis was an argumentative man, and when he ceased to speak his hearers became dissatisfied. He could strike cords of the heart that moved his audience. It was a different kind of oratory from that of Henry. Otis was a beautiful, placid river, that ran along the lawns, kissing the grasses as its waters passed along; but Patrick Henry was one of those mountain streams which come rushing, roaring, frothing, thundering down the mountain, and he just knocked them into a cocked hat every time. [Loud, prolonged, and convulsive laughter.]

And whenever I hear a man crying out against the profession of the lawyer, I regard him as worse than a sheep-killing dog. [Renewed laughter.] His mouth ought to be burned with hot eggs. [Laughter.] While I don't contend that lawyers are better than other men, yet, from their opportunities, from the whetting of their intellects, from their constant looking into the history of the State, study of human nature, and rubbing up against men, I say that liberty is indebted to the lawyers in every country. Their military fire burns slowly, but when the spirit is touched up with lightning you may expect the devil from them. [Laughter.]

There was Alexander Hamilton, who probably did more toward carrying the constitution into effect than any other man. His deeds in the war for independence placed him high in the niche of fame. Few, if any, rose higher; and when he fell, it was like the fall of a towering oak in the silence of the woods. It shocked the American heart. There was old John Adams, too; he was one of those lightning lawyers. And what about old Jackson? Was not he a lawyer? Old Andy Jackson blazed his way with John Overton, McNairy, John Haywood, and others. They were the founders of the law in Tennessee. I maintain that there never was a greater military chieftain than Andrew Jackson. The speech of James Otis made old John Adams what he was; the speech of Patrick Henry made Jefferson what he was. William Pinckney, and a host of others of the profession, were of the best bred stock in the United States. [Laughter.] It is Lexington and Australian stock mixed.

The members of the bar have ever maintained the fame of their predecessors. Look what a galaxy we had here in 1820. There was old Jenkin Whiteside, Felix Grundy, Andrew Hays, Dickerson, and Ephraim H. Foster—he was a Saul of Tarsus. [Laughter.] He was a shoulder higher than any of them—a gallant, striding, peacock man. [Loud laughter.] I always except old Jackson. [Uproarious laughter.] Come along down, and I say we have n't depreciated. I say, gentlemen, that you can go all over these things and take the lawyers rough and tumble—now I'm a rough and tumble man myself [Laughter]—from the justice of a Police Court to the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and I maintain there is not a better bar in America than the Nashville bar. [Applause.]

Now, there were three or four speeches made before me yesterday. There was Bate, Ned Baxter, Williams, and Allison. I would say that these speeches would knock the tads out of any bar in the United States. [Loud and prolonged laughter.] Although, General Bate, I charged the law against you on one pint, in the other I charged it for you. [Uproarious applause and renewed laughter.] I think we are about even. [Continued laughter.]

Here's my friend, the President of this Association. Gentlemen, I have always admired him. He is at the head of an institution that keeps these tools all along up there (pointing to the law library), that ought to be used by all men, who ought not to lose sight of these great volumes opened to men. They ought to use these tools to peck their intellects. A man ought never to idly while away his time. He ought not to be seen in a saloon, sucking down liquor to his detriment and injury—though once in a while he would take a dram. (Immense applause and laughter.) But it gives him an opportunity to brush away vice and dissipation. Like the proud eagle, perched upon the loftiest cliffs, when the storm comes and the rain falls, with a little quiver in the pinion, it is as dry as a board. [More laughter and applause.]

I would prefer that this picture should remain in here, if it is the will of the Association. As for the President of this institution—I never flatter, I'm a plain, blunt spoken man—he is what I call a *commendious* man; a man great in the law, and whose decisions are quoted with approbation by the Supreme

Court, and have very great influence. After awhile he will be quoted with approbation and favor at Westminster. He is a man of small stature and *commendious* parts. [Laughter.] He is a walking warehouse of the law. [Laughter.] When I had any difficulty about law, I would say, "Cooper, how about this thing?" and when I checked upon his bank he never failed to honor it. The only thing is, he won't check on the bank of woman. [Laughter.] Woman would honor his checks, no doubt. [Renewed laughter.] Though I may have divorced some infelicitous couples, if this young gentleman should lead some Tennessee damsel to the altar, I would be as tender on that thing as possible. [Loud and prolonged laughter.]

Well, now, when a young man comes here to study, the old man in the picture will always look kindly and approvingly down upon him, and encourage him to go on. I might mention here the names of Hugh L. White, Gentry, James C. Jones, Polk, Aaron V. Brown, as men who have made their mark and deserve to be emulated. Yes, and I might mention in this connection my old friend Neill S. Brown, for he is one of the tightest papers I have ever met with at the bar, and in politics you can't hold him, he will slip through your hands. He is a man with a good heart and fine talent.

I am gratified to see the bar of Nashville lending its influence to the building up of this institution. It will be a great means of developing the intellect. It is an enterprise that ought to be endowed by some rich gentleman. "Whosoever thirsteth, let him come and drink of the water of life freely"—so it is said somewhere else. The library ought to be encouraged and sustained. I have detained you long enough. I return the bar my heart-felt thanks, and then I thank the President of the Association. I think I have said enough. I can only thank you, gentlemen, and I will just stop right here.

The room rang with laughter and shouts of approval as the Judge concluded his extraordinary speech.

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT COOPER.

President Cooper said, when order had been restored, for every one was in a "high old way:"

We are most happy to accept your valuable present. I am

certain I express the sentiments of every one that we will look at it with feelings of reverence, respect, and proper affection. I purposely say affection as last in the climax. No one can overcome the kindly and genial feeling that lies under a rather stern exterior, nor the humor and wit that have so often enlivened us. I think, Judge, we are complimented in having your picture here. We accept it with due gratitude and esteem. The occasion is one to which we may ever revert with pleasure. There is a distinguished gentleman present with whom we have long been associated, one from whom we would be delighted to hear—Judge Peter Turney.

THE SUPREME BENCH HEARD FROM.

Judge Turney said: This is entirely unexpected to me. I am here as an invited guest, to witness the presentation of the portrait of the venerable and esteemed gentleman who has just taken his seat. I have felt a deep interest in it, and the more so because of my long acquaintance with Judge Guild. I have, as a member of the profession, fought with him many hard battles. I cannot undertake, after what you have heard, to extend my remarks. I cordially endorse what has been said. I approve every word that has fallen from the gentlemen who have spoken, and especially the high compliment that Judge Guild paid to the profession of the law. It is to it that the people and the country look for safety. I will merely be content to recite one of the lessons which Judge Green, one of the pioneer fathers of the law, instilled into my heart. He said, "I am happy to be a Christian; I attend service regularly. You have heard me, in the absence of preachers, exhort. You know my feelings with regard to Christians and Christianity. One good lawyer in a community, one lawyer who has educated himself properly, is worth three or four ministers of the gospel. His influence is better; he is controlled always by the best moral guide. Law is based on religion. It teaches moral ideas. You cannot put your finger where a lawyer has led a mob; you can where preachers have led or been in a mob. You cannot point your finger where a preacher has stopped a mob, but lawyers have stopped them. I mean no disrespect to the preachers; but because there are differences in life there are different relations.

The principle of this is better understood by lawyers, because they have the advantage of knowing human nature."

The meeting was wound up by Judge Baxter telling an amusing anecdote on Judge Guild, and a recital of the celebrated bull speech made at Gallatin by Judge Guild, which brought down the house with tremendous applause.

Almost every member of the Nashville bar was present. There were also a great many other representative citizens, and the room was packed. On no occasion had the reporter ever witnessed more general enthusiasm and genuine good humor.

XVIII.

The Golden Wedding of Judge and Mrs. Guild—Reminiscences of Half a Century.

On the 19th of December, 1876, myself and wife celebrated our golden wedding, and the graphic description of the affair furnished the *Nashville Commercial* by our friend Judge Jackson B. White, a Nashville lawyer of large experience and a fine writer, is here given in full, as follows:

Supposing your readers will be interested in a description of the golden wedding of Judge Guild and lady, which was celebrated at their residence in Edgefield on the evening of the 19th of December, 1876, I now attempt to give them an impression of that interesting event.

The guests were invited to be present at 6 o'clock in the evening. Your correspondent arrived promptly at the hour designated in his card of invitation. I found the Judge dressed in an elegant suit of black, white satin vest, white kid gloves, and an elaborately embroidered cravat, plain shirt bosom and standing collar, the whole constituting the outfit of a bridegroom of fifty years ago. The Judge was seated in the parlor engaged in an animated conversation with Gen. J. M. Quarles, who seemed to listen attentively to what the Judge was saying. When the Judge saw me approaching, he arose and received me with great cordiality, seated me beside the General, and then resumed his conversation, giving some of his reminiscences of the lawyers and the practice of the law during his earlier career at the bar. His conversational powers are unsurpassed; his talk is pointed; his illustrations unique; his memory is clear and minute; his language is sparkling and humorous, and flows with a smooth current to the end of his sentences. Persons who have heard him in his public speeches know his power over his audience, and the peculiar faculty he possesses of fascinating his hearers, and detaining them for hours listening to his address, whatever may be the subject. But his powers of conversation are, in my opinion, far superior to his gifts as a public speaker.

The invited guests began to arrive rapidly, as I thought, from the frequent interruptions of the conversation by his reception of the different persons on their entrance. Col. Baxter Smith soon entered with his lady, Mrs. Betty Smith—the eldest daughter of Judge Guild—and his children; next came Capt. T. L. Dodd and his lady, Mrs. Florence Dodd—the second daughter—with their children; his two sons, George B. and Walter J. Guild, with their families, and his youngest daughter, Kitty, with her husband, Mr. John M. McKee, Jr., and their two children, were already there before my arrival. The Judge said he had five children living, all married, and that he had seventeen grandchildren, all present, except one—Guild Smith, the eldest son of Col. Baxter Smith—who was absent at some university in Germany, but they had just received a photograph of him, and he would show that and the sixteen living grandchildren present against any other family in the State for smartness and good looks. I believe the Judge was right, for, taking the family altogether, they are remarkable for their good looks and fine appearance.

But amid the flow of animated conversation, we received the announcement that the bride was ready to make her appearance. The Judge arose and marched with a stately step towards the door to receive her, and with all the gallantry of a young knight, he bowed and extended his arm to the bride of fifty years ago. All eyes were turned upon her as she walked across the room, resting on the arm of the stately bridegroom. The bride was dressed with all the elegance and taste her handsome daughters and daughters-in-law could display upon her elaborate toilet.* She reminded me of the picture of Martha Washington, the wife of our revolutionary hero. A bride of fifty years, she could also, with the Roman mother, when asked for her jewels, point to her children and grandchildren, by whom she was surrounded on this joyous occasion. The Judge seated his bride and returned to his reminiscences. Col. Smith asked him who amongst all the great orators he had heard in his long experience at the bar, and in the political campaigns that had passed under his review, did he consider the greatest. He replied promptly, Henry Clay.

* Mrs. Guild was attired in an elegant black silk, with a flowing polonaise, a beautiful cap and bridal veil, with pearl ear-rings and breast-pin, the same she wore at her marriage, and white neck-tie and white kid gloves.

"It was in the year 1825," said the Judge, "we heard he was to speak at Hopkinsville, Ky. Some dozen or more of us young men from Tennessee concluded we would go over to Hopkinsville and hear him. We were all ardent Jackson men. We rode horseback seventy-five miles to hear him defend himself against the charge of bargain, intrigue and corruption, and to see what he could say for himself, for we had no idea that he would dare to say aught against the old hero, who, we supposed, would call any man to account that would say aught against him. After we arrived at Hopkinsville," continued Judge Guild, "I suggested that we go over to the tavern where Mr. Clay was stopping, and call upon him; and we accordingly called and were introduced as gentlemen from Tennessee, who had come over to hear him speak. Mr. Clay was evidently pleased with our visit, and remarked, in his blandest and most complacent manner, that he hoped we would take no exceptions to anything he might say during his address, as he was only defending himself and vindicating his own reputation. An immense crowd had assembled from all parts of Southern Kentucky, and hundreds from the State of Tennessee. An extensive platform had been erected in a grove of forest trees, near the town, around which the assembled thousands congregated, eager to see and hear the great orator. He began his address with pleasing reminiscences of a former visit to that part of the State; the tone of his voice was soft and gentle, his language smooth and flowing, his manners graceful and elegant, his countenance radiant with smiles, charming and fascinating every beholder in that vast audience. After having completely mesmerized his hearers, taking captive all their feelings and sympathies, he launched out in the defense of himself against the charge of bargain, intrigue, and corruption. His clarion voice rang out like the notes of a war trumpet; his vehemence resembled a storm rushing through the forest, prostrating everything in its path. He said he had been charged with having given the vote of Kentucky to Mr. Adams, for President, for the sake of office; that the charge was a slander and a falsehood, and that he had denounced it as such, coming, as it did, from Gen. Jackson, and when he had an opportunity of making good his charge he skulked from the responsibility, and gave as his authority a distinguished member of Congress from Pennsylvania,

whose name he refused to give. He denounced the charge in the most vehement terms. He would tell his fellow-citizens why he had voted for Mr. Adams in preference to Gen. Jackson, and they might decide whether he was right or whether he was wrong in the matter, and by their judgment he was willing to abide. He said in the fall of 1814, he was one of the commissioners from this country to assist in negotiating a treaty of peace with Great Britain; he was in France when he learned that the British Government had dispatched a powerful fleet and a large army, comprising the veterans of Wellington, from the Peninsula, for the capture of New Orleans, and expected to have possession of that city before Christmas. Mr. Clay said, 'I told the French minister that he was mistaken, that Gen. Jackson was in command of our forces, and he would protect New Orleans from capture; that he was a brave and gallant soldier, a most skillful commander, and I had full faith he would defend the city successfully. I was taunted by my associates for my faith in the American commander, but I boasted loud and clung to my faith in the skill of the General. And some time afterwards as I was walking leisurely along the boulevards of Paris, a courier came galloping up the street, scattering his bulletins on every side, announcing a great victory at New Orleans for the Americans—the entire rout of the British army. I received one of the bulletins, and as I read the announcement of a glorious victory for my country my heart leaped for joy, but as I read on further the dispatch from the commanding General to the Secretary of War, that the Kentucky troops on the right bank of the river had *ingloriously fled* in the face of the enemy, my joy was turned to sorrow; then anger and indignation filled my soul, and I denounced the statement as false and a slander upon the bravery of Kentuckians, who had never ingloriously fled before the face of any foe. I denounced it then and there, and I denounce it here to-day, as a vile slander upon the fair fame of Kentucky. If any man here to-day will say that I ought, after that, to have voted for Gen. Jackson, let him stand up and speak. I will pause for that purpose.' He did pause, but no one arose to object to his vote. The audience was highly excited, and if any man had ventured to object to him, then he would have been mobbed. Mr. Clay had the rare gift of infusing all his own feelings, emotions, and pas-

sions into his hearers; he swayed them at his will; a popular audience was absorbed by his magnetism, and borne along with him as if they had been a part of himself." Judge Guild said that "we Tennesseeans forgot all about Old Hickory whilst under the magic influence of Mr. Clay's speaking, and did not recover our judgment for some time after our return home."

Gen. S. R. Anderson and his lady, who was a Miss Trousdale, of the pioneer stock of Sumner county, graced the occasion with their presence. The General is known to the people of Tennessee as a gallant soldier and a courteous gentleman, and has been a life-long friend of the venerable bride and groom. The General and his lady contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening by their genial disposition and social bearing, awaking many bright and happy recollections of the past. The General was a resident of Sumner county at the time of the marriage of Judge Guild and lady; although not present at the wedding, he recollects many pleasing incidents of those early times in that county. May he live long, and never again have occasion to draw his sword in defense of this country.

Joseph W. Allen came over rather late, bearing a magnificent present (a beautiful mirror set in burnished gold). He applied to Gov. N. S. Brown to present it in his name and that of his sister, Mrs. Rebecca Allison. Gov. Brown, taking the mirror in his hands and holding it aloft, made one of his happiest efforts, stating that the present was founded on an incident which happended a few days before the marriage of Judge Guild and Miss Blackmore. Mr. Allen and his sister were on their way from Carthage to Gallatin, and stayed all night at the house of Major Blackmore. His sister and aunt, who were traveling with him, were put in the bridal chamber for the night, and on the next morning, his sister accidently broke the looking-glass in the room. They were much disturbed by this accident at the time, though the family made light of it and told them it made no difference, that it was a mere accident and she was not to blame. Still, the recollection of the broken glass remained with them for half a century, and they took the occasion of their golden wedding to present to the bride and groom this beautiful mirror. I cannot give you the glowing and eloquent terms in which the presenta-

tion was made by Gov. Brown, but it was done in his own peculiarly graceful style, well known to those who have heard him often and on different occasions, and always with pleasure. To this chaste and classic address, Judge Guild replied, accepting the present. He then traveled back for fifty years, giving a history of the Allen family. Robert W. Allen, the father of Joseph W. Allen, was a member of Congress from that district for several years. Old Billy Allen, who lived at the Bluff, was the fighting man of the family, and was known as the Knight of the Bloody Flag. He said that he and Joe staid all night at old uncle Billy's one Saturday night, and the next morning, it being Sunday, they went out into a lot to salt some mules, one of which was known as the kicking mule; he kicked the other mules off from the salt, and would keep on kicking when there was not another mule in fifty yards of him. They were much amused at the kicking mule, and they salted them three or four times just to see the mule kick. The Judge told of a former bar dinner the lawyers had at the residence of Col. Archie Overton, at Carthage, and of a wedding dinner on the occasion of the marriage of his niece, when they had twenty pigs slain and twenty-five turkeys killed, and all dressed and cooked for the dinner, and everything else in the same grand style. Glorious times of peace and plenty! I find it utterly impossible to follow the Judge, or to put on paper the tone and spirit of the speech; words can give but an inadequate conception of the bubbling humor and sparkling wit that danced through his speech of more than an hour.

The Hon. Bailie Peyton, the Chevalier Bayard of the State, graced the occasion with his presence. He was one of the waiters at the marriage of Judge Guild fifty years ago, and has lived a neighbor and a friend to the venerable couple ever since. He was called upon for a speech on this occasion, and he commenced in a rather serious strain, referring to the fact of his attendance at the wedding, and his intimate acquaintance with the family: he referred in glowing terms to the womanly graces and Christian virtues of Mrs. Guild; he described her as entitled to all the praise and properties of a good wife, as set forth by Israel's wise king in the pages of Holy Writ, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband also praiseth her."

After this gallant and graceful allusion to Mrs. Guild, Col. Peyton turned back to the times of stirring events stored in his memory over fifty years ago; he told how he happened to be a candidate for Congress; he was not expecting such a thing; Dixon Allen was to be the Jackson candidate, but he had been serving in the Legislature at Nashville and had fallen in love with a fair daughter of Gen. Gibbs, and she requested him to remove to Nashville and settle there; he agreed to this arrangement and then told Col. Peyton that he must run for Congress; "and on the way from camp-meeting to Gallatin," said Col. Peyton, "I became a candidate for Congress, and Col. Overton was my opponent. Jackson county had lately been added to the district; I canvassed this county closely, visited every man in the county and shook hands with every woman. On my way home I stayed all night at uncle Billy Allen's, at the Bluff; there was a lady there with a baby, a Mrs. Hogg, who was going on horseback to Hartsville; she had previously asked Col. Overton to accompany her on the journey with her baby, as her husband and family were all his political friends, but he declined, and proceeded to Hartsville, where he had an appointment to speak. I knew nothing of this circumstance, but I assisted the lady to mount her horse and then handed her the baby; I then mounted my own horse, rode up to the lady, took the baby into my lap, and carried it all the way to Hartsville for the lady; this gave me all the Hogg family and elected me to Congress." Col. Peyton also said that he waited upon Judge R. L. Caruthers when he was married. He said that he went with the young folks from Gallatin and Carthage down to old Jimmy Dry's, on the river, where they had a rousing wedding; and the next day, the coldest he had ever felt, they started to Lebanon; it was so cold that they had to gallop from house to house and stop to warm, in order to keep from freezing. He had a fine horse, and he and Miss Sally Van Horn led the way. She had a fine well-trained pony, and during the ride her hair came down; she dropped her reins, took off her bonnet, held the strings in her mouth, and with both hands twisted up her hair, replaced her bonnet, and tying the strings, she gathered up her bridle reins without even slacking the speed of her horse. The women were all in that day skillful riders. Col. Peyton told some agreeable reminiscences of his Congres-

sional career. His manner is self-possessed, and his descriptions life-like and true to nature.

We noticed among the guests the following persons: Col. Peyton's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fannie Trousdale Peyton, a daughter of Gov. Trousdale, an old friend of the family, and a pioneer settler in Sumner county. Mrs. M. A. Schell was another guest, and a friend of the family for half a century. This lady, we are informed, has often courted the muses, and her poems have graced the columns of the old *Louisville Journal* when controlled by the gifted Prentice. Mrs. Polly Lewis, one of the oldest residents of Gallatin, a life-long friend of the family, looked as sprightly and as young as she did forty years ago. Mrs. C. A. R. Thompson, the daughter of the late Judge White, of Gallatin, a contemporary of Judge Guild; she has known the family from her childhood, and although she is now in the middle life, she looked as fair and beautiful as ever. Mrs. Mary Brown, with her husband, John Lucien Brown, an old friend of the family; though not present at Judge Guild's wedding, she was at another on the same night in Gallatin; she was then the accomplished Miss Polly Barry.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the evening was the appearance of the venerable uncle Dick White, who is over eighty years of age, but still sprightly and in full possession of all his faculties. He had an old-fashioned gourd, cut and trimmed with his own hands, which he brought and presented to Mrs. Guild, who received it kindly, saying that it reminded her of the days of her childhood, when the gourd was the primitive drinking cup.

Judge R. L. Caruthers was invited but could not be present; he, however, sent a letter full of kind greetings and wishes for the continued happiness and prosperity of the venerable couple. It is not one of ten thousand married couples who continue the journey of life together for fifty years; such occasions are rare indeed, and when they do occur, it is a just cause of gratitude and thanksgiving, and is worthy to be recorded as a remarkable event in the history of our times. A GUEST.

P. S.—The supper was sumptuous and as bountiful as the known liberality of its generous providers.

The extempore speech I made in response to Gov. Brown, who presented myself and wife an elegant French toilet glass, inlaid with gold, in the name of Mr. Joseph W. Allen and his sister, Mrs. Rebecca Allison, to which Judge White refers, was substantially as follows:

We feel grateful for this renewed evidence of the feeling of friendship which has always existed through so long a time between our families. We accept this beautiful and magnificent gift, not more on account of its value than the unalloyed friendship exhibited in its presentation. Upwards of fifty years since, I embraced the county of Smith in my circuit in the practice of law, when I became intimately acquainted with the father of the donors, Col. Robert Allen, and his interesting and talented family. At that time Col. Allen filled a large space in the public eye: he was the master spirit of the mountain district. He distinguished himself at the head of his regiment, upholding the flag of his country, in the great battles and victories won by Gen. Jackson, and fought with unsurpassed bravery upon the immortal plains of Chalmette. He ably represented his people in Congress, and was an efficient member of the constitutional convention of 1834. His early and valuable friendship to me, a poor young lawyer, struggling through the rough paths and over the cliffs of professional life, was always gratefully remembered, and in all of his aspirations I was always his ardent and devoted friend, and thus I became endeared to his children, especially the talented Dixon Allen, a man of the finest address for his age I ever knew. He was the youngest man ever elected to our General Assembly; was a rising, brilliant star when, at an early age, he died while attending court at Gallatin in 1835. I attended upon him as a brother while sick, and mourned for him as such when he died. I entertained a similar attachment for the Colonel's other sons, especially for my friend Joseph W. Allen, and more especially for the Colonel's pretty daughters. These recollections call up an incident which took place at "the Bluff," the residence of William Allen. He was a man of untarnished honor—a plain, common-sense man; and though a member of the church, he would fight at the drop of the hat; no man ever insulted him without a flogging. We called him the "Knight of the Red Flag." While attending court, we

spent our Sundays at Col. Robert Allen's and at the Bluff with the "Red Flag," and their interesting families. Billy Allen owned a fine stock farm, and raised some forty mules each year. He walked us out after breakfast to show Jo. W. Allen and myself his stock, and especially to salt his mules, carrying the salt in a large gourd. He called them up from the clover-field, and put the salt down in small piles at convenient distances; they came running, and we soon noticed one large bay mule, which exhibited a spirit of aggression, and was so fierce that he kept every other mule at a respectful distance, and as a mule would come near him to partake of the salt, the fighter commenced backing, with his ears on his neck, and with a peculiar twist of the tail, and after elevating it three or four times with the peculiar twist, he would commence the battle by raising up before and then behind, making the most awful kicks ever seen; and as that tail would twist he would kick, and although every mule was beyond his reach, like the rattlesnake, he gave the signal of battle by his continual raising up behind and with the twist of the tail would kick. This, of course, amused us greatly, while the Knight did not take it so well. He wanted to give us the opportunity to examine the qualities of the flock, but our attention was entirely engaged with the kicking mule. The Knight, after repeated urging, brought us back to the house, but our mind still dwelt upon that kicking mule. An hour or two afterwards I said to Jo., "I think we had better go out and salt the mules, for only one got salt this morning." We invited the girls to accompany us; the Knight remained at the house. We marched out with the girls and gourd of salt, and called the mules; they came running, headed by the same kicking mule. We put the salt down, and soon discovered that his voice was still for war; his ears backed, and he commenced raising before and behind, that same twist in the tail was observed, and he would kick in this position for fifteen minutes at a time when no mules were near. There never was a more amusing thing occurred on the plantation. I think we went out four or five times that day with the girls to salt the mules, and to see the kicking of that mule. We laughed enough to do us a week. The fact is, a good laugh is the spice of life; it makes one good-natured and cheerful, and is an antidote to evil.

This wedding occasion and the assemblage of our friends reminds me of another incident that occurred at the marriage of the niece of Col. Archibald Overton, upwards of fifty years ago. It was in the days of that brilliant galaxy of talent of the mountain bar; among those attending the Smith Circuit Court was Jas. Rucks, Col. Arch. Overton, Col. Robert M. Burton, Gen. R. L. Caruthers, Abe Caruthers, Abe Looney, Wm. McClain, and others, all of whom were distinguished lawyers, and many of them orators, equal to any that Tennessee has produced. Col. Overton was a lawyer of great wealth, in full practice, a fine speaker, and possessed of one of the most musical voices I ever heard, but a man of peculiar eccentricities, common to the Overton family. The Colonel's niece was to be married at his residence on Thursday night during the court. We all expected to be invited to the wedding on Monday. Although we associated with Col. Overton on that day, not a hint was given by him of an invitation; Tuesday came, but no invitation with it. We began to be alarmed, and the bar put me forward to draw the fire from the old Colonel. He was vain of his powers as an orator. I had been associated with him in many criminal cases, and recently in a most important and difficult one, in defending a young Anderson, in which I had highly praised his speech, and he was, besides, much attached to me. I told Judge Rucks, Burton, Caruthers, and others, that we could draw the fire from him, and my programme was this: I would invite Col. Overton to my office—a little "shanty"—on Tuesday night, and after his arrival, for them to fall in as by chance, one at a time, for he was very suspicious and sensitive and the game might fly; that, when assembled, we would introduce the subject of reviving the custom of the English bar of having social gatherings, bar dinners and parties, which would have a happy effect in breaking down the asperities of the bar likely to be engendered by their contests in the forum. My plan was pronounced good and was adopted. At an early hour I had Col. Overton at my office upon the pretext of consulting him about a lawsuit; we had some pleasant conversation, when in comes Judge R. L. Caruthers; after a little, Col. Burton, then Judge Rucks, and some others. I did not want the gathering to be too large for fear of arousing the Colonel's suspicions. After some general conversa-

tion, Judge Caruthers remarked, that members of the bar frequently, in the heat of debate, said things that had a tendency to produce bad feeling, and he wished some plan could be adopted to foster and maintain the sociability of the bar. Judge Rucks replied that he thought the custom of the English bar ought to be adopted in this country—that was, that at every court some wealthy lawyer should give a bar dinner, and have all the members of the bar to partake of his hospitality. Every one concurred in this sentiment, except Col. Overton; he was *scrouched* up in a corner, getting sullen like a 'possum. Col. Burton now took up the thread, and said he heartily concurred in these views; but these dinners should alone be given by the rich lawyers, for he never sat down to the table of a poor lawyer but he felt that every mouthful he took was taking so much bread and meat out of the mouths of his poor brother's wife and children. He referred to the wedding of his niece which had taken place but a few months before, when he had twenty turkeys slain and as many hogs, besides providing all the sweet things used on such occasions; that he invited the entire Lebanon bar to that wedding, and sent for Gen. Jackson, who was present, giving cheer and countenance to that great occasion. I then put in, and remarked to Col. Burton that that was the wedding of his niece, and on such an occasion it would be expected of him, and entirely inexcusable if he had not invited and had at his house the entire bar; that, on the marriage of a niece or daughter, of course he should have made the necessary preparation, and had the bar and his friends present by invitation But, we go farther than that: we think that some one at every court should give a bar dinner, or party, and have the bar present; it is well calculated to break down the asperities likely to arise in the collisions of debate. We thus felt and speared the old Colonel. He was sharp enough to see that all these sallies were directed at him, and became completely sullen and took no part in the conversation—but he had the "harpoon" in him, certain. No fire was drawn from him, and the members of the bar retired, thinking all was lost; but I did not give up the game. Col. Overton was sullen. I understood his character and knew how to arouse him, for I did not intend he should leave in this sullen mood. I wanted to renew the fight on the next morning, for the time was

short—we had but one more day to go on. After all had departed, I undertook to revive him and put him again on his feet. I said, "Colonel, that was a great speech you made in the acquittal of Anderson." He began to unlimber—I had struck the right string. I continued, and said that I had heard the great criminal lawyers of the State frequently, especially the great advocate, Felix Grundy, but that speech you made in the acquittal of young Anderson was the greatest I ever heard. He had a peculiar way of swinging his head from one side of his neck to the other when pleased; I saw this sign, and he said, "Col. Guild, you are right; that was the greatest speech of my life—the proudest feather in my cap. It was a glorious acquittal." He then branched off into a most interesting conversation—his conversational powers were very great—and left the office in the best humor with me. The next morning, early after court met, Col. Overton came to me and said, "My niece marries at my house to-morrow night, Col. Allen and others are invited, now I commission you to invite the bar, and especially Judge Caruthers, Col. Burton and Judge Rucks." We all went together to the wedding, and got there just before dark. Col. Overton met us at the gate, conducted us through his palatial residence, and introduced us to a large bevy of young girls all dressed in white. He was unusually attentive to us and to Col. Allen, who was there. After awhile supper was announced, and he conducted us to the large dining-room, where the most bountiful supply of meats and pie-fixings I had ever seen was spread. As the girls and matrons were being seated, we arrived at the head of the table with him. Addressing us, he said to Col. Allen: "Would you have suspected that these gentlemen attempted to lecture me the other night on what I should do on the marriage of my niece? How imploringly they recommended that at every court there should be a bar dinner, or party, given by the rich lawyer, to break down the asperities of the bar! Col. Burton informed us, when his niece married he had so many turkeys and hogs slain, and all the bar at Lebanon were invited, and even 'Old Hickory' was there. Now gentleme," he said, hitting us on the back, "you are more than welcome—behold these slaughtered sheep and turkeys! Now, Col. Burton, and the rest of you, be seated, and partake bountifully of this wedding supper, and do

not let your pleasure be marred by the idea that every mouthful taken is so much taken from the mouths of the wife and little children. It is the bountiful repast of the rich lawyer." Under all the circumstances, with the Colonel's peculiar talent for wit, delivered in his style, it was the most lively and appropriate sally I have ever heard. It showed that he felt every thrust made at him the night before, and he took ample revenge. The shots were so well directed, amidst the hearty and continual laughter, that Col. Burton sank under his well-directed blows. The fact is, we were caught in our own net, and the door to an effectual reply was closed.

Many are the pleasant reminiscences of the olden time that will die out and be lost as the participants therein sink to rest. I should be pleased to draw out some remarks from my old friend, Col. Balie Peyton, who is a man of humor and wit. He was my waiter on the occasion we meet to-night to celebrate. I will say nothing of his age, for he is now looking abroad for some beautiful widow, or "mountain pink," and I will not prejudice him on the question of age. He can say many good things, and give interesting details of the better days of the republic. He is the only person now alive who was at our wedding fifty years ago to-night. While we feel ourselves honored by so much young beauty just blooming into womanhood, and so much virtue and real worth in the more elderly and advanced portion of this assembly, contributing to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, we have been greatly blessed in our married life; while we have been stricken with grief in the loss of children, relatives, and friends, the pleasures of life have preponderated over our misfortunes and griefs. We are still blessed with five children and seventeen grandchildren—all highly respectable and reasonably well-to-do in the world. In our family we are greatly blessed, for which we feel the most lively gratitude. In our family the truth of the sentiments of the inspired writer has been exemplified: "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house; thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord."

My friends, we are happy to meet you to-night. Make yourselves at home. We have no conventional rules, or etiquette—

that is, I have none; I cannot answer for my better-half. Enjoy yourselves as best you can. We will shortly have a good, substantial, family supper, with some other things whose names I have forgot—my daughters are posted on that part of the supper; and, in the language of Col. Overton, "sit down and partake of it most bountifully, and do not feel that you are taking out of the mouths of the poor wife and children.

XIX.

An Incident at Fort Mackinaw—A "Rebel" Prisoner Saving an Indian's Life.

An incident occurred at Mackinaw, while that post was used as a "Rebel" prison, which caused as much excitement as did the appearance in the town of Strasburg of the man with the big nose, so graphically described in "Gil Blas." I had the honor of being a guest of that place for several months during the "unpleasantness" of a few years ago, together with a number of gentlemen from Tennessee and other Southern States who had fallen under the ban of some military satrap. The crime of which we were guilty was that we sympathized with the people among whom we lived. In those days, if a Southern man had political opinions of his own—in other words, if he dared to be a MAN—he not unfrequently found himself an inmate of some grim old fortress.

Mackinaw is an Indian name, and means the big turtle. The island was evidently thrown up by a volcanic eruption, with its mountain-crest high above the waters of the strait, while there is a beautiful beach along the Southern base of the mountain, where the town is built. This section of country was discovered and settled by the French, the Jesuits being the pioneers. More than two centuries ago they built a strong fort upon the mountain's rocky side, which looks down some two hundred feet upon the beach washed by the limpid waters of the strait connecting Lake Michigan with Huron. Here we sojourned for some six months. The post was under the command of Captain Wormer, who was a gentleman and did honor to the uniform he wore. From him, as well as from his command, we received many acts of kindness, which I recall with pleasure and gratitude. The fort had not been garrisoned since the war of 1812, and needed repairs, and, until this could be done, we were placed in a tavern called the Missionary House, kept by a clever gentleman named Frank, who had two pretty, accomplished daughters, who contributed no little to relieve the tedium of prison life. Captain Wormer permitted his prisoners to take a walk of two hours each day on the

beach, attended by a guard of two armed soldiers, for exercise and to enjoy the sights to be met with in such a stroll. One day I sauntered up the beach to the court-house, about four hundred yards distant from the tavern, where the Circuit Court was in session. I discovered that the court-yard and the court-room were crowded with a mixture of Indians, half-breeds and whites, all manifesting great interest in a trial then proceeding in court. A young Indian about twenty-one years of age was being tried for the murder of another Indian. Most of the witnesses were Indians, who were present and saw the rencounter between the prisoner and the deceased. Interpreters were sworn, who translated the questions into the Indian dialect and the answers into English. The jury was composed of whites, Indians, and half-breeds. I became interested in the case as it progressed, and learned that the prisoner and the deceased had been rival suitors for the hand and heart of one of the Pocahontases of the tribe, and that the prize had been won by the prisoner, upon whom the Indian maiden smiled graciously. The defeat of the other swain greatly chagrined him, and he became surly and morose, a fact which was well known to the tribe. These Indians lived upon a distant island, and from that point brought various commodities to Mackinaw to sell. They came in their birch canoes, a fleet of twenty to thirty at a time, following the leader in single file, as is the habit of the Indians on the trail. They bring with them their birch house, and as soon as they arrive on the beach the house is put up, which requires but a few minutes. Here all connected with the fleet sleep and abide until they depart on their return voyage, which generally occurs within two or three days. One keeps house and cooks, two go about the town to dispose of what they have to sell, while the remainder get drunk, quarrel, fight, and "turn up Jack generally." Two fleets of canoes arrived about the same time, and each brought one of the young Indians who had been suitors of the dusky maiden. Once on the beach, the deceased discovered his rival; his jealousy was aroused to a pitch of frenzy, and he flourished his tomahawk over his head in a menacing manner, accompanied by the war-whoop, which the other understood, as it was intended, as a challenge to mortal combat, and he, too, flourished his tomahawk and sounded the war-whoop, in token of his readiness to give battle. The deceased

glared furiously upon his rival, and then, with a wild whoop, made a rush at him. They grappled with savage ferocity and fought with the desperation of tigers, inflicting terrible wounds upon each other. It was a death-struggle, and so impressed the bystanders. Finally, the accepted lover sent his tomahawk crashing through the skull of his antagonist, deep into the brain. That was "the last of earth" with him. He reeled for a moment, then, raising himself to his full height, fell backwards, and his spirit took its departure for "the happy hunting grounds." For this the prisoner was arrested, and was now upon his trial for murder. I soon discovered that the attorney for the defendant did not see the nice distinction necessary to make this a case of self-defense; at least he was not endeavoring to establish that point by the testimony. I told him that I was an old criminal lawyer, and suggested that he direct his examination of the witnesses so as to avoid the effect of a mutual combat, and place the act of his client upon the ground of self-defense, a law or principle which may always be acted upon when one's life is imperiled. He did not seem to fully comprehend the point I desired him to establish by the proof, and asked me to examine the witnesses, and get the case fully before the jury in my own way. By permission of the court I examined the witnesses, and made out a pretty clear case of self-defense. After the proof had all been heard, the Attorney-General presented the case to the jury, bringing out as strongly as possible his point that it was a mutual combat, with some show of probability, and that, in taking the life of the deceased, the prisoner was guilty of murder. I apprised the court that I was a stranger here, that I had been requested to close the argument for the prisoner, and that, with the permission of the court, I would do so. This permission was courteously granted. I will not attempt to give a synopsis of my speech, but will simply state a point or two I made. I laid down the proposition of the common law, which is observed and acted upon in every civilized government in the world, that God, who gave life, accompanied the gift with the right, under all circumstances, of defending and preserving it, even to the taking of the life of another. This was a great natural law, stamped upon the heart of every man, that no court, no jury, no law could take away. This natural right is recognized by the law of the land. If a man's life be put in peril

by another, or if he shall believe, upon reasonable grounds, that it is so endangered, he has a right to slay the person whom he thus suspects of seeking his own life, notwithstanding it might afterwards turn out that his life was not so imperiled. This great doctrine was laid down by Judge Catron, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, fifty years ago, and it has been recognized and charged by every Judge in that State ever since, and by the Judges in all the States of the Union. I said, I do not controvert the doctrine laid down by the Attorney-General, that in voluntary, mutual combats, if one party slay the other, the slayer is guilty of murder. When the Attorney-General brings such a case before the jury upon reliable proof, his doctrine will hold good, but it certainly will not apply to the present case. I asked, What is the case made out by the proof against the prisoner? He won the prize and possessed it, and, of course, had no cause for malice or revenge against the deceased. On the contrary, it was shown that the deceased felt sorely aggrieved toward the prisoner. The one he loved dearly had been won and carried off by his rival; his hopes were blasted, and he gave himself up to despair, scowling upon the prisoner wherever he met him; he "nursed his wrath to keep it warm," until the rivals met on the beach on that fatal day, when every passion of his nature was kindled to a frenzy, and in the desperation that controlled him, sought the life of the prisoner, by making a deadly assault upon him. The prisoner reasonably concluded that his life was not only imperiled, but was about to be taken, and he was justified in defending that life by every means within his power, even to the taking of the life of his antagonist. It had been urged that the prisoner should have run to the wall before he could have been justified in taking life in defense of his own. This, I maintained, was not the law, and no court, properly appreciating the law and the rights of man under it, would so hold. I also maintained that if a man is assailed in such manner as to endanger his life, he may stand and slay in its defense; and, in fact, the assault may be so fierce—as it was in the case before the court—as to justify him in pursuing and slaying his assailant. These were some of the points I made, and enforced them by the law and the testimony, occupying about one hour and a half in my argument. I have a pair of good lungs, and I spoke so as to be heard at a considerable distance along the

beach. I attracted the whole town; merchants, clerks, and citizens of every calling and of no calling, came in haste to the court-house to see what all this noise was about; they had never heard the like before. When I concluded and sat down, I was greeted with vociferous applause. The Judge charged the law as I had laid it down in my argument. The jury were out about ten minutes, when they returned with a verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner was discharged.

I then hurried out of the court-house with my guard, to return to my quarters, for I had then been out the full extent of the time allowed me. When I stepped into the court-yard, the Indians and half-breeds, friends of the Indian I had defended, seized me, raised me to their shoulders, and carried me up and down the beach in a hilarious manner, and with every demonstration of gratitude. I tried to disengage myself, in order to hurry to my quarters, fearing the consequences of such an unseemly exhibition. It was reported to Captain Wormer that there was a row down town, in which some Indians and half-breeds were engaged with one of his prisoners, and he sent a dozen soldiers down with fixed bayonets, who dispersed the crowd and took me to my quarters. Captain Wormer reprimanded me severely for practicing law, as he termed it, and raising a mob in the streets; thus abusing the privileges he had granted me. I told him I had not intentionally violated any privilege, and reminded him that I had given my parole of honor that I would not make my escape, nor do any thing detrimental to the United States, and that I had faithfully kept that pledge. I explained to him that I had found a human being on trial for his life; that, according to the law and the testimony, he should be acquitted, and that I had simply contributed my mite to save his life, as I regarded it my duty to do under the circumstances. I expressed the hope that he would take the proper view of the matter, and not withdraw the privileges he had granted me. He dismissed me, saying that he would consider the matter. That was the last of it. I was always treated by the Captain and his family in the kindest manner, for which I felt as grateful to them as did the Indian to me for saving his life.

XX.

Carrying Concealed Weapons—Extract from a Charge to a Grand Jury.

A friend has sent me a Texas paper, which contains the following article:

A MODEL CHARGE TO A GRAND JURY.

Judge Joe Guild, of Sumner county, Tennessee, is a man of great individuality of character, and for many years has been one of the most successful practitioners in the State, and is known far and wide for his eccentric humors. For some years past he has been Judge of the Law Court of Nashville, and holds the Circuit Court of Sumner county, and is no less distinguished on the bench than at the bar. At a recent term of the court held at Gallatin, he delivered one of his characteristic charges to the grand jury, which we republish from the *Examiner*, for the wholesome truth it contains, and as a "specimen brick" of the most noted of Tennessee judges:

"I come now to charge you upon a high misdemeanor which is too common in the land, and which it is now your high duty to notice, and bring the offenders to justice, whosoever they may be. I allude to the vicious habit of carrying about the person concealed weapons. More than half the homicides which occur grow out of this debased practice. When I was a boy, the 'bullies' of one creek would meet those of another creek upon the muster-ground, a ring would be formed, a fair fight was had; no concealed weapons were drawn and a citizen slain; all their muscles were brought into play, which ended in a knock-down and an occasional bite—no one slain. But now, the desperado, with his pistols buckled around him, seeks his victim, insults an unarmed man sensitive of his honor, and if he makes an effort to repel the insult, the pistol is drawn, a new grave is made, and a

helpless widow and orphans are left to mourn the loss of husband and father. This evil practice is one of the off-shoots of laziness, an indisposition to pursue some virtuous and laudable employment which will always secure a reasonable living and bring home to a young man an honest reputation. Whenever young men depart from this laudable course, put on and wear broadcloth, silks, kid-gloves, and 'prunellas,' attend upon gambling houses and saloons and idle away their precious time, they are sure to fall into vicious habits; such characters as those who loiter about whisky shops and attend regularly upon gambling hells think themselves disgraced if they have not 'killed their man,' so they arm themselves with the deadly pistol and seek an occasion to use it, that they may be lionized by the gentler sex, thinking it will give them position or caste with them, who in every age have appreciated bravery—but the bravery displayed by men should be courage exhibited in defense of their country, and not the bullyism of the murderer. We are fallen upon evil times—carrying pistols—dress and parade—giving entertainments attended with extraordinary expenditures, such as no honest calling can afford. Too much extravagance and too little work, are the fruitful causes of most of the evils of our time. Genuine mirth and virtue are undergoing a decay; in the cities especially, they are stifled and becoming extinct. In this train of vicious habits is this disreputable practice of carrying concealed weapons. The juries of the country and a virtuous public sentiment should banish this habit from the land, as they have driven duelling and the bowie-knife beyond the borders of civilization.

"In writing about lovely woman, we should always use a pen made of a quill plucked from an eagle's wing, dipped in the hues of the rainbow, upon rose-tinted paper, sprinkled with the dust from the wings of the beautiful butterfly—but I am constrained to notice the present extravagance in dress. Six yards of calico in ancient times made a dress that copied nature and displayed the comeliness of form and beautiful figure of lovely woman—now it takes TWENTY! and, if silks are used, forty yards; they carry on their backs from ten to fifteen yards, puckered, pinned, and cruppered up so tight that they cannot step more than six inches at a time. The other day I was at the depot in Nashville and two beautiful girls endeavered to raise their feet high enough

to get upon the steps which lead into the cars; after repeated efforts and as many failures, I saw the dilemma in which they were placed and stepped up and LIFTED them into the car. Now this kind of caparisoning may meet with the favor of the gentlemen of the pistol, but not of those who are attached to the ancient customs of the country."

XXI.

Speech at Springfield, Tenn., on the Issues of the Presidential Campaign of 1868.

During the summer of 1868, the citizens of Robertson county gave a barbecue at Springfield, at which about three thousand people attended. I was invited by the Committee of Arrangements to attend and address the people, and I did so in the following speech:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have availed myself of the honor of your invitation to attend this large assemblage of citizens to address you upon the present situation of Tennessee, and the principles involved in the great political contest now going on in the United States, the result of which we hope and confidently believe will snatch liberty from the coils of the radical anaconda, which is being crushed to death, and secure the election of the able and patriotic statesmen, Seymour of New York, and Blair of Missouri.

For upwards of thirty years I have appeared at your bar, mingled with your citizens, formed our social relations, have known and fully appreciated your worth. In former times I have engaged with you in the various political battles fought by the old patriotic Whig and Democratic parties. In those days we met as freemen, discussing the great questions of public policy involved in the administration of your government. These were halcyon days of individual and public liberty, the ægis of the constitution, giving protection to all, in which the two great political parties—one headed by our Jackson, Polk and others; the other by Clay, Crittenden and others—and although they differed as to questions of administration, all adhered to the great charter of our liberties, and devoted their lives to, and did advance the prosperity and glory of our common country. In those days all parties recognized the great principles of our bill of rights—that government was founded on the consent of the governed; that the

representative was the servant of the people; and that invaluable principle of our constitution was strictly adhered to, that all elections shall be free and equal. Those great principles are now ignored by the Radical party, and any man who adheres to them is "spotted" as a "copperhead" in the North, and is ostracized as a "Rebel" in the South. How changed are the times! I meet you this day disfranchised, shorn of your ancient birth-right, gasping under a despotism that would not be tolerated by any people of any depotic government of the old world; your former slaves are now made your masters, to them all political power is given—they do the voting, the "bummer" and "scalawag" hold the offices, and we have become the tax payers; we are the mere creatures of our former slaves; we are completely metamorphosed, with the exception that our skins are yet white. If our masters could find among the hidden sciences an invention by which our skins could be made black, and the negroes' white, that change would certainly be made. We have it, however, from high authority that the leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, and have an abiding hope that this new discovery will not be made by Gov. Brownlow, and we may be left the poor privilege of yet recognizing each other when we meet.

Our forefathers in 1776, on the battle-field, won our independence. That revolution resulted in the establishment of the liberties of the people by the adoption of the constitution of the United States. This great revolution is to snatch the constitution of our country from the mud and the mire, where it lies wounded and trampled upon by radical despotism, and restore it to its ancient vigor, extending to all the States and their citizens their equal and just rights.

I may inquire, how have the people of Tennessee lost their rights, and are subjected by laws to a proscription and species of outlawry before unknown in the history of the United States? It is because they took sides with the other Southern States in the great civil strife that was ended upwards of three years ago. Were they not informed by the unanimous voice of Congress, after the battle of "Bull Run," that the sole object of the further prosecution of the war was to restore the Union and the authority of the government of the United States, and when that was done the war should cease and all should be restored to their rights

who renewed in good faith their allegiance to the government? Under this solemn pledge the Confederates laid down their arms, and those who survived the terrible conflict have renewed their allegiance and returned to their ruined and desolated homes, determined by their industry and good citizenship to make worthy members of society, and regain in some measure their broken fortunes. Without exception known to me, they have redeemed their pledges and have made worthy citizens of their respective States. Has this pledge on the part of the government been complied with? While many generous and patriotic citizens of the Northern States and a minority of Congress have complied with it, and shown magnanimity to the prostrate people of the South, there has risen up the Radical party of the North, having large majorities in both branches of Congress, and Governors and like majorities in the Legislatures of most of the States, who have failed to redeem their plighted faith, and while they deny to the negro of their own States the right of suffrage, they disfranchise the white man of the South and give the political power of the States to the negro—the right to hold office and to sit on juries. Instead of restoring the Union, and extending to the States and their citizens their equal rights under the constitution, for party purposes, and to retain political power, they have disrupted the Union; they have torn from the flag of the Union ten of its stars, and from Washington have dictated the policy by which Tennessee has been placed under the yoke of despotism, and this day we are laboring under wrong and oppression more intolerable than that which afflicts the ten States of the South. If Sherman's treaty with the Confederates had been approved of, the Union was restored. The reconstruction of those States under the President's policy, after Sherman's terms were rejected, was nearly accomplished, but this Radical party, with the view of establishing the despotism which now afflicts the South, and to secure the electoral vote of the Southern States for the Radical candidate, and thereby perpetuating their power, have broken up this reconstruction of the States; have left them out of the Union for three years; have passed this unconstitutional reconstruction act, and, by fraud and the bayonet, have forced upon the South the amendments to the constitution of the United States, as well as constitutions on eleven of the sovereign

States, which they detest and abhor, thereby seeking to deprive the South of its manhood. The entire South has felt the unparalleled oppression and tyranny which have marked the career of this party for more than three years. They have levied extraordinary taxation and impositions upon the people of the South, compelling them to perform all the onerous duties of citizens of the government, and denying them their constitutional right to vote or to hold office, or to be fairly represented either in the State Legislatures or in the Congress of the United States; they have nullified the trial by jury; they have abolished the *habeas corpus*, that most sacred writ of English and American liberty; they have overthrown the freedom of speech and of the press; they have substituted arbitrary seizures and arrests, and militia trials and secret-star-chamber inquisitions, for the constitutional tribunals; they have covered the entire South with detectives, and have established a system of spies and espoinage; they have established bastiles all over the South for the incarceration of our citizens, and sentenced them either to death or ignominious punishment by drum-head court-martials; they have quartered standing armies in times of peace among the people of the South to control elections, to eat out their substance, and enslave the whites by bringing them under the supremacy of negro governments; they have made the military satraps superior to the civil judge; justice is not administered according to the constitution, and laws made in pursuance thereof, but according to the hatred or prejudiced will of the military commander. This Radical party has assumed, and acts upon the assumption, that all power is vested in, and should be exercised by, Congress. It is seeking to absorb all other powers of government. The executive is no longer the commander of the army and navy of the United States. No longer has he the power to appoint and remove, recognized by the constitution, and acted on from the formation of the government. He is not even permitted to choose and appoint his confidential advisers—his cabinet; and if he attempts to remove a debased and contemptible cabinet officer, who was his own enemy, a spy upon his conduct, he is impeached. This party has invaded the precincts of the Supreme Court, hitherto, by the constitution and the purity of its ermine, consecrated to liberty, by depriving that court of the power of reviving by appeal, the unconstitutional

acts of this worse than "Rump Parliament," and cutting off a portion of its original jurisdiction. To make themselves supreme they have threatened every department with impeachment, thereby endeavoring to make the President and the judiciary subservient to Congress. They have manifested an arrogance and an usurpation of power as dangerous to public liberty as the National Assembly which produced a despotism in France and ended in the consulate and empire, or that of the "Rump Parliament" which produced "the Commonwealth" and ultimately the revolution which brought William and Mary on the throne.

This Radical party ignores the great principle that ours is a Federal Union—formed by compact of sovereign States, retaining all the sovereign power which is not expressly delegated by the constitution; and to perpetuate their central despotism, they have brought into the field in this great political contest, as their leader, Gen. Grant, the commander of the army of the United States, and of the votes of the South, relying upon his military fame to glare and blind the people to that despotism which afflicts the land, cramps its industries and energies, and destroys the trade and commerce of the country, and which, if not successfully opposed, will destroy the liberties of the people. I have nothing personal to say against Gen. Grant, but we cannot ignore the fact that he has loaned his name to this party for his own aggrandizement, and to fasten this despotism upon the country, and every one who properly appreciates public liberty should stand opposed to his election.

The people of the United States are astounded at this military chieftain becoming the candidate of the Radical party. He tamely submits to Congress, and says that he shall have no policy of his own in administering the government. General Jackson has truly said that he who submits to a "mum" candidate, or one who has no policy of his own, while his liberties are involved in the contest, deserves to be enslaved. This position of Gen. Grant is sufficient of itself to render him unfit to be the President of forty millions of people.

It is the fly found in the ointment that mars the fragrance of the perfume. Will that Congress stay their revolutionary measures, and desist from their measures against the rights of the States and their citizens, with their attacks upon the other de-

partsments of the government, with their unconstitutional reconstruction acts, which have deprived the people of their suffrage, representation, and self-government; who have forced upon the people of the South a parcel of advanturers and harpies, bankrupt in fortune as well as character, who have seized the public offices, plundered the people, and robbed them of their liberty, the right of voting and of making for themselves good and wholesome laws; a parcel of "bummers" and "scalawags," who make and fill sinecures, and who impose heavy and onerous taxation upon the people of the South, not to pay off the public debt or to support a just and economical government, but to feed and pamper a parcel of "jay-hawkers," who, while they rob the people of their liberty, eat out their substance; who contaminate everything they touch and poison wherever they repose. We want a President who will aid in restoring the constitution and the rights of the people, and remove this fetid fungus from the body politic, which stinks in the nostrils of the white folks, and which the negro begins to regard as a "skunk."

In the train of this central despotism we find its attendant adjuncts—wanton extravagance and peculations upon the treasury and the people—which of itself, in any age of the world, would hurl those usurpers from power. When we come to look into the expenses of our government under the Radical party for the last three years of profound peace, we find the astounding sum of $820,000,000, being at the rate of $270,000,000 a year, and this is without including the interest paid on the public debt. We find for the four years preceding the war the expenses of the government were only $256,000,000; for one year of Radical rule it amounts to $14,000,000 more than for the four years preceding the war. The War Department for four years of Mr. Polk's administration, in which we carried on a successful war with Mexico, and added California to the Union, carrying our flag from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, only cost $90,000,000. For the three years of peace under Radical rule the expenses have run up to $284,000,000, at the rate of $128,000,000 per year. The Navy Department for four years cost the country $62,000,000, when our ships traversed every water, and our flag floated in every port, carrying on and protecting commerce that annually added vastly to the wealth of the country; yet, for the three

years of peace it has cost the people $117,000,000. The trade of the country is paralyzed, commerce destroyed, and we have little or nothing to protect, either at home or abroad. What do we pay into the treasury per year by this most onerous and unequal taxation and revenue exactions? $590,000,000. Yet our overwhelming public debt is increasing on us every day. For the last month of June it increased $50,000,000. How comes all this? We must have a standing army in times of peace of 50,000 to control the elections of the South; and a Freedman's Bureau at the expense of many millions, an electionering machine, patented by Congress, to form secret leagues of negroes throughout the South, to make them the deluded instruments, having disfranchised the white man, to place in office a parcel of shoe-blacks and hostlers of the North, and with a few honorable exceptions, the home Radical who had not the manliness to take either side while the battle raged, but after it was over, and the national flag floated over the South, became most intensely "loil." The "scalawags" of the South joined the "carpet-bagger" of the North, became the head and center of negro leagues, made the negro the voter, themselves the office-holders, and the white man the taxpayer. In former times the usual pay of a regiment of one thousand men was $1,000,000 per year, now it amounts to over $2,000,000—upwards of $2,000 to a man in times of peace. $1,200,000,000 have been collected from the people within the last three years, and still the public debt is not diminished, and every day is on the increase. In honest times the cost of Congress per year ranged between three and four hundred thousand dollars; for the last year of this "Rump Congress" they have taken from the people $1,800,000. The United States have $2,500,000,000 of bonds out, held by foreign and home capitalists—one-sixth of the whole taxable property of the United States; yet those bloated bondholders pay no taxes to sustain the government, and every six months demand and receive their gold interest, and the principal in gold when the bonds shall fall due. The Radical party maintains that this is all right while the "Rump Congress" requires every other citizen of the United States to receive their debts and dues in legal tender notes. The United States have $350,000,000 of these bonds deposited to enable private individuals to bank and issue the "rags" as currency of the country, not

drawing six per cent., the lawful interest, but more generally from twenty to twenty-five per cent. on the issues, while the government pays to these banks the gold interest on these bonds. Why not take up these bonds by the issue of treasury notes which will not bear interest, affording a safe and reliable currency, and save to the government on that item of bonds $20,000,000 a year? $500,000,000 of our bonds are now redeemable at the option of the government. Why not redeem them with United States treasury notes, thereby putting an end to the contraction of the currency and giving it an expansion necessary for the trade and prosperity of the country, and at the same time, from year to year, reduce this interest and exhaust this overwhelming debt? We must come back to an honest and economical administration of the government, and, by wholesome and just laws, relieve the people from this onerous burden, revive trade and commerce, stop peculations, encourage industry, and give labor its just reward. The Radical party will never do this. They have too many favorites to provide for. They will never withdraw their peculations in the form of laws made upon the toiling millions. The rich must be made richer, and the poor poorer. The present policy of the Radical party, both in Congress and in State governments of the South, is the gradual confiscation of the remnant of property left by the desolations of war. The Southern people have lost their lives in battle. Widows and orphans and those who survived the war have been left with little remnants of property—some without any. Their negroes have been emancipated without compensation; their houses burned and farms desolated. The Radical policy is to exhaust this remnant by confiscation in the form of taxation, and rob the white man of his liberty and place him under negro supremacy. Gen. Grant says to this party, "Thy will, not mine, be done." The people of the North, at every family hearth, feel the burden of these onerous taxations and revenue exactions. As the South is weakened, the once profitable market of the North is worthless for their manufactures, grains, implements of husbandry, horses, mules, and all their surplus products now being prostrated by this Radical rule. We are unable to give them the markets that advanced the prosperity of each section. By loss of property, and our poverty, we are unable to contribute our fair territorial proportions to the fill-

ing of the public coffers. It now falls with a crushing weight, which, as we are weakened, will increase upon the Northern States in raising this $590,000,000 per year levied upon the people. Furthermore, the Northern people must see that this negro supremacy, which by the bayonet is forced upon the Southern States, is creating a despotism which is extending over the entire States. The "carpet-baggers" and "scalawags" combined with the negroes, aided by the bayonet, abolished the State governments of eleven States of the Union, and forced upon those States anti-republican laws disgraceful to free governments, which they detest and abhor. They, by disfranchising the worth and intelligence of the country, make the laws, tax the people, and force their policy upon the country. State governments are created by the bayonet, and if they exist and endure it must be by the bayonet. Not only has this great wrong been perpetrated upon the people of the South, but they are extending this despotism throughout the States. These negro governments elect the representatives in the Congress of the United States, and eleven States, by the vote of 4,000,000 of slaves, send twenty-two Senators to the Senate who have the political power of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania, or 20,000,000 of the white vote of the North, and through them dictate the policy of the general government, and through the Electoral College, will force upon the people a President of the United States in opposition to the will of the majority of the people of the United States.

The negro supremacy growing out of this central despotism will become the ballance-wheel, the controlling and governing power, if radicalism is permanently fastened upon the country, destroying the constitution and crushing out the liberties of the people. No people ever had greater causes for a peaceful but effective revolution than now exists in these States. We begin to feel the great "ground-swell"—one that will greatly surpass that of 1840, because the causes now existing to arouse the people to an assertion of their rights and to rescue their governments from the Vandals' grasp are a hundred fold greater than then. It was merely the extravagance in carrying on the government, and the few frauds and peculations upon the public treasury during Van Buren's administration that caused the people to arise *en masse* and move him from power. That administration ran

the expenses up to $43,000,000 a year; now we have, in times of peace, an expenditure of $590,000,000, exclusive of the interest upon the public debt. In 1840 we had frauds and peculations upon the public treasury in various instances; now it is reduced almost to a system of private and public plunder. In 1840 the President's house was furnished with large mirrors, carpets, divans, and ottomans, with Ogle's, not Butler's, stolen spoons. The people rose up wild with excitement and enthusiasm—"Tippicanoe and Tyler too"—the hard-cider and log-cabin, with the coon thrown in—which did the work for Van Buren. That "ground-swell" was but an infant in comparison to the volcanic swell which moves the people in this campaign, as indicated by the great gathering of the people from every State and Congressional district in the United States on the fourth of July last, as indicated by the full approval of the platform of principles announced to the country, and by the enthusiasm with which they are rallying round the standard of Seymour and Blair, the chosen representatives of the people in this great contest. Never were the people so fully aroused to the great enormities perpetrated upon their liberties, and a fixed determination that their liberties shall be restored, and that the States shall have their equal rights, as the other States. Every city, town, and county, pours forth their thousands rallying to the flag of our party. Even the wires conveying the glad tidings from one extremity of the States to the other, catch the warmth and enthusiasm of the people, which is a harbinger of the glorious victory which awaits us in November next.

Why are the people so aroused? It is because the Radical party, now in the possession of the Government, has trampled upon the constitution, disrupted the Union, and established a central despotism. The people are determined that their liberties shall not be thus lost; they rally as the great National Democratic party, declared enemies of consolidation and central despotism—the party of liberty and progress, of adherence to the rights of the States and citizens, as well as the just and constitutional powers of the Federal Government. It stands as it did in 1798, under the guidance of Thomas Jefferson, adhering to a strict construction of the constitution, and the equal rights of the States. By their platform and previous history they have shown

a fidelity to the constitution and the principles of civil liberty; they assert the just principle of equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including government bonds and other public securities—one currency for the Government and the people, the laborer and the office-holder, the producer and the bond-holder. They are for making the military subordinate to the civil authority; for the reduction of the army and navy to the legitimate wants of the Government; the Freedman's Bureau, a corrupt machine to destroy the freedom and equality of elections, shall cease to exist; that frauds and peculations of the Government shall be put down and punished; that there shall be a just and economical administration of the Government; that tyranny, peculations, and frauds shall not be encouraged or permitted to exist in high places longer to afflict a down-trodden people, but honesty, talent, and virtue shall occupy official stations, and fidelity to the constitution and devotion to civil liberty shall alone be a passport to office and public station.

Noble Kentucky, who has miraculously escaped this disfranchisement of her gallant citizens, who can speak as freemen at the ballot-box, has just spoken with a majority of upward of 70,000 against this radical despotism. So would her sister State, Tennessee, speak—born into the Union about the same time—if her gallant citizens on the day of election were not tied to "black-jacks" while the bummers, scalawags, and negroes do their voting.

The people of gallant Tennessee are in a more degraded and fallen condition, if possible, than the ten Southern States excluded from the Union and governed by military satraps; or, if let into the Union, as some of them are now being admitted, with constitutions extorted from them with the bayonet at their throats, and laws made which they abhor and detest. Three times have the citizens of Tennessee been disfranchised, and as often has the machinery of despotism been amended and made more stringent. The first act after the election showed that these usurpers could pass no disfranchising law, however rigid, confining it to the white population, that would secure to them the offices and public plunder. They tried that, failed, and amended it, and still the owls who occupied the places where once the eagles sat felt insecure. They could not agree to universal suf-

frage including the black man, for still they knew that they would be driven from the roost which they were defiling. Their only security in holding the place was to disfranchise their own white race and enfranchise the negro. This great enormity has been perpetrated in the nineteenth century, which they still cling to with the tenacity with which they would hold fast to life itself. To give up power, with them, is like riving the soul and body; for well do they know, if the people could vote, that they would hear an order like that of Lady Macbeth to her guests: "Go, and stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." Yet, if the people of Tennessee, cradled in the lap of liberty and tasted of its pleasures, become restive and complain of this despotism, and ask to be restored to their rights and liberties which they have never forfeited, the hooting of these "loil" owls is heard proclaiming that the people are rebellious, and the negro militia must be organized, armed, and put upon an oppressed and outraged people. By the various acts of the Legislature the Governor has the appointment of the registers of voters, who have been made out of partisans, many of whom, while exercising the power of granting certificates to vote, were themselves candidates for office, for the Legislature, for clerkships, Sheriff, Trustee, etc., and the sole test of loyalty was, will the party vote the radical ticket and for the register granting the certificate—none other need apply. The power of appointment and removal was given the Governor as well as the extraordinary power of annulling the registration of counties, which, in some twenty counties, has been exercised, when the people cast their votes against radical despotism. The time-honored County Courts, composed of the counties since we became a State in 1796, who have levied the county and State taxes, provided for the poor, miniature republics representing the civil districts of their counties, establishing their roads, and controlling its municipal policy, have, by act of Assembly, been shorn of their power, and these great and important duties in the various counties have been given to three commissioners, partisans to the Governor, in some instances mixed with the negroes. I speak this in no disrespect to the negro, for I regard him the best man of the three. The political power is not only given to our former slaves, the white man disfranchised, but the black man not only does the

voting, but testifies in the courts against the white man, and sits on juries which pass upon the property, the liberty, and lives of the white race. How do you justify that, radicals of the North, while the whole race is disfranchised, when you will not let the negro vote, hold office, or sit on juries in your States, yet with the bayonet you force it on the down-trodden white race of the South? We have no objection to enfranchising the black man, but have to disfranchising the white man. Thus out of a population of upward of 150,000, at least 100,000 have been disfranchised. They have no representation, no voice in making the laws, yet taxed and made to meet the extraordinary expenditures growing out of corrupt legislation, in supporting sinecures in peculations and a lavish expenditure of public money, including the heavy expenditure of supporting a negro militia, organized to plunder, to insult, and, in some instances, to murder the citizens, and in all elections to deter and drive from the polls all who are registered voters and opposed to radical despotism. The extraordinary exactions and taxations of the people of Tennessee, through the general and State Governments, are rapidly exhausting the remnant of property left by the desolation of the war, and are nothing more than another form of confiscation, superceding old Thad's general system. Thus the most intelligent and worthy of our citizens have been ostracised and plundered by laws they have no voice in making, to feed and sustain a parcel of non-resident adventurers and home radicals who have combined for office and spoils, using the deceived and deluded black man as a ladder by which to climb to office, and cudgels with which to bruise the head of the white men; and when they arrive at the top of the ladder they turn their backs upon the latter and look with contempt on the base means by which they have attained to power. And because the white men are restive and peaceably protest and complain of this great enormity, they are snubbed and proclaimed rebellious. The Governor, by proclamation, convenes the Legislature for the ostensible purpose of putting the negro militia upon the war-path. In vain have upward of twelve Confederate Generals of Tennessee addressed the Legislature, guaranteeing the peace of the State, and protesting against the inauguration of war by calling out the militia. In vain have upward of fifty thousand of our citizens petitioned the

Legislature to restore to them the rights of freemen; that the country is peaceful, and there is no necessity to call out the militia, which must lead to bloody collisions and endanger the peace of the State. In vain did Judge Shackleford, a leading radical of this State, a former Judge of the Supreme Court, but now Chancellor of Nashville, head the people and present one of those memorials in an eloquent address at the bar of the Legislature, pleading for the restoration of the rights of the people. All these overtures have been rejected, and not even received with common courtesy, and the work of war and blood-shed still goes on. By a vote of fifty-four to fourteen, the mere question of considering the proposition to restore to the people their rights, was voted down, and the dogs of war are about to be let slip at the people. Still, the people of Tennessee are for peace, and are determined to submit to these unjust and unconstitutional laws until they can be abrogated by convention or other legal mode, and to do nothing on their part to justify this inauguration of war. Yet, tyrants should recognize the great truth that the people have the great natural right of self-defense, and if their lives shall be imperiled, they will be defended. They are thus peaceable under the most tyrannical despotism that ever afflicted a brave people, because they know that the getting up of war in Tennessee is designed by the radical party, and is regarded by them as a trump-card to be used in the North for the election of Gen. Grant; for they know that that nomination fell still-born upon the American people, and they know that if something is not done that radicalism will die in November next. The intelligent and worthy citizens of the North, who appreciate civil liberty, must know this, and if radicalism shall bring about a war of races in Tennessee, instead of advancing their waning fortunes in the North, must finally overthrow it.

Who are the people of Tennessee who have been thus shorn of their rights? They are descendants of patriots who resisted the aggressions of George III., not half so grievous as those we bear—who fought for and won our independence; a people who are the descendants of those who, in 1780, crossed the Alleghanies, rifle in one hand and axe in the other, and blazed the path which led into the rich valleys of Tennessee; who first broke the cane, planted and cultivated the corn, and gave peace

to our bleeding settlements, and drove the scalping-knife beyond the confines of civilization, and made this once wilderness blossom like the rose; a people who upheld the victorious banner of Jackson at Talladega, Emuckfau, the Horse-shoe, Enotchihoko, and on the plains of New Orleans; a people who bore our banners on the plains of Mexico, and planted our eagles on the walls of the Montezumas, and dictated a peace by which the great Democratic State, California, was added to the Union, and which forms one of the richest and most brilliant gems of our glorious constellation; a people who have given to the country two Presidents, a Jackson and a Polk, whose administration gave a prosperity and a glory to our common country which it had not hitherto attained; a people whose bones lie bleaching on every battle-field, from 1776 to the present time, a people cradled in the lap of liberty and have tasted of its pleasures; yet this is a people that the "bummer" and "scalawag" say are unfit to be freemen; they are deprived of the valuable birthright of suffrage; they are rendered incapable of having a voice in making their laws, are ostracised from holding office, and by an onerous taxation are compelled to feed and pamper the enemies of public liberty. We are thus trampled upon and shorn of our constitutional rights. If we complain of this great enormity and petition for redress, we are threatened with war and kept prostrate by the false cry in the North of "copperhead," and in the South of rebel. We cannot, without a revolution, regain our lost liberties, which we do not intend to inaugurate. We are determined to be peaceable and abide our time, relying upon the generosity and magnanimity of the people of the North to correct this great public calamity, which we hope will be peaceably done by the ballot-box in November next. We hail that great patriotic assemblage of the people, through their intelligent representatives, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, as a harbinger that this despotism shall cease. It is the beautiful rainbow of the North, announcing to the afflicted South that the storm shall cease, and that the angry flood shall subside; that the constitution that lies prostrate in the dust, like the broken jewel, one can see from its fragments the richness of the material of which it is composed, will be maintained with its ancient vigor, and, like the fabled Phœnix, will wing its way through storm

and cloud, and be restored, extending its blessings to the present and incoming generations.

The noble sentiment of Patrick Henry, proclaimed in the revolution, has descended to us a heritage; "A day, an hour, of public liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage." That sentiment is indelibly engraved upon the American heart, and the radical party, which is endeavoring to subjugate the American people, should recognize the great truth that a community which has been cradled in the lap of liberty, have experienced its pleasures, have heard the voice of truth in which the merits of statesmen and systems have been freely discussed and canvassed; in which obedience is paid, not to persons, but to the constitution, and laws made in pursuance of its provisions; in which magistrates are regarded, not as lords, but as servants of the people; in which the excitement of party is a necessity of life; in which political warfare is reduced to a system of tactics. Such a people can never be conquered and reduced to a permanent servitude. This being the great issue of this political contest, none can doubt the final results.

XXII.

The Fashions and other Kindred Subjects — Lecture of Jo. C. Guild, delivered at Gallatin, Tenn., Friday evening, April 7, 1876.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I feel highly honored by the presence of so much beauty and such an appreciative audience to greet me on this interesting occasion. Proposing to discuss a subject selected by a number of friends, I am sensible of my inability to meet your expectations, if perchance those expectations have been raised too high. I have never before in my life attempted to speak upon a subject suggested by others. Under such circumstances, one comes to the discussion of his theme affrighted and with all of his fires slumbering, and feels like a yearling calf led to the slaughter-pen—yea, like the noble eagle, which plumes himself upon the mountain peak and soars in mid air, plucked of his plumage and to be "hawked at and killed by a mousing owl." I regret my inability to interest you upon the subject of fashions, where pinbacks preside as queen of the day.

Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to take some latitude on this occasion, to ramble through the field of nature, shell the woods, and "calarrup" a little. I will talk about fashions after awhile. I find myself in a bad predicament. If I do not entertain the ladies about gypsies, mice, rats, redingotes, polonaise, pinbacks, false calves, and palpitating bosoms, they will be dissatisfied; and if I do say anything about their fashions, and feel about them a little, why I shall be condemned. I stand between Scylla and Charybdis, and find it difficult to steer among the breakers; and yet I must talk about the ladies, or else they will be dissatisfied. I never speak of those for whom I entertain no appreciation. I have as high regard for the ladies as any one can have, and if I should say ridiculous things about them, it is because I love them. When we write about woman, it should be upon rose-tinted paper, with pen plucked from the eagle's pinion,

dipped in the rainbow, and dried with dust from the wing of the butterfly. That's the way to talk about her, too, and I flatter myself that I can say pretty things about the ladies.

Well, if I must talk about pinbacks and other fashions of the present day, I must first lay down the canvas upon whose disc the fashions of seventy-five or one hundred years ago may be pictured and contrasted with those of the present. Speaking of pictures, reminds me that I have one which I intended to bring here to-night. I forgot to bring it, but must have it, as I want to talk about it. [Here the speaker directed that some one should mount a horse and ride to the residence of his son, Mr. Walter J. Guild, one mile distant, and bring him the picture. Having been assured that the picture would be sent for, he resumed.]

I will proceed, ladies and gentlemen, while the picture is being brought. I was saying, it would be right and proper to have first the canvas on which to paint, and that canvas I propose shall be human life.

When we look abroad over this beautiful earth, bestowed on woman, and man as a secondary appendage to lovely woman, we find the world peopled with a variety of beings; as great a variety, almost, as the leaves in a spring forest, or the flowers dispersed over the vine-clad hills. Among these beings, we find their appearance and capacities as different as the variations in the human countenance, and an endless variety of tongues. When we compare the races, we see upon the top round of the ladder the Anglo-Saxon and the Caucassian; and as we descend, we come to the Chinese, the red man of the forest, and, lowest of all, the Esquimaux, who burrow like rats in holes and come out in the spring in search of sustenance. Then, when we pass from man and look into the animal kingdom, we see more or less similitude to mankind in the infinite variety of kinds, species, qualities, and different grades which are here exhibited, from the huge elephant we saw at the circus last Wednesday to the little monkey; from the tiger to the muskrat and ground-hog. And while on circuses, I will remark that this has been an eventful week; three clowns have appeared before the people—two at the circus and one here to-night. Even the circuses of the olden time were superior to those of the present. I mean those that

were traveling through the country when I had just commenced wearing breeches. I remember well my first pair, and how proud I felt when I put them on. There were no pinbacks then; no redingotes, prunellas, nor bustles; these are inventions of late years. At that time the boys and girls all worked. The boys helped their fathers chop wood, plough, make fences, and build houses; while the rosy girls did the house-work, assisting their mothers in sewing, cooking, and washing. In my youth, they always put on me the tasks of churning and bringing water. This latter employment is what made me bald, for baldness didn't run in our family. I took an early distaste to the other task, and even to this day hate churning. The idea of the pretty boy of the period, with his fur hat, his broadcloth, and his ring, doing this or any other kind of work! It is true I am now wearing a ring, but I haven't had it long, and it was given to me by a friend. In my early day, no lawyer wore a ring. He dared not do it, for some of us would come along and "calarrup" him, sure. I reckon I shall have to quit the profession now. But suppose one of these broadcloth boys, with his boots, pumps and ring, were called on to churn and bring water; why, he would turn up his nose at it in supreme contempt. If they would go to raising boys and girls as they did in the olden time, we would see more distinguished and useful men and women. There is too much idleness, extravagance, and dissipation; too much attention given to dress. Why, in my young days little value was laid on style, which was very simple. From their wardrobes, you could hardly tell the boys from the girls, until they were nearly grown. I wore a toga, now called a shirt, tied with a tow string, and in this habit I dressed until I was fourteen years of age. The only thing that distinguished the one sex from the other, was a little slit in the shirt. If the ladies would leave off these polonaise, basques, and bustles, and not gear up in vise-like corsets, nor move about in sweeping trains, they would be more becomingly and conveniently attired, and in a manner more conducive to health. If they would lay by these foolish and extravagant fashions and live more within their means, it would certainly prove more grateful to their consciences and their husbands' purses. And if the first women in society would lead off in the matter of reform, put on calicoes

and march to church, the theatre, and the ball, the example would be generally followed, and the country benefitted. I would exhort woman to go to church and embrace religion. Her greatest virtue is to be religious. It renders her kind, charitable, forbearing, and benevolent; but it is cant, hypocrisy, and bigotry that I am sternly opposed to. It is the veriest puritanical cant to despise a lady or a gentleman, and turn up the nose if their daughter happens to go to a dancing school. I favor dancing as a graceful and healthful exercise. In every age of the world dancing has not only been practiced, but has been regarded as a most innocent and healthy amusement. We are informed in sacred history that the matrons and graceful belles of that day met David upon his return from Judea, and, with musical instruments and their graceful dances, saluted him with the plaudit that Saul had slain his hundreds, but that he had slain his tens of thousands. Dancing formed a part of the worship of the ancient Greeks, and their grace of figure fitted them admirably to participate in such a species of devotion. In the ancient world, the most eminent citizens, the wisest men, and greatest philosophers were wont to indulge in the diversion of the dance, even to an advanced age. Socrates, it is said, continued to dance for exercise and amusement even at the age of seventy. He sensibly preferred exercise to calomel, and jalop, and pills, and for powders and lotions substituted those more ancient usages which promote bodily health and long life. So it was with the wise men and women of his country. A dancing-master, who long years ago was celebrated in the London fashionable world, declared that the English people are given to gout, apoplexy, shortness of breath, spindle-shanks, and "rum-puncheon" abdomen, because they prefer the pleasures of the table and sedentary amusements to the more wholesome and healthy recreation of dancing. In Spain we find the public amusements to be bull-fights and the slaughter of game-cocks in the pit, the tendency of which is to make savages of both men and women. France manages social intercourse far better. There it is difficult to find a person of fifty years of age who despises the health-giving and invigorating pleasure of the dance. Men of a religious and serious turn promoted this rational and healthful amusement. Soame Jenyns wrote, in the

last century, a fine poem on the art of dancing. Sir John Davis, a Chief Justice in the time of Elizabeth, treated the subject poetically, and, like Jenyns, was the author of works on religious matters. Then there was Sir Christopher Hatlon, the Lord Chancellor of the same reign, who is said to have "danced himself into that venerable position through a series of extraordinary steps of court favor, commencing in a ball-room." He was said to have been the best dancer in England, save the Earl of Essex, the first favorite of the Queen, who rose to great distinction.

In our own country, in the days of our Revolution, dancing was the crack amusement, and has prevailed for a century as a favorite among the elite. Gen. Washington and Gen. Jackson were graceful dancers, as have been many of the notable men of our country. Dancing not only teaches persons the graces of society, but it gives elasticity and beauty to the human form, and is withal a most healthful, invigorating exercise. Those who condemn dancing, prefer that the young folks should play such highly entertaining and intellectual games as "grinding the bottle," "old Mother Hubbard," "the thimble," and others of a like character, and the girl who is caught steps out upon the floor and says:

"Here I stand on two little chips,
Come and kiss my pretty lips."

While I admit that kissing a pretty girl is very pleasant, I must insist that dancing is a more appropriate amusement than these games, more rational, graceful, and healthy.

I also favor theatrical performances, and regard it cant in those who denounce it as a terrible crime to attend the theatre to hear such actors as Booth, the great tragedian, and Charlotte Cushman, with her great powers and histrionic talents; and, at the same time, I expect that I am as much in favor of religion as any man. Everything rests on God's laws; we are indebted to him for life and for every blessing we enjoy. But because we are religionists, we are not to look demurely and sanctimoniously, and deport ourselves as though we thought the common affairs of life too low for our notice. Oh! that our preachers would devote more of their time in impressing this idea on their hearers. Progress is going on in this respect, and I am glad of

it. Let woman and man be devout and hightoned; but this they can be without taking the veil or searching for a monastery, or looking on the world as too debased for their association with it. I would like to talk to one of these canters; one of those who sell tracts, and at the same time would give up an erring son or daughter as fallen. In this conduct is an absence of that charity and forgiving spirit taught by Christ. I was a student under McWhirter and Craighead, in Davidson county. They were good men, noble men. They favored dancing, would give balls, and take part in the merry dance.

Well, I have been running up the branch until I have got clear out in the bushes, and must now retrace my steps and endeavor to get back on the track. I like to talk about woman—lovely woman, from whose breast, in infancy, we drew the sustenance of life; who nurtured us upon her bosom, and who was the first to soothe our sighs and wipe the tear-drop from our eyes. The man who does not appreciate her is a beast—a Comanche, and should be driven to the far West, where he belongs. In the lion, the tiger, the fox, the musk-rat, ground-hog, and skunk, we find dispositions and qualities typical of the character of man. When we look on the sea, the same truth strikes us. There we have the great whale, from which, descending the scale through an interminable variety of classes, we see the shark, trout, shad, perch, sardine, and sucker—and you are aware that we have many two-legged suckers. And again, looking upon the earth, is seen the noble eagle, the vulture, the peacock (which reflects my modern beau in broadcloth and a ring), the sparrow, little wren, and humming-bird; and the brilliant-plumaged bird-of-paradise, which represents exclusively our lovely women. The similarity may be traced further, even into the vegetable world, with the countless variety of growths which it presents. Here the standing and usefulness of men in society is symbolized in the giant oak, the sturdy cedar, the lofty pine, the ordinary trees of the forest, on down to the stinted hawthorn, the bristling thistle, and the noxious weed; and last, but not least, the sweet flowers, with their variegated hues and bewitching fragrance, representing in truthful colors the captivating smiles, the winning blushes, the irresistible loveliness, and the gentle, all-pervading influence of lovely woman. Some men are orators, who,

by their burning eloquence, can, and have, fired the hearts of peoples to resist tyrants and put down usurpers. Some are divines, devoted to the service of God, the moral guidance and the spiritual comfort of men, alleviating the ills of life, and saving souls from perdition. Others are great statesmen, upon whose broad shoulders rest the weighty affairs of government; while still others are warriors, poets, scholars, philosophers, historians, and inventors of various contrivances for the comfort and convenience of mankind. And not least in the galaxy of greatness is woman. She marches hand in hand with man, and not only rivals, but controls him. Oh! if I could but persuade her to put off pinbacks! But if she wont be persuaded, why we will just have to consent for her to use her own pleasure about the matter. Her ways are the sweetest anyhow, I believe.

One difference between animals and men is, God has given the latter dominion over the earth. The gift was made to woman, not so much to man, and she should wear the breeches. If she did, affairs would be better conducted than they now are. Her influence over man is immense, and always has been. Adam couldn't resist his wife. The blandishments of old mother Eve induced him to eat of the forbidden fruit. I don't blame him much; had I been in Adam's place, I should have done it too. Men will take apples when offered by the ladies, and I couldn't like the man that wouldn't. Yes, woman has the control, and I am in favor of her dominion. From the tiger down, the female has the mastery. It is her benevolence, her irresistible charms, that have given her the reins of government. We are all under God. When an animal dies, annihilation follows. Woman has an immortal soul, if man hasn't. But if he is ever saved, it is through the intervention of woman. Our hearts, like muffled drums, are constantly beating a funeral march to the grave, and when there, our bodies are consigned to the dust, and if woman has made intercession for us, our souls take their flight to God. I have thought sometimes that I could make a pretty fair preacher. I like the Methodists, the pioneers in religion. My mother was a Methodist, though I am a Presbyterian—you see my wife controls me. These cane-brake women always manage their husbands. It is best to yield to them for the sake of harmony; for when they are crossed and aroused, there's lightning

about there certain. A man to be kept straight, should marry a woman of that kind.

My canvas is now laid down, and I shall say a word or two in regard to fashions. We are standing upon historic ground, made sacred by the bold pioneers who struggled against the armies of Cornwallis and others, fought through the revolution, and achieved the independence of this great country—upon ground hallowed by marvelous deeds of heroism and daring, performed by men descended from Huguenot, Scotch, and Irish ancestors. How much are we, and the lovers of liberty elsewhere, indebted to these Huguenots, Scotch, and Irish—noble races, the horror of tyrants, and distinguished for their grit, their lofty sentiment, and manly, uncompromising devotion to principle. Alluding to our proud progenitors, I am reminded of what slight circumstances may sometimes control the fate of men, or change the destiny of nations. Expelled from France by the decree of Nantes, some of the Huguenots took up their abode in England, while others immigrated to this country, settling mainly in South Carolina, Virginia, and North Carolina. Oliver Cromwell and his great compatriot, John Hampden, were descended from this stock. Failing in their opposition to dangerous royal prerogatives, they and others of their party contemplated coming to America. The design was frustrated by Charles I., who had them arrested. The subsequent career of Cromwell and his famed coadjutors, the fate of Charles I., and the consequences to England, are matters of history. The arrest of these men was a trifling matter within itself, but it gave rise to events among the most prominent and important in history.

From the Huguenot, Scotch, and Irish people sprang some of the purest and best blood of this country—men of high purpose, of brave and chivalrous bearing, and in whose bosoms, during the trying struggles of the Revolution, the fires of patriotism and freedom burned steadiest and brightest. To them can be traced the lineage of many of the bold, adventurous pioneers who, following the star of empire Westward, came to this county when it was a howling wilderness, the home of the savage and the wild beast. Attended by the worthy matrons and their loved little ones, they came with rifle in one hand to defend themselves against momentary attacks, and an ax in the other to blaze their

way to this wild and inhospitable region, which they reclaimed from a state of nature, and made blossom as the rose. I could relate many interesting incidents connected with the early history of this county had I only the time. Col. Anthony Bledsoe, who conducted the first and largest colony to this quarter, settled at Greenfield, in this county. He was killed by Indians at the Lick, which bears his name, July 20, 1787. His brother Isaac was killed by the Indians in 1793. In 1790, George Winchester, well known to some now living, was killed by the Indians in the buffalo path, which passes right through this town, at a point very near where Judge Vertrees now lives. This path was made by buffalo in going from Manskoe's to Bledsoe's Lick. I have traced it myself often, when a boy, from here to the springs. The first child born in Sumner county, and perhaps in Middle Tennessee, first saw the light at Bledsoe's Lick, and the little stranger, who afterward's became well known throughout this section of country, was Dr. John Shelby. Pardon me for narrating an amusing circumstance that occurred on the eve of Dr. Shelby's advent upon the stage of life, especially as it serves to illustrate the fashions of that day. The services of a "granny" were required, of course, but there was none residing at the Lick. The nearest one was at Keefe's Station, about one mile south-east of this court-house. Maj. Geo. D. Blackmore volunteered to go after her, though he was to ride nine miles alone through a country in which hostile Indians were ever on the alert for scalps and plunder. The mission was a perilous one, but the Major succeeded in reaching the station without being seen by the savages. Taking the "granny" (a woman of two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois) behind him on his fine horse, which had an important part to perform in the domestic economy of the settlement, he was well on his way back to the Lick, when they were fired on by the Indians. Both were slightly wounded by musket balls, and jarred by a fall from the horse at the same instant. A moment after (for there was no time for delay or ceremony) the "granny" was astride the horse, her feet in the stirrups, the Major behind her, and the faithful quadruped making to the Lick the best time possible for a nag thus handicapped. The "granny" arrived opportunely. What if this woman had been dressed for her trip from Keefe's

Station to Bledsoe's Lick as the fashions of this day would require of a lady going out to visit her neighbors? Why, if the "granny" had worn a pullback, she never could have gotten on the horse; or a bustle, she could not have rode him; or hoops and polonaise, there would have been no room for poor George.

The manners, the customs, and the fashions of people are *indicia* of their morals and social worth. In the olden times, hospitality was met with everywhere. No traveler was driven from any door hungry, cold, and without protection for the night. The friendless stranger was always welcome to the simple fare of the times, and to rest for the while under the humble roof which sheltered the best blood in the land. Your deportment and bearing in society was not then shaped by conventional rules and senseless etiquette, but according to the dictates of common sense and the prompting of kind, generous, and charitable hearts. Where now is the hospitality of the past? Vanished almost entirely. There are many who nobly refuse to bow before the idol, but they are strikingly few as compared with the great mass of its devotees. There is too much coldness, too great lack of sociability. These conventional rules are smothering sincerity, chilling charity, and blighting hospitality. The first quarrel I ever had with my daughter, was about that rule of the modern society code that requires a lady to withhold her call, under certain circumstances, until she has been called on. The rule I advised her to adopt is this: Visit no woman whom you do not want to see and who is not worthy of your association, although she may have first called on you; and don't decline to visit those whose society is agreeable and whose friendship you would cultivate, simply because they have failed to call on you first.

It is astonishing, not to say disgusting, to a plain man like myself, to attend a conventional social entertainment of the bon-ton, high-style, above-stairs gentry. I was victimized at but one of these places, and will never be caught at another. I shall never forget my experience on the occasion, and shall have more to say about it directly. I was chilled as though I had been in an ice-house. I felt as though I was tied to a rail. I advise you to keep out of these ice-palaces.

In the earlier days of this country you met with genuine hos-

pitality when you visited your neighbor, and were not stifled by conventionalities at any of its gatherings. Pull the door string, and you would the next moment receive a warm, old-fashioned greeting from the host and his wife. A stool was given you to sit on, and a dram passed around. At dinner you would sit down to a feast of bread and butter, of venison and bear-meat, winding up on milk, which was the dessert, and it was all set on the table at once—there was but one course. A pleasant chat went on in which all present would express themselves freely, candidly, and without restraint. While the grown folks were sitting around the dinner table, I, a big yearling boy, was seated with the other children, boys and girls, on the floor, in one corner. There, surrounding a skillet of grease, we sat with chunks of bread in our hands, sopping gravy, drinking milk out of a bowl with wooden ladles (for there were no silver or pewter spoons then)—the boys looking at the girls, and now and then kissing them through mistake. Then there were quiltings and cotton pickings, occasions of conviviality and mirth, where the mountain-pinks danced, executing the "heel and toe," the "forward and back," and other figures, with all the charms of native grace and unencumbered nimbleness; while the matrons picked, and quilted, and talked, and gave the men "hankins." I used to hear the old fellows talk about it. These were customs some sixty or seventy years ago, and all were happy and enjoyed life. Go now to one of these higher-life, upper-story parties, and where is the pleasure? where the intelligent conversation, the merry laugh, the pungent wit, the brilliant repartee? So far from affording pleasure, they give an intelligent person acute pain. I promised to tell you about the bonton entertainment I attended, the card to which was brought myself and wife on a silver tray. I can't keep up with their new terms. Myself and wife, having reached the appointed place, were ushered in by a liveried servant, and conducted into magnificent parlors, with Brussels carpets, embroidered curtains, settees, divans, and sofas. The assemblage was a brillant one, according to the modern idea. When in Rome, I like to do as Rome does, so I looked around to post myself by observation. I had been used to the custom of seeing men gallant their wives and show them every attention at all times and in all places. But I found that the wife was the last

individual a man was expected to notice or speak to here. It was vulgar to do so; and for a man to escort his own wife to the table, I saw, was barbarous, and the penalty capital punishment. As they marched into the dining room I looked around and discovered that my wife was missing—another fellow had her. So I offered my company to a young lady who accepted. Seated at the table, there was only a beautiful white cloth spread over it; no meats, no vegetables, nothing for an old fogy to eat. There we sat and waited until finally the servants in white aprons, and looking like fan-tailed pigeons, brought soup. I had much preferred milk, but the man that don't drink soup at one of these dinners is a green-horn. I worried and sweated through this course, after which another table cloth was spread, though the first had not a spot or blemish on it. This was the course of meats, and I noticed that all ate with their forks. In these high circles it is rude to eat with a knife. I reckon that after awhile they will get to drinking soup with a fork. I don't like this style, and would n't trust my hat with a man who would abandon the custom taught him by his mother, for this habit of eating everything with a fork. At this juncture I wished to depart in peace, and felt like Severn Donelson did on one occasion. Severn was fond of a dram, and took several every day. Having fallen under petticoat government, he consented for his wife to call in a preacher and have prayers. The good woman was rejoiced, and invited two preachers and a number of ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood to attend the meeting. Severn was not apprised of the extent of the preparations. He heard a prayer and one lengthy sermon with some degree of patience, though he was becoming somewhat thirsty. Perhaps these gentlemen know how this is themselves. But when the second preacher arose and, announcing his text, proceeded to divide his subject into seven heads, Severn broke out into open rebellion, and rising to his feet, exclaimed, "My God Almighty! is there no way on earth to draw this meeting to a close?" But this fashionable dinner continued through this course, when a third change of the table-cloth was made for the pie concerns. And then came the fourth and final course, of fruit, wines, float, sillabub, and pickles. It is a requirement at one of these dinners, too, not to take anything without asking permission of the lady whom you attend.

At this dinner there sat near me an old bachelor friend, some fifty years of age, who, like myself, had been brought up under the old constitution. I heard him say, "Miss, with your permission, I will take some of that pickle." The next moment he was crushing a pepper pod between his teeth. As he chewed it his face got reder and reder, the jugular veins swelled along his throat, the sweat poured from his face, and tears rolled from his eyes; he couldn't stand it any longer, but true to the rules of the occasion, said, "Miss, with your permission, I will quit this pickle at once," and throwing it under the table, left the room amidst roars of laughter.

I have been talking at random until my picture could be brought. It is here now, and I will talk about it. [The speaker unrolled and held in his hand what proved to be a centennial chart filled with pictures; those on the left representing scenes, customs, habits, and inventions of 1776, while on the right were corresponding pictures representing the same subjects as they are at the present day.] It contrasts the fashions of a hundred years ago with those of the present day. In the center you see the bird of liberty, our same old eagle; on the left is the old continental flag, which our patriot fathers carried through the revolution; while on the right is the stars and stripes, our national colors to-day. [I must put on my spectacles. I don't need them on account of my age; I always wear them, because of a natural defect in my eyes.] Here on the left is a log church; on the right, a spacious and elegant brick church, with its lofty tower piercing the clouds. I used to go to meeting in an humble log house like this. The most pleasant times I ever had were when I marched to church in my toga, gallanting a mountain pink. Our mothers and grandmothers would walk five miles to meeting. A branch just like this meandered near by our church. As we approached it, I used to run ahead and take my seat on the opposite bank. And here I have seen forty or fifty women at a time wash their pretty feet and put on their shoes and stockings, which they had brought from home in their hands. Now-a-days a woman is so delicate that she can't go a hundred yards to preaching without calling out the carriage and greys. I heard more good sermons in those days; more genuine, God-given thunder and lightning eloquence than I have ever heard since.

There were such divines as Gideon Blackburn, John Newland Maffit, Jimmy Gwinn, and others, real wheel-horses. Sermons were not read then according to the style of the present day. I love preachers, and want them to reform this practice. These coldwater discussions, read from a paper, are too tame. I like Methodist camp-meetings. They create a religious atmosphere that is good for the soul; they revive and regenerate it. At these meetings I have listened to thunders of eloquence; and, as the lightning leaped from head to head, have seen the jerks commence; the hair would become loose, and as the head was thrown from side to side, have heard the long tresses crack like a whip. When these camp-meetings are revived, I intend to go with my tent.

Here is Mol. Pitcher, a heroine of the revolution, who attended her soldier husband to the war, and when he was killed in the battle of Princeton, handled a cannon and assisted in driving back the enemy. Sumner county had her Peggy Bledsoe and other heroines. When Greenfield was attacked by two hundred Indians, and defended by Col. Hall, Neely, Campbell, Morgan, and Abram, the latter a negro, the women did most gallant service. Seeing the Indians forming for an attack, the men sallied out and gained a fence, from which they fought, while the women kept up a continuous firing from the fort. After an hour's conflict, the enemy was driven away, poor Abram falling in the fight. And there was Mrs. Buchanan, who assisted in the defense of Fort Buchanan when attacked by Indians. Look at the simple and becoming attire of Mol. Pitcher! That was the style of the old heroines and our matrons of long ago, who spun, and wove, and knit, assisted by the lovely mountain pinks. No polonaise, or pinbacks, or other newfangled items of female paraphernalia of the present day. No chignons then, nor rats, nor mice, but the beautiful hair—black, auburn, and red (I like red headed women)—was collected in three plaits, gathered in a crescent on the crown of the head and held by a large comb. Bewitching curls fell along their rosy cheeks and rested on alabaster bosoms. And what a charm was there in their blue, brown, and black eyes, the indexes of their souls! I could always tell by looking into a woman's eyes if she loved me; I was too sharp to be jilted by them.

Now over here [pointing to the picture] are women of the present day all wearing pinbacks. One with delicate fingers, ornamented with diamond rings, is running them over the keys of a piano, while another seated in an easy chair is reading a novel. Boys, when you go to select a wife, choose a mountain pink.

Here are the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the greatest body of men ever assembled together. You may search the histories of Rome, Greece, England, France, and other countries, and their equals cannot be found. Their examples should be emulated; and if properly appreciated, this government will last forever. Here we see an old grandmother spinning flax on a wheel, and there the new style of spinning by machinery, and sewing with a machine. Here is the old-fashioned jack plane; there the planing mill turning off six thousand feet of lumber per hour. Here we see various modern instruments, implements, and contrivances—the steam-engine, the railroad, the telegraph—some of which, I grant, are improvements. There are represented domestic animals which are claimed to be improvements on those of the past. As for the cattle, I admit the Durham to be the best stock for beef, but for milking qualities give me a dun Indian cow. I bought one from Isaac Bledsoe many years since, that was superior to any cow I ever saw for milk.

Here are students represented—one of the olden time, with few books, sitting on a white-oak, split-bottomed chair, reading by a tallow candle; the other a latter-day student, sitting on a cushioned chair, with a library of books, one of which he holds in his hand and reads by gas light, while he warms himself by a coal fire, and is half the time asleep. Think of the modern system of teaching children! The scholar is called up at nine o'clock and dismissed at two. They don't whip now, but persuade the child to learn. I regard this system a failure. And everything is drifting into universities, and while they send forth some great men, I look upon them as hot-houses in which to kill students, or places at which they are to be ruined. All must study Latin and Greek, dead languages, and I venture the assertion that there is not one man or boy in this house (I except the ladies) who can read either. Why do they not devote themselves to studies that are useful; to French and German, for instance, and mineralogy and "sockdology?" I have come in contact

with these college-trained specimens; have met them at the bar, on the hustings, and heard them in the pulpit. I tell you they are no sharper than other fellows, even if so sharp. You may call me an old fogy, but ponder on what I say to you, and you will find that there is a deal of truth in it.

Here's the way they used to flail out wheat, and ten bushels per day was a man's task. Now this McCormack thresher here will clean out one thousand bushels per day. That's an improvement, it is true, but they don't enjoy it now as we used to. Here is a revolutionary soldier, a keen, smart, sharp-looking fellow, with knee buckles and garters. There is trim make and nobody deceived, as they may be now-a-days by this style of covering up the person. When a trade is made I want it to be a fair one, want nobody taken in, and this is not the least of the reasons why I would have both men and women go back to the simple style of dress of the past. Here we have the modern soldier with his spy-glass. I have nothing to say against the soldier of the present day; the soldiers in the late war on both sides fought well. The world never exhibited armies of more bravery and gallantry. They had all the modern improvements in fire-arms, it is true, but they used them with courage and effect.

Much may be said on the subject of the fashions. Those of the present day display the beauty of the person, accompanied with a refined taste far superior to that of our English ancestors for many centuries back, whose fashions were not less vascillating or more capriciously grotesque, though displaying infinitely less taste than the present generation. Many fashions had their origin in an endeavor to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, false calves, and other monstrous devices. If the reigning beauty had an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips would load them with the bustle which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to wear. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner covered a wen on her neck. Full bottom wigs were invented by a French barber for the purpose of concealing an elevation of the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII., of France, introduced long coats to hide his catham legs. Shoes two feet in length were invented by Henry Plantaganet, the Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence

on one of his feet. Francis I. was compelled to wear his hair short in consequence of a wound on his head, and the style became a prevailing fashion at court. Others, on the contrary, adopted fashions suited to their peculiar style of beauty, as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry and the beauty of her person and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the neck and shoulders uncovered, which is still kept up by the young beauties of the present day. The court in all ages and in every country are the moulders of fashion, so all the ridicule should fall upon them and not upon the citizens, their imitators. Fashions are quite revered in one age, and often extend to another, then disappear, and after a lapse of time reappear, though perhaps in a modified form. In 1735, the men wore no hats, but a little *chapeau de bras* instead; in 1745, they wore small hats, and in 1755, they had immense ones, as may be seen in Jeffries' collection of the habits of all nations. Henry VIII. had his own head and those of his courtiers polled and the beard cut short. Before that time it was thought more decent to shave and wear long hair, either rounded or square; then in the time of Elizabeth, the gentlemen of the court wore their hair long, trailing on their shoulders. The fair sex had been accustomed to see their lovers with beards, and the sight of a shaved chin excited feelings of horror and aversion. They were pleased to see the luxuriant beard "stream like a meteor through the troubled air." When Louis VII., to obey the injunction of the Bishop, clipped his hair and shaved his board, Eleanor, his consort, frowned at his unusual appearance and looked upon him with contempt. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor, shaved King obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II., of England. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Pioton and Guienne. And this was the origin of the wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French nation three millions of men, all of which would probably never have occurred had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of his wife. In the reign of Charles II., two centuries ago, the hair dress of the ladies was very elaborate. It was not only curled and frizzed with nicest art, but set off with artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic terms

of heart-breakers and love locks. So late as William and Mary, lads and children wore wigs. Not only wigs but queues were worn in this country in the days of our Revolution, and the hair of both sexes ws powdered. The flagrant follies of fashion must be endured while they rage, and must never appear ridiculous to us until they have passed away. Short and tight pants were so much the rage in France at one time as to become a public offense, and Charles V. was compelled to banish this disgusting style by edict, which may be found in Meserai. In the reign of Elizabeth, the reverse of this fashion took place. Then the *mode* of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The beau of that day stuffed his breeches with rags, feathers, and other light material, until he was puffed up like a bull-frog. They resembled sacks of wool, and on public occasions scaffolds had to be erected upon which to seat the beaus. To accord with this fantastic taste, the ladies invented large farthingales, or skirts extended by enormous hoops. Two lovers dressed in this style, could scarcely ever kiss, or even take each other by the hand. That fashion did not last long. In a preceding reign, the fashion run on square toes, insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes. Then succeeded the sharp-pointed shoes, lashed up to the knee with gold or silver chains. The Catholics have ever considered the pomp of the clerical habit as not the least part of the religious ceremonies. Their devotion is addressed to the eye of the people. A shameful extravagance of dress has been a most venerable folly. It is said that Sir John Arundel had a change of not less than fifty-two suits of cloth of gold tissue. Queen Elizabeth left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died, which comprised the dresses of all countries. The conquests of Edward III. introduced the French fashions into England. The Scotch adopted them by their alliance with the French court. This was the golden period of cosmetics. The beaus of that day resorted to the abominable art of painting their faces, as the fair ones did. There were the oil tinctures, quintescences, pomatums, perfumes, and paints, white and red. One of the principal cosmetics was the use of the bath and the application of wine. Strout quotes from an old manuscript a recipe to make the face a beautiful red color. The person was to take a bath and afterward

wash the face with wine, and so should be both fair and ruddy. The Earl of Shrewsbury, who had the keeping of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, complained of the expense of the Queen in bathing in wine. White wine was used for bathing, likewise sweet milk, to preserve the whiteness and beauty of the skin. Our venerable beauties of the Elizabethan age were great coquettes, and the mysteries of their toilet are curious and interesting. The inventions of the extraordinary fashions of 1670 were watched with a jealous eye by those strict Puritans, most of whom emigrated to America. They went too far in the opposite extreme. When the courtiers wore enormous wigs, they cut their hair short; when broad plumes were used, they had round black caps and screwed up their pale religious faces; when shoe-buckles were revived, they wore strings. It is not worth noticing the changes of fashion in the olden time, unless to ridicule them. Modern American fashions, copied from France and Italy, chastened and made beautiful by the refined taste of our women, are a great improvement on ancient English fashions.

I am afraid of tiring you, but I wish to refer to a memorandum of entries taken from the minutes of the first court held in this county, and perhaps in Middle Tennessee. The first session of this court was held the first Monday in April, 1787, with Daniel Smith, Isaac Bledsoe, David Wilson, Wm. Hall, and George Winchester as presiding justices. The officers were, David Shelby, Clerk; John Hardin, Sheriff; and Isaac Lindsey, Ranger. I have here a number of orders, but will only read a few of them. "Ordered that eighteen yards of linsey be applied to clothing the three oldest children of Wm. Bruce." How far would eighteen yards of cloth go now, towards dressing one girl, much less three? Six yards was a big pattern for a gown when I was courting. And two and one-half yards of cotton coperas goods were ample for a pair of breeches, with one gallows thereto attached. To answer the requirements of the pin-backs, the polonaise, the bustle, *et id omne genus*, twenty-seven yards of ordinary goods and forty-five of the finer fabrics are necessary for a dress. And there have recently been hoops; but I killed them off in my Erin speech. Here's an order for the clearing of a road for pack horses to the Blue Springs, whence the salt supply was obtained. At the October term, 1787, other interesting orders were made. I have

here the order directing that corn, bacon, pork, venison, bear and buffalo meat be received for taxes at stated prices and delivered at the nearest military station. One shilling was fixed as the poll tax, four pence on every hundred acres of land, and the same to build a court-house, prison, and stocks. What do the tax-payers of to-day think of this? The first criminal prosecution was that of the State v. Basil Fry, for stealing a pair of leather leggins. He was reprimanded for this offense against the peace and dignity of the State. Ephraim Peyton was fined twelve shillings for profane swearing and Sabbath-breaking. He is the same man who, with John Peyton, Billy Read, and Major Blackmore, had a bloody conflict with the Indians on Defeated creek, in which all of these gallant old fellows were wounded. Here's the order granting Andrew Jackson license to practice law. This is Old Hickory, the greatest man that Tennessee, and perhaps the world, ever produced. I wish I could read and comment on all these orders, but I haven't time and must hurry on.

I wish to say a word or two about the doctors. I like them, or else I wouldn't mention them. They are a useful and hightoned class of men, and while they are to be condemned for the exhibition of more envy than lawyers (which is quite natural, as their professional acts are performed more in secret), the chief complaint I have to urge against them is, they don't speak in language that can be readily understood. It is their habit, not here alone, but elsewhere. Not long since I presided here in a case in which a crooked-legged man was suing a physician for malpractice, in consequence of which the leg was bent backward instead of forward. Several of the lawyers at this bar were employed on both sides. My friends, Mr. Elkin and Capt. Bennett, were opposing counsel, the former appearing for the plaintiff and the latter for the defendant. The injury was, the man was shot in the leg, and the contest was, did the physician's unprofessional treatment of the wound cause the joint to be drawn? A number of doctors were examined as witnesses. I thought they would plainly say, the man was shot just above the knee, the ball ranging down, getting into the joint and letting out the juice, thus bending and stiffening the limb. But here's the language of the doctors: "It was a fracture of the femur through the condyles. It was a compound complicated wound, with escape of synovial fluid, fol-

lowed by synovitis, the sequel being anchylos of the tibia, fibula, and patela." Of course the Court had to assume an air of familiarity with this language, and as the witness would wind up, he would say, "Doctor, you can retire, your explanation is perfectly satisfactory." Friend Elkin well knew that this language was all Greek to the Court and jury, and saw that the exhibition of the leg was the card to play, so he called the man around and had him strip and show the crooked limb. Capt. Bennett dreaded the effect that this move might have, and when he saw the limb exposed to the jury, with a look of discomfiture, exclaimed, "My God, will we never get rid of that crooked leg!" After Capt. Bennett had spoken, I called him to me and said, "Bob, you made the meanest speech I ever heard." He replied, "My God, who could speak against such a leg!" I presided in another suit for damages on account of malpractice. The doctors testified thus: "Wounds are solutions of continuity. This is a wound of the thorax anterior, penetrating the pleura and wouuding the left lobe, with fracture of the dorsal vertebra." That's the doctors' definition of a broken back. They ought, when they talk, to use language intelligible to all. Common sense is the thing after all. It has always controlled the world, and will ever control it hereafter. I understand human nature very well, having rubbed against many men, and women too, in my life, and the doctors had better take my advice. I want them, too, to go back to the old practice of carrying their medicines with them. By depending on the apothecary, the patient frequently gets hold of a very unhealthy dose. The doctor should measure and administer the medicines himself, and wait to see the effect. It is amusing to see some of them examine a patient. They feel the pulse, beat on the breast and listen and look wise. I don't like to see this—would rather look at a woman with a polonaise on. And doctors' consultations are not agreeable to me. My advice to you is to call in a good physician and stick to him. They never agree. One says one thing, another says something else, and the third has still a different opinion. Finally they all make concessions, and between them kill the patient. Doctors should carry their tools with them. They should have their medicines ia a box with them all the time. I must relate an incident. Old man Eatherly of Wilson county, took a notion to send his son John to a calomel

school. The young man, after studying at Lexington and finishing up at Philadelphia, returned home to the great delight of his father. Neighbor Johnson, having called to extend a welcome to the son and rejoice with the father, asked if John had a diploma. "Oh! yes," said the old man, "John went to the saddler's yesterday and had a black leather box made with holes for physic vials, and it is the prettiest little diploma I ever saw."

I ought not to overlook my brother lawyers. I suppose I have the right to talk about them, and would have a deal to say of their short comings and their deserts if I had but the time. There is one marked difference between lawyers and doctors, and it is this, the former express themselves in plain, intelligible English. I must say of them that they change their professional fashions and habits but little. The lawyer of to-day is what he was in the olden time. His business brings him in contact with men of all classes, professions, and pursuits. He deals with the lives, the liberties, and business affairs of his fellow-men. His studies are of government, its laws and their application and administration. He is necessarily more cosmopolitan in his views and liberal in his sentiments than the generality of mankind. Lawyers have been the prime movers in every effort for liberty. Ancient and modern history furnishes many illustrious examples of this fact. When the Colonies raised the standard of liberty and independence, the eloquence of such lawyers as Henry, Otis, and Adams stirred up the people to their defense. Many believe that lawyers stir up strife among the people. This is a mistake; the people first get into trouble and then apply to the lawyers to help them out of it. That's the way the lawyer happens to be connected with the disagreements and quarrels of neighbors. The story is told of two Kentucky farmers who both claimed the same cow, and litigated the question of ownership to the tune of $600 cost to each. This event was caricatured with a picture which represented one of the farmers holding fast to the horns of the beast and the other pulling at the tail, while the lawyer in a quiet, business-like manner, was drawing the lacteal fluid from the teats. Now that lawyer was not the cause of the scuffle over the cow, although he was reaping a benefit from the occurrence. Ladies, if you are fond of milk and butter, I would advise you to marry lawyers.

I must bring these remarks to a close. I desire to see this republic perpetuated, and its people prosper and continue to be happy. To this end, I would have them return to the simpler ways of the olden time. They must be more industrious, economical, and frugal. This extravagance, this profligacy, this worship of mammon, and this mania for display and luxurious ease, is a curse on the land, and must be eradicated, or it will end in ruin. Under its blighting effect, the commoners, the middle classes, the bone and sinew of the country, on whose stalwart arms rest the safety, security, and welfare of every nation, will gradually disappear like the mists of the morning before the rising sun. Thus enervated and shorn of her manly strength and vigor, the materials gone from which her official stations were once honorably filled, and her agricultural, mechanical, and industrial interests successfully moved, the fate of this republic is sealed. As was truthfully and touchingly said by Goldsmith—

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But, a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Ladies, the reform rests with you, and I trust you will not be slow in commencing it. Knowing your wonderful power and controlling influence over the men, I invoke you to bring about the consummation so devoutly to be wished. I have spoken without notes, and am aware that my remarks have been rambling and disconnected.

I now draw my lecture to a close. My bark canoe is nearing the shore and I must prepare to tie up. I take leave of you with assurances of my kindest feelings and sincerest wishes for your continued welfare and happiness. I have not intended to say anything, ladies, calculated to ruffle your beautiful plumage or excite your ire. I have gone forth and gathered from the field of nature the most beautiful flowers—the hyacinth, the jessamine, the violet, the honey-suckle, the crape-myrtle, and the gem of her tribe, the rose—and crowned and decked you the lovely mountain-pinks. It is true, I have used my kitchen-knife in a kindly effort to prune the polonaise, the redingote, the basque,

the pinbacks, *et id ome genus;* because in the eyes of an old fogy they are badges of the latter-day follies of the bewitching queens of the earth, which neither add to their comfort, their beauty, nor those irresistible charms which enchain the affections and lead captive the heart of man. With this I depart. If I have wounded the feelings of my fair friends, who have greeted and honored me by their inspiring presence this evening, it was alone for the good of Rome; and I have the same kitchen-knife laid up for myself when it shall please my countrymen to require the sacrifice. Adieu to you all, my friends; and, ladies, bidding you good night, by your permission, I will take this pickle out of my mouth. (Laugter and Applause.)

XXIII.

Address delivered by Jo. C. Guild, at Waverly, Tenn., on July 4, 1877, on the occasion of Laying the Corner-Stone of the New Court-House.

Judge Jo. C. Guild was invited by the citizens of Humphreys county, through a committee, to be present and speak at Waverly, on July 4, 1877, on which day the corner-stone of the new court-house was to be laid. They had made extensive preparations, and by 10 o'clock, A. M., a large concourse of people, numbering some two thousand, had assembled, coming in vehicles of all kinds, the ladies bringing huge baskets filled with barbecued meats and the necessary concomitants to feed this great crowd. A large arbor had been erected, covered with boughs from the forests, with spacious seats and a speaker's stand. After prayer and the laying of the corner-stone with appropriate deposits of various mementoes by the fair hands of the lovely daughters of Humphreys, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Lanier introduced Judge Guild to the assemblage as the orator of the day.

Judge Guild expressed himself as highly gratified at the presence of so much beauty and worth, and the exhibition of so much patriotism in honor of the 101st anniversary of our national independence. He returned thanks to the citizens for the honor of the invitation which caused his presence on this interesting occasion, but his pleasurable feelings were somewhat marred by the fear of his inability either to interest the assembly or to do justice to the occasion.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

This interesting occasion gave him the pleasure of revisiting the section of the country where he had spent his early youth. In those days we traversed these hills and valleys in pursuit of the wild game of the forest, and husbandry had not, to much extent, opened up the fields, and only here and there was to be

found a log cabin, rudely put up for shelter for the bold pioneer and matron, who occupied the advanced posts of civilization. Since then fields have been cleared, houses have been built, hamlets and towns have arisen, school-houses appear in every district, and the lofty steeples of churches rear their heads in consecration to the worship of the living God, evidencing your advance in the arts and civilization.

PROGRESS.

The application of steam-power to machinery, has displaced the keel-boats and "broad-horns," that once transported the surplus produce of your country to market. Palatial steamers now ascend and descend the Mississippi and all its tributaries, and they bear the commerce of America not only upon all its waters, but spreading in every direction, they plow the vast ocean and cover every sea. By the application of steam our manufactories and mills are run, our harvests are reaped, and food and clothing are furnished for the millions of the world; and the name of America's honored son is sounded "down the corridors of time" as a benefactor to the distant ages. The world is likewise indebted to American genius for taming the lightning and making it talk.

ON THE ROAD TO WAVERLY.

I arose this morning at 4 o'clock, kissed my wife, and took the cars at Nashville, drawn by an iron horse whose speed exceeds that of a first-class race horse. "Ten Broeck" could not head him, nor make his muscles tire or his wind give out; he gave a snort or two and he was off for Waverly. We met the up train at Gilliam's Station, where I found my ancient friend, McNeely, a Jeffersonian-Jackson Democrat. The conductors were standing near each other on the platform. I was fearful, ladies, that you would not be here. I said to McNeely, "I fear the women will not come." He replied, "I will guarantee that they do." The newsboy came along and I said to him, "My son, what is the news from Waverly?" He replied, "A great crowd is assembling." "Did you see any ladies?" "Yes," said he, "they were filling all the roads centering upon Waverly." I remarked, "That is satisfactory; Mr. Conductor, saddle up your iron horse

and let us be off for Waverly!" And here we are, at 9 o'clock, ready for work.

THE LADIES.

The truth is, ladies, your honorable presence brought me here. The fact is, to speak, my fires must be aroused by the cheering presence of lovely woman.

I am somewhat of the nature of the tarrapin that I was in the habit of capturing when I traversed these granite hills and beautiful vales as a shirt-tail boy; so soon as I touched him, he became sullen, drew in his head and would not move—nothing would stir him but the application of a hot coal of fire to his back. So it is with me. In the presence of man I become unconcerned, and, at times, sullen. But let me face a galaxy of beauty, such as honors this occasion, and all my slumbering embers are stirred up, my fires are aroused, and I become quite talkative. So, if I acquit myself with reasonable credit to-day, it must be attributed to your charming presence. (Here the ladies waved their handkerchiefs in approval, which put the speaker "on his heels.")

Ladies and gentlemen, when we traverse your hills, cross your limpid streams, and pass along your rich valleys, blooming with the various cereals planted and brought to perfection by the labor of this hardy and honest population; when we look upon your pleasant homes, made felicitous by the presence of your honored matrons and their lovely children; when we look upon this beautiful, thriving village—upon yonder school-house, and that church, the house of God, we are reminded that you cherish learning, promote morals, cultivate the virtues, and that your hearts pulsate with gratitude to the Giver of all these blessings. If you have no "millionares" in your midst, you have none of the vices that are bred by the accumulation of vast wealth, and stimulated by its possession.

MAN'S VIRTUOUS AND HAPPY ESTATE.

The most virtuous and consequently the most happy state of man is in the enjoyment of equal rights, and as far as may be, an equality in their possessions—all relying upon their own energy and honest labors to mark their destiny in life. Such make the best citizens in times of peace—the defenders of their country in

times of war. A great poet and philosopher upon human life has well said—

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But, a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

The public spirit and enterprise of the citizens is manifested in taxing themselves to build this temple of justice, whose corner-stone you have just laid. This shows that you are a law-abiding people, and appreciate the great principles upon which our republic rests—principles announced in the immortal Declaration of Independence, and in the constitution of the United States, and in our own State constitution. It is carrying out the genius and spirit of our Republic. Rome had its Forum; Greece her Areopagus, situated on Mars Hill; England her Westminster Hall, to vindicate the violated rights of the citizen, to put down crime, and to dispense justice; the Hebrews had the law of Moses and the Sanhedrim with its seventy judges, and their cities of refuge to which the slayer could flee and be protected from the avenger of blood until he could be tried. Our government is founded upon the consent of the governed, and is an improvement upon all governments that ever existed. Our laws are made by the consent of the people through their chosen representatives. Our court-houses are places of refuge where the rights of all are vindicated and wrongs redressed by judges and juries chosen by the people under laws enacted by their representatives. You announce by this public work that you cherish the principles of our Republic; that the strong shall not be the judges and avengers of their real or imaginary wrongs—

> "Bertram's might shall not be Bertram's right,"

but all shall stand equal before the law; that riots and lynching shall not exist, but all must appeal to the courts of the country, where justice, in the language of our Bill of Rights, shall be "administered without sale, denial, or delay." I was forcibly struck with the solemnity of the ceremonies of the Patrons of Husband-

ry, aided by the ladies, in laying the corner-stone of the foundation of this edifice—this stone of granite taken from yonder hill that looks down upon this magnificent scene. My heart grew sad when I saw the ladies come forward with appropriate remarks depositing suitable mementoes in their last resting place, and I reflected that this temple of justice containing these mementoes will stand when these hills overlooking this lovely village have grown greyer still with age, and every beautiful form and charming countenance which gives life and cheer to this interesting occasion will rest under the clod of the valley. This is an inexorable law of Nature.

TRADITION AND REMINISCENCE.

When I lived in this section, Stewart crossed the Tennessee river, and now Benton and Humphreys are daughters of that good old mother. Humphreys was carved out in 1810. When the county was organized, her population was 2,500. Since then this hardy and noble population have increased to 15,000, observing the mandate to go forth and multiply and replenish the earth. Judging from this day's exhibit, I would say that no mandate has been more faithfully obeyed.

Many of the worthy sires who once occupied this county and lived worthy and patriotic lives, now sleep with their fathers. Among them, W. White, Thos. K., once your representative, Coleman Harris, Clerk of the County and Chancery Courts, John Little, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Isaac Little, likewise a clerk, Robt. Nelson, Burrell Spicer, old sheriffs, Levi McCullum, sheriff and clerk, Ed. Cowen, sheriff, Henry O'Donel, and lawyer F. P. Sanders, and others not less worthy. The following Judges held your courts: Thos. Stewart, P. W. Humphreys, A. Martin, and W. W. Pepper, all good and able jurists, without a stain on their well-earned fame. The Circuit Court was held at Reynoldsburg, on the Tennessee river, where Judge Stewart presided. He was a clear-headed man, one of the best of men, and as "sharp as a steel trap."

HOGS THAT WOULD BITE.

Some forty years ago the "range" was good and there were but few fences to keep the stock up; hogs roamed at large and became "*ferae naturae*," and many people thought they had the same right to kill a wild hog as to kill a wild deer. It is said that Judge Stewart was charging the jury heavily all along the line against this practice, when an old fellow, "with a dram ahead," ran up and said, "See here, Judge, you have said enough about killing hogs; if you don't mind you will hurt feelings here; so go at something else, Judge." The Judge ordered the sheriff "to take Mr. Josling out of the court-house." The old man turning toward the door said, "Never mind, Judge, I was just going out myself;" but, as he went, he added, "Judge, if you don't mind you will hurt feelings here." In connection with this anecdote, I must give you another on the hog question. Johnson had many of these wild hogs running at large, and for many years he suspected Smith of killing his hogs. They were both strong Democrats in the great contest between those good old parties. Johnson being in the woods, heard the crack of the rifle and heard a hog squeal, and, rushing up, he found Smith had killed his hog. He said to Smith, "I can stand this no longer, but as I don't wish to divide the Democratic party or injure it, I'll tell you what I will do; I will give you $50 in cash, if you will pledge your honor that you will not kill any more of my hogs." Smith considered awhile, and said that rather than injure the party, he would take the $50, and kill no more of his hogs, "but, brother Johnson, I will lose a good deal of pork by accepting of your proposition, sure."

DISTINGUISHED LAWYERS OF THE PAST.

Judge Humphreys was born on Yellow creek, in Stewart county. He was Judge of the Superior Court for many years till 1809; he was one of the Commissioners on the part of Tennessee in fixing the boundary between this State and Kentucky; was elected to Congress from this district, and sustained Madison and the war of 1812; was afterwards elected Judge of the Circuit Court, and held that position until near his death. He was an able Judge and a most courteous man. I practiced before

him in Robertson county. There was then, Cave Johnson, the able Attorney-General of this circuit; for fourteen years elected to Congress; was Postmaster-General, and afterwards President of the Bank of Tennessee. He was born in Robertson county, Gen. Thomas Johnson being his father. He was one of the ablest and most trustworthy of Tennessee's distinguished sons. There was W. B. Johnson, for many years the Attorney-General of this circuit. He was one of the most fearless, most reliable of men. There was Geo. C. Boyd, who died young, but was the ablest lawyer of his age in Tennessee, perhaps equal to the ablest. There was my former partner and friend, Col. Alfred Robb, who fell at the head of his regiment at Fort Donelson, some twenty miles from here. He was a patriot, not less distinguished for his talents than for the many virtues that adorned his character. There was my old friend, Hocket Allen, at times, when in good trim, one of the most eloquent men in the State; he, too, practiced in your county. All these men now rest under the clod of the valley. They formed a galaxy of talent equal to any in Tennessee. I have often broken a lance with them, and know whereof I affirm.

Hocket Allen and Col. Garland, a powerful, athletic man, defended White, who was charged with murder. The strong witness against White was Carrol Joiner, and it became necessary to break the force of his testimony, or their client was lost. Garland, now dead, a clever, talented gentleman, made a furious onslaught upon Carrol Joiner. When Hocket Allen came to speak in the defense, he displayed great tact and ingenuity. Carrol was a fighter himself. Hocket, in addressing the jury, said, "Gentlemen, I will not say that Carrol Joiner has sworn to a lie; but this I will say, the big-fisted fighting man, Col. Garland, has said that Carrol Joiner has sworn to a lie, and he has proved it, too, gentlemen. And I will say this, if I wanted to swear to a lie, I would swear precisely like Carrol Joiner has sworn in this case." The result was an acquittal.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, AND GRIEVANCES OF THE COLONIES.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have appropriately appointed this day, the 4th of July, to lay the corner-stone of the splendid edifice which you have devoted to the administration of justice;

the 101st anniversary of our national independence! the declaration of which was drawn by the great apostle of liberty, Thos. Jefferson, and portrays in living light the grievances of the Colonies, and the causes that impelled them to take up arms to fight freedom's battles.

It may be expected of me to review the causes that led our patriot fathers to a determination to declare their independence of the mother country. The merchants of England complained of their losses by the depreciation of the value of colonial paper, and the Board of Trade resolved that this paper should not be received in payment of debts. This order set the whole country on fire. English navigation laws closed the ports of the Colonies against foreign vessels, and forbid them to import goods only from England, and in English vessels only, and imposed heavy duties upon the home-trade with the Colonies. The manufactories of the Colonies were totally prohibited from competing with those of England, and they were subjected to intolerable restraints. The interests of New England were chiefly commercial, and these restrictions bore heavily on that section. Republican principles sprung into existence during the reign of James I., when disputes concerning the royal prerogatives ran high. The Pilgrims planted the Plymouth Colony in 1620. The Huguenots of France shortly after this period planted their Colonies in South Carolina, and extended their settlements into North Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia. Both were bold, chivalrous races, who would die by their principles; the one had been oppressed in England, the other in France; warred upon and driven from their native land for their opposition to Monarchy and the Established Church, they devoted their lives to civil and religious liberty. Germany, Spain, the United Provinces, and Italy, oppressed by a like despotism, sent forth their best population. They all sought the wilds of America for the indulgence of the freedom of opinion which was denied them at home, and brought with them the spirit of independence and the right of self-government. Every revolution in Europe sent forth the best population, until the whole lump had been leavened with the spirit of liberty.

THE CAVALIER AND THE ROUNDHEAD.

The Cavalier who had fought under Charles, or conspired to the death of Cromwell, sat down under the same forest with the Roundhead, who signed the death-warrant of Charles the First, and were brothers. All were impressed, wherever they settled, with the same spirit of liberty and love of self-government, which ultimately culminated in the Revolution. The entire Colonies possessed a jealous sensibility to any attempt of the mother country to derive a revenue from them by taxation. From the earliest period of their existence, they maintained the principle that they could only be taxed by a legislature in which they were represented. Sir Robert Walpole, when at the head of the Government, appreciated this feeling, and was cautious in provoking it. He said, "That it must be a bolder man than himself, and one less friendly to commerce, who should venture on such a scheme. For his part, he would encourage the trade with the Colonies, for England would reap the profit; this is taxing them more agreeable to the constitution and laws."

MINISTERIAL MEASURES.

If this great principle had been adhered to, the revolution would not have been set on foot. Subsequent ministers adopted a widely different policy. In 1760, there was an attempt to collect, in Boston, duties on sugar and molasses. Writs of assistance were applied for authorizing them to break open houses, ships, and private dwellings in search of goods. It was opposed on constitutional grounds; it was argued in the courts, when James Otis spoke with a torrent of eloquence in vindication of Americen rights. All went away resolved to take up arms to resist such oppression. John Adams says then and there was the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of England; and then and there American independence was born. The fact is, that the speech of Otis made Adams the great man he turned out to be, and the great speech of Patrick Henry against a parson's salary claimed by the Established Church, made Jefferson the author of the Declaration of American Independence. Another ministerial measure was for the Judges to be appointed by the Crown and during its pleasure; this awakened a general

spirit of resistance. Thus matters stood at the conclusion of the war with France. The first ministerial measure after the return of peace, was to make the naval officers the collectors of the customs. Burke says, "Men-of-war, for the first time, armed with regular commissions of custom-house officers, infested the coasts and gave the collection of revenue the air of hostile contribution." They fell so indiscriminately on all contrabands, or supposed contrabands, that some of the most valuable branches of trade were driven violently from our ports, and caused a universal stagnation throughout the Colonies. As a measure of retaliation, the Colonies resolved not to purchase British fabrics. George Granville, then at the head of the Government, pushed forward the taxation in the Colonies, embracing duties on other articles besides sugar and molasses, adopting the policy of Rehoboam, who increased the burthen of the ten tribes and made them reply: "What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now, see to thine own house, David. So Israel departed unto their tents." So our patriots took up arms and conquered despotism. From 1760 to 1764, Burke speaks of and specifies an indefinite variety of paper claims, extending through not less than twenty-nine acts of Parliament, by which the Colonies had been held in thraldom. Franklin appeared in London at the head of agents of the Colonies to deprecate in person, and urge the abandonment of such measures as were oppressive to them and would alienate the affections of the Colonies, and ultimately lead to resistance. This had no effect on Granville, "who," Burke says, "was great in daring, but little in views;" "who," Walpole says, "was charmed to have an untrodden field before him of calculation and experiment." Great English orators and statesmen denounced the general tone of the measures, and depicted in advance the coming storm.

THE STAMP ACT AND RESISTANCE.

In March, 1765, the Stamp Act was passed. All offenses against this act could be tried in any Marine or Admiralty Court throughout the Colonies, no matter how distant from the place where the offense was committed, thus violating the cherished right of trial by a jury of the vicinage. The first burst of op-

position to this act occurred in Virginia. Washington had occupied a seat in the House of Burgesses since his return from the French war. Here his opinions received the electric shock from the magnetic battery of Patrick Henry, a young lawyer, who had distinguished himself in pleading against the exercise of the royal prerogative in church matters, and who, as a member of the House of Burgesses, introduced those immortal resolutions declaring, "that the General Assembly of Virginia had the exclusive right and power to lay taxes and imposts upon her citizens, and whoever maintained the contrary should be deemed an enemy to the Colony." The Speaker, Robinson, objected to the resolutions as inflammatory. This aroused the young lion, and he went into an able, constitutional discussion of colonial rights; all his fires were lit, and his eloquence flowed in torrents in exposition of the manner in which these rights had been assailed. He closed with vivid flashes of lightning, and startled the house with a warning flash from history—"Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third (Treason! treason! resounded from the neighborhood of the chair) may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!" The resolutions passed, and, as a correspondent in a letter to Secretary Conway said, they were the signal for a general outcry over the continent. The mover and supporters of them were applauded as the protectors of American liberty. So great was the indignation of the Colonies at the assumption of power, that the entire people, when an effort was made to enforce the act, violently opposed its execution, and they burnt in effigy those seeking to execute it, and, in fact, their lives were in imminent peril. The gathering storm was black and lowering, and forced the repeal of the act of the 18th of March, 1765, but in the repeal the poison tooth of the serpent was left undrawn, for the Parliament asserted that it had the power to make the levies, to bind the Colonies in all cases whatever. This reserved power chilled the feeling of gratitude which the repeal otherwise would have engendered. The flames were fanned by other acts of Parliament. Duties were levied on English fabrics, and naval officers were required to collect them. The military act was passed requiring the Colonies to support the armies sent to oppress them, commanding obedience to unconstitutional laws, and to

suppress their assemblies until they should comply with the requirements of said laws. Many of the assemblies were dissolved by Tory Governors, which greatly added to the growing excitement. Memorials and petitions were laid before the King and Parliament without effect. The quartering of troops upon the people added fuel to the fire. In 1770, the discontent increased. Lord North came into power, a pliant, weak favorite of the King. Parliament repealed all duties on goods except on tea; this tax was continued to retain the Parliamentary right of taxation—the very right which was the grand subject of the contest. Being urged to grant a repeal, it was replied, "A total repeal cannot be thought of until America is prostrate at our feet." In 1773, Lord North brought forward a bill to conciliate the East India Company, to permit them without paying an income tax to ship large quantities of tea to America. All the Colonies not only refused to buy tea, but other English goods. To settle this matter, inhabitants of Boston, disguised as Indians, boarded the vessels and threw the tea into the harbor. It was the act of a courageous geople, which showed they "meant business." This caused the Boston Port Bill to be passed, which closed that harbor. The charter of Massachusetts was altered, requiring all the officers to be appointed by the Crown, and to hold their offices during the royal pleasure. It was also provided that persons charged with crime should be sent to England for trial. News arrived of this usurpation of Parliament. The House of Burgesses in Virginia suspended all business and appointed a day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Lord Dunmore dissolved the Assembly. Though dissolved, they would not disperse; they denounced these measures, proposed a league, and called on the members of the House to convene on the 1st of August, 1774, to take into consideration a general league. Gen. Gage, in command of the British forces, denounced it as traitorous.

THE CRISIS

was evidently approaching in all the Colonies. Washington headed a town meeting denouncing those usurpations, and insisting that to persist in them would dissolve the compact by which the Colonies were held to Great Britain. These resolutions

pointed to a convention to assemble at Williamsburg on the 1st day of August, 1774. It met and proposed similar resolutions. It is said that Washington spoke with great power and eloquence; he proposed to raise a regiment and pay and equip it himself, and to march at its head to the relief of Boston.

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

The following were the delegates to the first Congress in Philadelphia: Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benj. Harrison, and Edmond Pendleton, to represent the people of Virginia. Congress assembled on the 5th of September, 1774, in Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia. There were giants in this assembly who were laying the foundations of a mighty empire. John Adams writes, "It is such an assembly as never came together on a sudden in any part of the world. Here are fortunes, abilities, learning, eloquence, acuteness, equal to any I ever met with in my life. Here is the diversity of religious opinion, education, manners, interests, such as it would seem impossible to unite in one plan of conduct." Patrick Henry announced, "All America is thrown into one mass. I am not a Virginian, but an American." He poured forth in one continued flash of lightning an appeal which had often shaken the House of Burgesses, and gained him the fame of being the greatest living orator. In one of his great speeches he concluded, "Give me liberty or give me death." Richard Henry Lee charmed the House with a different kind of eloquence, chaste and classical. Many other gifted orators fanned with their vehement eloquence the flames that were lighting up the entire Colonies. To these were added cool-headed, practical, calculating men of unerring judgment, making it the greatest deliberative body that ever assembled upon the earth, as their after-work has demonstrated to an admiring world. Masterly state papers were issued by this body from session to session, which were complimented in the British Parliament, and which culminated in the Declaration of Independence, which you have just heard read, and which has never been equalled in the history of the world. Gen. Washington was appointed to the head of the armies, with such illustrious names as Putnam, Schuyler, and Greene as his subordinates. Articles of Confederation were

adopted. The tide of war rose at Bunker Hill, where the bravery of the patriots was displayed to the admiration of the world. This tide rolled through New York, the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, covering in blood the area of the Colonies. I must allude to a few particulars which display the heroism of our patriot fathers and mothers during this seven years' war—an unparalleled struggle for liberty and self-government.

EVENTS OF THE WAR.

The darkest days of this glorious revolution were when Great Britain had sent over large reinforcements under the able General Lord Cornwallis. The armies of the Colonies were retreating; New York City was abandoned, and a pall seemed to settle upon the country, and the sun of liberty appeared to be setting amid clouds of disaster and defeat. In all this gloom Washington was as fixed as the great cause for which he took up arms, and as the granite hills which were stained by the blood of his retreating patriots. In the midst of these hours of doubt and misgiving, the great victory at Princeton over the Hessians was won under the lead of Gen. Mercer and Col. Bassett. A few days after this the great battle of Trenton was won, which revived the drooping spirits of the patriots.

"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH."

Washington sent forward a portion of his army to bring on this battle, he bringing up the rear in person. The battle opened with the cannon's roar reverbrating along the valleys, lighting up the burning fires of the patriots to a greater heat. Washington saw the tide of battle turning against him, and mounting his blooded Virginia charger, gave orders for the rear to follow on at "double quick." He met the routed patriots leaving the field in great disorder; he rode in their midst, and with a waive of his hat called aloud to the retreating mass, "Stand to your arms and we will yet snatch victory from the jaws of death. Here we will fill patriots' graves or be crowned with victory." He thus rallied the retreating hosts; turned and charged the enemy, and held them in check until the main body of his troops came up, when he headed and led a brilliant charge that effectually routed the pursuing enemy. Washington was the personification of the

noblest man that ever trod a battle-field; his appearance and action approached divinity itself; he was the only living man that could have rallied his broken army and placed upon their brows the wreath of one of the most brilliant victories of the revolution. The fact is, this was the hinge or turning point that gave success to the revolution, and secured to us the birth-right we this day enjoy.

Our patriot fathers having demonstrated to the world that they were worthy of that freedom which they had staked their lives, fortunes, and sacred honors to gain, gallant France came to their aid. The immortal LaFayette tendered his services to the Continental Congress; they are accepted, and he is made a Major-General. France recognizes the independence of the Colonies, but the tide of war still rolls on. Charleston falls, King's Mountain is won, the battles of Eutaw Springs and the Cowpens are fought, Cornwallis retreats, is pursued to Yorktown, and is invested and forced to surrender his army in 1781, and George III. is compelled to sign the treaty by which the Colonies are proclaimed free and independent sovereignties, and England loses "the chief jewel of her coronet."

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Ladies, you have sprung from the matrons of the Revolution, who exhibited the same patriotic spirit, and endured the same hardships as our forefathers. They fanned the fires of the Revolution, put the ball in motion, and at every period of that seven years' war were true and faithful to the cause of liberty. Wives gave up their husbands, mothers their sons, and told them to go forth to freedom's battle, and return victorious or not at all. They toiled and fed and clothed the hungry soldier; they were as true as the reflected image from a mirror or a pool of water—"as true as the needle to the pole." Many were their sacrifices and acts of heroism and daring. Mol Pitcher followed her husband to the war, and in one of the great battles he, while gallantly playing his battery upon the advancing foe, was slain; she was handing him balls at the time, and seeing him fall, this heroine jumped to the cannon, loaded and discharged it until the foe was beaten back, and thus saved the day and revenged the death of her lord. Mrs. Jackson, the mother of Gen. Andrew

Jackson, was left a widow with three sons; she was of Scotch-Irish descent, and came from the North of Ireland with her hus-husband. The oldest son was killed in the revolution. Andrew and his brother, aged respectively fourteen and sixteen years, volunteered in the patriot army. They were taken prisoners, and both were wounded with saber-cuts by a British officer for resisting indignities offered to the prisoners. Mrs. Jackson undertook the hazardous journey of going to the camp where they were confined with other patriot prisoners, some distance from the humble home of their mother. By her address she succeeded in procuring the release of the prisoners. After this Charleston fell, and many of the patriot prisoners were confined there and very rudely treated. Mrs. Jackson went from her home to Charleston afoot, a tedious and hazardous journey, and nursed the sick and wounded, and at length procured the release of all of them. This arduous labor and life in the camp produced disease which caused her death. Such were some of the instances of patriotic feeling and womanly virtues displayed in the days of the revolution, which aroused the hearts of the patriots and culminated in the independence of these States and the founding of this great republic.

HISTORY'S HEROINES.

The history of every age and country shows the like virtues and love of liberty displayed by lovely women. The dagger of Charlotte Corday rid the world of the brutal French tyrant, Marat, whose guillotine plied its hellish vocation of severing the heads of men, women, and children, until the best blood of France ran in rivulets, coloring the waters of the river Seine. The nationality of France was preserved by the heroism of the shepherd girl of Lorraine, Joan of Arc, who, leaving her retreat in the attire of man, aroused the drooping spirits of her countrymen, and inflamed a desponding army, and assuming command, led the legions of France in the charge, and wherever her white plume floated in the troubled air, there was the hottest of the battle.

OLD HICKORY.

Andrew Jackson was bred in the cradle of the Revolution. Its great principles were at an early period deeply impressed upon

his mind. His pedigree was good for an honest man, a good fighter, a hater of royalty, and a lover of liberty—all of which he displayed in a most remarkable manner throughout his brilliant career. He was one of nature's noblemen—born such, and only needed the occasion to exhibit it to the world. He had the Scotch-Irish blood in him which had been oppressed and trodden upon by the mailed Kings of England for centuries.

"ERIN GO BRAGH."

The inhabitants of the "Emerald Isle" have been driven from their native soil to seek an asylum where liberty dwells. They are a brave, chivalrous, but an overpowered people, whose bones bleach upon every battle-field of the world. Jackson was a worthy representative of that chivalrous people. Thomas Jefferson, the great "Apostle of Liberty," in reviewing Jackson's life, said: "He has filled the measure of his country's glory." America has produced her Washington, her Jackson, and her Lee. The brilliant achievements of these great men have rendered past fame doubtful, and future fame impracticable.

Ladies and gentlemen, after the achievement of their independence, our forefathers founded this great republic, a government of limited powers granted by sovereign States. By the terms of the compact, all powers not expressly given to the Federal Government were reserved to the States and the people therof.

OUR GROWTH.

From thirteen States, occupying the Eastern shores of the Atlantic, containing a population of three millions, westward the star of empire has taken its way, and our republic is now bounded on the East by the Atlantic, on the South by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the West by the golden shores of the Pacific, already numbering thirty-seven sovereign States, with a teeming population of forty millions; a republic unparalleled in the greatness of its extent, and unequalled in the wisdom, justice, and humanity of its institutions. For this great heritage we are indebted to Washington and his noble compatriots. "As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them and beareth them on her back," so Washington encouraged and led his people to victory and to glory. When did

power ever lose its iron grasp, but as that grasp relaxed in death? The brow of man and lovely woman once lifted up in sacred freedom to heaven, will never again willingly bow down in galling servitude. Let man but once taste of this morsel of his birthright, and he will purchase with his life-blood its minutest crumb. The glorious principles announced in the Declaration of Independence were borne to final triumph through scenes which should live forever in all generous hearts, and the men who supported them by their lives and fortunes, deserve to stand in the front rank of fame's battallion, and their memory should be honored and cherished in all time to come by every devotee of liberty. Glorious era, pregnant with the destiny and liberties of man! Glorious generation, worthy of such an era! Greece gave literature and Rome civilization to the world, but it was ours to give it civil and religious liberty.

NEARING THE SHORE.

Ladies and gentlemen, I fear I have detained you too long already, and I must bring my address to a close. I must near the bank and tie up my canoe, for I see the exhibition of your hospitality, and there's going to be some "tall eating" done on these lovely grounds. I don't think "the horses can be held back much longer."

"WASHINGTON, THE BEACON LIGHT."

The name of Washington will electrify all coming ages. In the shock of battle it will nerve the souls, and in the day of triumph rule the evil passions of all who struggle for liberty. The light of his glorious career will forever illumine the path that leads the weak and oppressed to freedom, strength, and boundless prosperity. The spirit of our laws, manners, and institutions will abide upon the earth as the redeeming spirit of succeeding times, resisting all the attacks of ignorance, barbarism, and tyranny; living in the very core of the world's heart, and defying all attempts to extirpate it, until the whole mass shall be warmed and enlightened, and the flame, like that in the ancient fable, shall burst forth in millions of places and fill the earth itself with brightness. It was predicted by some people at an early day that our Republic would fall to pieces by reason of its extent. One

hundred years have demonstrated that the extension of its territory has been a great source of strength and endurance. Florida and Louisiana have been purchased, and with them the great valley of the Mississippi, with its fertile fields, has been added to the Union. Texas and California have been added by conquest, as magnificent stars to our republic. Our territory extends from ocean to ocean. This country has successfully gone through two wars.

"THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS."

It has withstood the disasters and test of the greatest social schism that ever afflicted the earth—a schism produced by breaking the compact on one side, and resistance to aggression on the other. Then coercion was resorted to, which culminated in a four years' war—a war in which were displayed courage and manhood unsurpassed in the history of the world. Reverses and victories alternated, great battles were lost and won on either side, which were fully equal to those glorious campaigns of Napoleon struggling against the crowned heads of Europe, confederated under the name of the Holy Alliance. The eleven Southern States were overpowered by multiplied resources and numbers, and they surrendered under treaty and Congressional pledges that each State should be restored to equal rights with the rest under the constitution of our fathers. We have seen these States reduced to military provinces; satraps and rajahs installed into power; the people disfranchised, taxed, and oppressed far beyond the grievances which brought about the Revolutionary war. Yet, the spirit of liberty, justice, and right, though stifled for awhile, still dwelt with the people North and South. The "bloody shirt" was flaunted so long in the faces of the people at the North that it produced a nausea, and at length was expelled by a fraternal feeling between the sections. Then we began to see State after State emerge from the dark clouds which obscured them, the right of self-government recognized and restored, and now all the States of our Union occupy an equal position in our great republic.

"FURL THAT BANNER."

The cause in which the South fought perished. The flag under which it served is furled and put away forever, and over its

dust flies the "star-spangled banner." We look upon it as the symbol of a common and united country. Why can we not entertain kind and fraternal feelings for one another, and for our entire country? Its stars should shine kindly down upon our dead, and its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, should cast no shadow of shame upon the unsullied honor of the South. Our republic to-day is stronger and more powerful than it ever was. Great have been our achievements, but we are destined to still greater achievements, if all sections shall be true to themselves and the great principles upon which our government is founded.

CONCLUSION.

To the citizens of Humphreys county I again tender my thanks for the honor they have conferred on me. I fear I have not met the expectation of the ladies, and must ask that indulgence granted in 1844, when, in the great contest between Clay and Polk, the citizens of Macon county had a mass-meeting, and Judge Hise, of Kentucky, and myself were the invited speakers. Capt. R. A. Bennett, a man of great natural powers, and of many noble qualities, was marshal of the day, and in command of some two thousand men. He wished to honor the speakers with a salute, and as we rode down the lines Capt. Bennett, with drawn sword, the belt sinking deep in his body, being a fat man, was commanding the men to fall into line; as he would get one on the line the next would get off of it, so that the line was as crooked as the worm-fence around the field which the command occupied. Capt. Bennet was flourishing his sword in an excited manner, saying, "Gentlemen, get into line, for God's sake!" Col. Claiborne, an old Democrat, seeing the dilemma the marshal was in, stepped up to him and said, "Never mind, Capt. Bennett, in the line or out of it, it makes no odds, we are all Democrats any way." So I say, ladies, if my address has been crooked, in or out of the line, it makes no odds with you, we are all Democrats any way. Ladies, accept the thanks of every man present, and especially of myself, for the honor you have conferred on this meeting by your sweet smiles and charming presence.

At the close of this speech the Chairman announced that the entire assembly was invited to the grove to partake of the dinner

prepared by the hands of the fair daughters of Humphreys, which invitation was accepted, and full justice was done to the ample collation.

At night the citizens, headed by the amateur band, serenaded Judge Guild, who responded, the reporter says, "in some happy and well-timed remarks, which were received enthusiastically by the citizens."

XXIV.

LaFayette, the Great Apostle of Liberty—The French Revolution—LaFayette's Second Visit to this Country.

[A Lecture delivered by Jo. C. Guild, at various places for charitable purposes.]

Ladies and Gentlemen: Being honored with your invitation, I am here to-night to speak to you of LaFayette, the great apostle of liberty. For the blessings we enjoy as a nation, we are indebted to the patriotism, the courage, and the sacrifices of the heroes of 1776. They wrested this fair land from the oppressors and established a great republic, unrivaled in its extent and unsurpassed in the freedom of its institutions. Here they established an asylum for the oppressed of every land, and multiplied thousands have availed themselves of the inestimable blessings of this great heritage. Among the noble band to whom we are indebted for this priceless boon, the Marquis de LaFayette occupies a conspicuous place.

The persecutions of the kings and aristocracy of the old world in the sixteenth century caused the victims of these oppressions to look to America as a country where they could enjoy civil and religious liberty in the fullest and freest sense. They were denied these rights in their native land, and they expatriated themselves and sought homes in the wilds of the new world. Thus England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, and Spain lost heavily of their bravest and best population. The Cavalier, who had conspired for the death of Cromwell, reposed under the same forest with the Round-head, who signed or approved the death-warrant of Charles I, and they embraced as friends. So the Huguenots, who were expelled from France, and the hardy and brave of the United Provinces of Germany and Spain, broke the chains of despotism with which they were oppressed, and sought the same asylum, and became friends and coadjutors in building up a new

country. Thus America drew from the old world its first white population; thus were established the thirteen Colonies, which eventually became the Great Republic. These brave and adventurous spirits who fled from European oppression, endured the same privations, suffered from the same diseases, encountered the same perils from Indian treachery and ferocity. Yet they grew in numbers and prospered in wealth, notwithstanding they received little or no protection from the home government. It was then that the King and nobles imposed heavy taxes upon the colonists, at the same time denying them the right of representation. This system struck down the liberty of the citizens, and made the people of this country vassals, mere serfs, to the British Crown. This course aroused a spirit of resistance which culminated in the Colonies throwing off all allegiance to Great Britain, and the inauguration of a revolution that produced greater results than any revolt in the history of the world. George Washington was called by his countrymen to lead the patriot host to fight freedom's battles. All staked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor upon what could not otherwise than have been considered a doubtful result. When we take into consideration the unequal contest in which the Colonies were engaged; with a population of only three million extending along the shores of the Atlantic all the way from New York to Savannah; and their lack of shipping, their ports closed, and their treasury empty—when we remember that the Colonies were thus situated, thus illy prepared for a contest with the most powerful nation upon the earth, the beat of whose drum, it is said, was heard around the globe, and whose flag floated upon every sea, the results of that revolution challenge the admiration of mankind in every country and in every age of the world. When the thirteen Colonies determined to strike for independence, the appeal to the patriotism of the people was responded to with an enthusiasm that showed their hearts were in the work. Volunteers from every State rallied around our eagles, and the star-spangled banner was borne aloft whether in defeat or victory. The battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington were fought, and those hotly-contested fields demonstrated to the world that the untrained volunteers of the Colonies, fighting for liberty, for their homes, and for all that men hold dear on earth, were more than

a match for an equal number of the mercenary soldiers of the British Crown. The bloody tide of war rolled on and New York had to succumb to greatly superior numbers. Washington's army was poorly supplied with provisions and clothing, badly equipped for a campaign, and was greatly reduced in numbers, there being not more than six thousand men fit for service, while the British army was four times larger and well supplied in every respect. Washington was, therefore, compelled to retreat before superior numbers, and the British were in hot pursuit of him, determined, if possible, to capture his small army. This was in 1777, the most gloomy period of the revolution. Despondency appeared to have seized upon almost every one, and many thoughtful and prudent men entertained and debated the question of submission. Every appearance seemed to indicate that freedom was beyond the grasp of the patriots. Yet Washington was firm amid these discouragements. He was determined to fight on and win independence or die in the unequal struggle. He was as firm and immovable in his purpose as the blood-stained hills over which his little band of brave and gallant spirits were retreating. Two great events now took place, the victories of Princeton and Trenton, in the latter of which Washington rallied his broken forces, riding in the midst of them and with the wave of his hat, called upon them "to stand to their arms and follow him in the charge, and we will yet snatch victory from the jaws of death." He thus rallied his forces and charged the enemy and kept them at bay until his reserves hastened up, when he led that glorious charge which drove the enemy from the field with great slaughter. In this grand charge Washington was the personification of the noblest warrior who ever trod a battle-field; he approached divinity itself. These victories in some measure revived the drooping spirits of the patriots.

The other great event alluded to, which revived the spirits and renewed the hopes of the men who were fighting for liberty and their homes, was the cheering news that a gallant French nobleman of high rank and vast fortune had just arrived at Charleston, with a regiment of Frenchmen, well armed and equipped, and supplied with all the materials of war, ready to espouse the cause of American independence. "As the first ray of morning breaks upon the benighted and tempest-tossed mariner," so did this

timely assistance cheer the hearts of the war-worn and almost despondent soldiers of freedom. This French nobleman, who threw his all into the scale for liberty and independence, was the Marquis de LaFayette.

When only between sixteen and seventeen, LaFayette was married to a beautiful and accomplished lady of high social position and influential connections. His fortune was vast; his rank was with the first in Europe; his connections brought him the support of the chief persons in France; and his individual character—the warm, open, and sincere manners, which distinguished him through life, and gave him such singular control over the minds of men—made him powerful in the confidence of society wherever he went; and thus his condition in life seemed to be assured to him among the most splendid and powerful in the empire. It seemed, indeed, as if life had nothing further to offer him, than he could surely obtain by walking in the path that was so bright before him. It was at this period that his thoughts and feelings were turned toward the thirteen Colonies, then in the darkest and most doubtful passage of their struggle for independence. He made himself acquainted with our agents in Paris, and learned from them the state of our affairs. The recital did not present a very tempting picture. Indeed, nothing could be less tempting to him, whether he sought military reputation, or military instruction; for our army, at that time retreating through New Jersey, and leaving its traces of blood from the naked and torn feet of the soldiery, as it hastened onward out of the way of the British legions, was too humble to offer him either. Our credit in Europe was entirely gone, while it was but little better at home, so that our agents to whom LaFayette persisted in offering his services, were obliged at last to acknowledge that they could not even give him decent means for conveyance. "Then," said he, "I shall purchase and fit out a vessel for myself." He did so. The vessel was prepared at Bordeaux, and sent round to one of the nearest ports in Spain, that it might be beyond the reach of the French government. In order more effectually to conceal his purpose, he made, just before his embarkation, a visit of a few weeks in England, and was much sought in English society. On his return to France, he did not stop at all in the capital, even to see his own family, but hastened with

all speed and secrecy, to make good his escape from the country. It was not until he was thus on his way to embark, that his romantic undertaking began to be known. Lord Stormont, the English embassador, required the French ministry to despatch an order for LaFayette's arrest, not only to Bordeaux, but to the French commanders on the West India station; a requisition with which the ministry readily complied, for they were at that time anxious to preserve a good understanding with England, and were seriously angry with LaFayette for thus putting in jeopardy the relations of the two countries. He was arrested at Passage, on the borders of France and Spain, and taken back to Bordeaux. There, watching his opportunity, and assisted by a few friends, he made his escape, disguised as a courier, with his face blacked and false hair. He passed the frontiers of the two kingdoms a few hours ahead of his pursuers. He soon afterward arrived at the port where his vessel was waiting for him with a regiment of French soldiers recruited for service in the American war. Immediately upon reaching his vessel he set sail for America. The usual course for French vessels attempting to trade with our Colonies at that period, was to sail for the West Indies, and then, coming up along our coast, enter where they could. But this course would have exposed LaFayette to the naval commanders of his own nation, and he had almost as much reason to fear them as the British cruisers. When, therefore, they were outside of the Canary Islands, LaFayette directed the captain to lay their course directly for the United States, but he refused to do so, alleging that if they should be taken by a British force, and carried into Halifax, the French government would never reclaim them, and they could hope for nothing but a slow death in a dungeon or a prison-ship. This was true, but LaFayette knew it before he gave the order. He insisted that the captain should sail as directed, but the latter refused in the most positive manner. LaFayette then told him that the ship was his own private property, that he had made his own arrangements concerning it, and that if he (the captain) would not sail directly for the United States, he should be put in irons, and the command of the vessel given to the next officer. The captain saw that LaFayette "meant business," and so he submitted, and sailed directly for the Southern portion of the United States, and arrived at Charleston on

April 25, 1777. His arrival produced a great sensation, and caused hearts to bound with joy that were almost overwhelmed with grief. It will stand forth forever as one of the most prominent events in our revolutionary struggle; and, as has often been said by one who bore no small part in its trials and success, none but those who were alive at the time can realize what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population almost disheartened by a long series of disasters. Why did LaFayette forego all the blandishments and pleasures of high life in Paris, so fascinating especially to youth; why risk his large fortune and his elevated position in his own country, to help strangers, who had no claims upon him, to fight the battles of freedom? It was because he was born to detest tyranny and love liberty as above all price. It was a part of his nature to venerate liberty and independence, and his earnest supplications for success went to a people struggling for this inestimable boon anywhere upon the face of the earth. His passionate love for liberty caused him to leave his native land, to break asunder the ties that bound him to family and friends, and hasten to the assistance of a people struggling for the right enjoyed by all Englishmen—the right to a voice in framing the laws by which they were governed. To aid in this great work, he exchanged the low, sweet voice of love for the hostile shout and the clash of arms; the music of the lute and the harp for that of the drum and the fife; and the effeminate pleasures of the court for the hardships of the camp. His own court opposed his undertaking in behalf of America and threw every obstacle in his way, but this only added vigor to his patriotic purpose. His gallant ship was seen flying across the sea like the swoop of the eagle, and it landed upon our shores like a bird of promise.

By act of Congress, LaFayette was made a Major-General in the Continental army shortly after his arrival in this country, and from that date until the close of the war in 1781, he was the intimate companion of Washington, and greatly distinguished himself in many of the battles of that period. On the field of Brandywine his blood flowed, as his treasure had, in the cause of our independence. He was not less distinguished in battle than around the council board, and shortly after his arrival in this country he induced the King of the French to recognize our independence, which resulted in a treaty offensive and defensive.

The aid rendered by France was of inestimable value in our struggle with Great Britain. While these events were transpiring, the war-cloud settled upon the South. The important battle of King's Mountain was fought and won by volunteers from Virginia and that portion of North Carolina now embraced in the State of Tennessee, those from the first-named State being commanded by Col. Campbell, and those from this State by Cols. Sevier and Shelby. The battles of the Cow-Pens, Guilford Court-house, and Eutaw Springs, were fought with doubtful results, still Cornwallis, in command of the British army, felt constrained to fall back. Washington and LaFayette arrived from the North, and the British were driven to Yorktown, where Cornwallis was invested and ultimately compelled to surrender. Thus closed a seven years' war, securing to us independence and the blessings of free government which we this day enjoy. With patriotic devotion and unswerving fidelity to our cause, LaFayette spent his treasure, periled his life, and twice poured out his blood to secure the establishment of the Great Republic.

LaFayette was held in the esteem of the American people second only to the Father of his Country, and when he returned to his native France, he carried with him the well-wishes of a nation of freemen. He was regarded throughout the civilized world as an apostle of liberty, and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of men to-day wherever free institutions exist, and will continue so while liberty has a country and freedom a votary. His fair fame was never sullied during the sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution. The people of France drank so deeply at the fountain of liberty that they carried their ideas of freedom to excess, got drunk on blood, and vomited crime in its most revolting forms, leaving a stain upon the escutcheon of the nation, which "all great Neptune's ocean" could not wash out. LaFayette miraculously escaped those bloody scenes. He did not fall in with the furor that swept over France as a hurricane that rends forests. He favored the reform of the abuses of the Crown and the aristocracy, but at the same time he was for liberty regulated by law. He was eminently a conservative, and periled his life in the effort to check the effusion of blood, and although he was not able to stay the torrent in its onward sweep, yet his efforts were not wholly barren of good results. He was

in command of the center division of the French army in the war with Austria when an order came from the National Assembly, which had control of the government of France, requiring him to take the oath of allegiance to the Jacobins, who were masters of the situation, and to administer it to his army. He stood upon the broken fragments of the constitution and laws of his country, and refused to obey the order. But in a short time he discovered that the power of the Jacobin party had taken effect upon his own soldiers, and his efforts to extract the poison from his army proved ineffectual. Thereupon the army broke up and returned to Paris, leaving him with only a few devoted followers. The result of this was that LaFayette was ostracised, and he fled to the Netherlands and afterwards to Prussia. Here he was demanded by Austria, under an extradition treaty between that power and Prussia, and was delivered to the authorities of the former and imprisoned five years at Olmutz. The whole civilized world, Gen. Washington leading in this noble work, interfered for the release of this hero-patriot. Two young Americans, Col. Francis Huger and Bateman planned his escape, which, however, failed, though it nearly succeeded. For this the young men were arrested and incarcerated in a dungeon for a long period. The father of Huger had entertained LaFayette on his first arrival in this country, with the hospitality for which he was noted, and the gallant Frenchman had dandled young Huger upon his knee, and it was the memory of these scenes that caused the ardent young American to peril his life in the attempt to rescue the friend of his father and of his country. The imprisonment of LaFayette during the Reign of Terror was perhaps fortunate for him, as in all probability it saved him from the guillotine, which severed so many heads and spilt so much innocent blood in France. When LaFayette returned to France after his release from imprisonment, he found the First Consul at the head of the government, and positions of honor and trust were offered him, but he steadily refused all of them, and retired from the capital to wait for better times, like Cato, who retired to his Sabine farm and prayed for Rome.

Before I pass to the interesting episode in the history of our hero, the second visit of LaFayette to this country, when he was received as the guest of the nation, and honored with ovation

after ovation wherever he went, such as no other hero ever enjoyed, I must refer further to the bloody page of French history. The King was dethroned, and he and the royal family were awaiting their sad fate in the loathsome dungeon. France was divided into two great parties—the Girondists and the Jacobins. The universal cry of the masses was for a republic. Both the great parties sustained this demand. The former were in favor of protecting the liberty and rights of the people by a constitution and laws somewhat similar to those of the United States. The Jacobins were Communists, who abrogated all the safeguards of liberty, destroyed all the distinctions in society, ordered the confiscation of the estates of the nobility and the property and revenue of the Church, the erection of the guillotine, and that all classes who opposed the principles of this party should be brought to the knife. This party was headed by those human monsters, Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, who organized bands of men and women, selected from the worst elements, the dregs of society, armed with pikes, who went about and seized all who spoke or acted against this party, or who did not aid in the massacre during the Reign of Terror, dragged them from their families, hurried them to prison, and thence to the guillotine. Men and women who concealed themselves from the mob, were, when discovered, dispatched and their heads carried through the streets of Paris on pikes. As many as ten thousand of the most prominent men and women were arrested and confined in the Bastile, which was broken into by the mob and those confined there inhumanly murdered. That was a night more terrible to Paris than was the death of the first born to Egypt when the destroying angel passed over that fated land. Thirty priests were arrested and dragged to prison. Some of them were brutally murdered on the way, while the remainder were guillotined. Twelve fiends selected by the mob as judges, sat around the prison tables, to award life or instant death to those brought before them. Their coarse, brutal countenances proclaimed that they were familiar with the debauch and blood. The frown of the fiend was the signal for the assassin to do his horrible work. One hundred and fifty soldiers of the King were set upon by the mob and cruelly murdered. Their bodies were piled up in a corner; the remaining priests were then slaughtered, and their headless

trunks thrown upon the pile of dead soldiers. The carnage still went on, and the innocent and the guilty met the same fate. To suspect a man was to stamp him with crime; an illustrious name was regarded as evidence of guilt, and thus were victims furnished the insatiate mob. Similar revolting scenes were enacted in all the prisons. The court-yard became slippery with blood, and all the vehicles of Paris could not remove the dead bodies to the catacombs. In some places the dead bodies were used as seats by the mob, on which they drank their brandy and carried on their infernal orgies. Men the most distinguished for honor and talents were brained with the assassin's club. Ladies of the highest accomplishments and the purest virtue were hacked to pieces by these cowardly wretches, who had crawled from their dens of pollution, and the dismembered lims of the victims were borne through the streets on pikes. Children were called cubs of the aristocracy, and they were slaughtered without the least compunction. The soul sickens at the recital of these deeds of blood, and turns with horror from scenes the like of which had never before been enacted. There is no despotism so appalling as the despotism of anarchy, and there is no law more to be abhorred than the absence of all law.

There were three thousand five hundred captives in Bicetres. The phrensy of the intoxicated mob was daily on the increase. They battered down the doors of the prison, and for five days the slaughter continued, until not only the three thousand five hundred were slain, but it is estimated that upwards of ten thousand were massacred during these fearful days. Their mangled bodies were hastened to the catacombs, there to putrify. These scenes were enacted throughout Paris and the departments of France. The Jacobins now turned upon the Girondists, and in speeches and placards denounced them as enemies of the republic. M. Roland, the Minister of the Interior, a patriot of extraordinary talent and an idol of the people, addressed the National Assembly and proclaimed the true principle, that every free government was to be controlled by law, and that the right of an impartial trial should be guaranteed to all; and, with all the powers of his eloquence, urged the Assembly to put a stop to mob law, and restore order and give protection to the innocent. The Girondists, headed by Verginaud, sustained the Minister.

Thereupon the Jacobins became greatly incensed. Their mob, gathered from the purlieus and haunts of vice and corruption, surrounded the house in which the National Assembly was held, and occupied the doors and windows of the building, and menaced the Republicans with death; shortly after which, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat entered the Assembly, and the mob cheered them. When Verginaud and Brissot and other Girondists passed, daggers were brandished and angry menaces hurled after them.

The King underwent the farce of a trial before the Deputies. Robespierre and his companions called their myrmidons to rally, and they came from their dens and hiding places in vast numbers, with arms and cannon, blocking up the way to the Assembly, and as the Deputies appeared daggers were brandished in their faces, threatening them as well as the King with death. Robespierre moved, and the motion was carried, that each Deputy, as his name was called, should occupy the tribune and announce his vote. Thus, from fear of immediate death to themselves, the Deputies opposed to extreme measures voted that the King should die, and he was guillotined, as was his accomplished wife, Maria Antoinette. Thus, in the name of liberty and popular rights, there arose upon the ruins of the French monarchy the most atrocious destroyer that has ever cursed a people. The revolutionary tribunal was now in full operation, and it was determined by the leaders that the Girondists should be assassinated, whether found in public places or in their private dwellings. Many of the Girondists sought safety in absenting themselves from their homes. In the Assembly the decree of accusation was proposed and carried. Afterward, the Assembly adjourned and embraced the filthy mob who led captive the Girondists. The great patriot and first orator of France, Virginaud, headed the captives, who were conducted to prison. So was Madam Roland, the most talented and noble woman of Paris, the wife of the Minister of the Interior, who had made his escape. From the prison the great statesman and orator, Virginaud, was, with his companions, carried in a cart to the place of execution. The last words of Virginaud to his son, ten years old, just before his head fell into the basket, were, "My child," taking him in his arms, "look well at me. When you

are a man you can say that you saw Virginaud, the founder of the republic, at the most glorious period, and in the most splendid costume he ever wore, that in which he suffered unmerited persecution, and in which he prepared to die for liberty." In his cell he wrote in letters of blood, "Death is preferable to dishonor." They were led from prison singing the Marseilles hymn, and as they mounted the scaffold, each joined in the singing. Their heads fell into the basket one by one, Virginaud being the last to suffer. When the sentence of death was pronounced against Vallieres, he stabbed himself to the heart, in the presence of the tribunal that condemned him, with a poinard which he had concealed about his person. His dead body was carried to the guillotine and his head severed from his lifeless carcass.

The Jacobins were more clamorous than ever for blood. They strove to tear LaFayette from his dungeon, that they might triumph in his death, but they failed to secure their victim. They pursued the Girondists who had made their escape with bloodhounds, and all were captured and executed except Peition and Basset. Their fate is still a mystery. Never, in the history of the depravity and villainy of man, was such outrageous treatment inflicted on woman, as the beautiful and talented, the pure and patriotic Madam Roland received at the hands of the Jacobins. Her only offense was that she was the wife of M. Roland, the founder of the republic. Although warned of the danger of assassination, she refused to seek safety in flight. When arraigned before the Tribunal, she made her great defense, the most fearless, pointed, sarcastic, and powerful ever delivered before an enlightened assembly. It is equal to the master-piece of eloquence by the patriot Emmet, who was basely condemned and suffered death. Her case is one of the most remarkable in history. In her we find the highest type of heroism and talent, combined with all that is pure and lovely in woman, while the Tribunal which condemed her was one of the most debased and corrupt that has ever disgraced the earth. She fearlessly prepared for her execution. Dressed in white, with a calm look and firm step, she ascended the elevated platform, and surveying the vast concourse of people, and bowing to the collosal statue of Liberty, she exclaimed, "O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then surrendered herself to

the executioner, and in a few moments her head was severed from her body. Thus died one of the noblest women that ever trod the earth. Her husband, after his flight, sought a retreat amid the Alps. A courier passing gave him the sad intelligence of the fate of his wife. It broke his noble spirit; the world had no further charms for him, and he placed the hilt of his sword against a tree and fell upon its point. Thus died the great founder of the French Republic.

I will not harrow up your feelings by a further recital of the soul-sickening details of this bloodiest episode in the history of France. It is some relief to know that finally retributive justice overtook Robespierre and Danton, and that their heads fell into the same basket which had received so many of those of eminent men and citizens sacrificed by them. Billaud Varennes denounced the tyranny of Robespierre in the Tribune, July 28, 1794. Cries of "Down with the tyrant!" resounded through the hall; and so great was the abhorrence of the Convention of this wicked minister, that he was immediately ordered to the place of execution and suffered death, no man deeming himself safe while Robespierre lived. Marat met his merited death by the dagger of Charlotte Corday.

In March, 1824, President Monroe, in behalf of our Government, invited LaFayette to revisit the United States, after a lapse of forty years, as the guest of the nation. He accepted the invitation, and, accompanied by his son, George Washington LaFayette, arrived at New York in a government vessel in the summer of that year. He was received amidst the acclamations of a grateful people. Those who served in the Revolution—and there were many who fought with him—received him with open arms and clasped him to their breasts. Nor were the younger members of the community less enthusiastic in their demonstrations over the noble old patriot. Business of all kinds was suspended, and a grateful people vied with each other in love, admiration, and gratitude for him who had poured out his blood as freely as he did his treasure to secure liberty and free government for the inhabitants of America. It was an ovation worthy the great hero that he was. He visited every State in the Union, and his progress through the country was a triumphal march. He electrified a whole continent, and wherever he made his ap-

pearance crowds of people gathered around to give him a genuine American welcome. He expected kindness, but not the enthusiasm that greeted him everywhere. He expected to embrace surviving friends, his old companions in arms, but not to arouse a whole nation of freemen to bid him welcome again to the country for which he had so nobly fought. It was such an ovation as few men on earth have received. "To the survivors of the Revolution," says Benton, "it was the return of a brother; to the new generation, born since that time, it was the apparition of an historical character, familiar from the cradle; and combining all the titles to love, admiration, gratitude, enthusiasm, which could act upon the heart and the imagination of the young and the ardent. He visited every State in the Union, doubled in number since, as the friend and pupil of Washington, he had spilt his blood and lavished his fortune for their independence. His progress through the States was a triumphal procession, such as no Roman ever led up—a procession not through a city, but over a continent—followed, not by captives in chains of iron, but by a nation in the bonds of affection. To him it was an unexpected and overpowering reception. His modest estimate of himself had not allowed him to suppose that he was to electrify a continent. He expected kindness, but not enthusiasm. He expected to meet surviving friends, not to rouse a young generation. As he approached the harbor of New York, he made inquiry of some acquaintance to know whether he could find a hack to convey him to a hotel. Illustrious man, and modest as illustrious! Little did he know that all America was on foot to receive him; to take possession of him the moment he touched her soil; to fetch and to carry him; to feast and applaud him; to make him the guest of cities, States, and the nation, as long as he could be detained. Many were the happy meetings which he had with old comrades, survivors for near half a century of their early hardships and dangers; and most grateful to his heart it was to see them, exceptions to the maxim which denies to the beginners of revolutions the good fortune to conclude them, and to see his old comrades not only conclude the one they began, but live to enjoy its fruits and honors. Three of his old associates he found ex-Presidents (Adams, Jefferson, and Madison), enjoying the respect and affection of their country, after having

reached its highest honors. Another, and the last that time would admit to the Presidency (Mr. Monroe), then in the Presidential chair, and inviting him to the land of his adoption. Many of his early associates seen in the two houses of Congress; many in the State governments, and many more in all the walks of private life, patriarchal sires, respected for their characters and venerated for their patriotic services. It was a grateful spectacle, and the more impressive from the calamitous fate which he had seen attend so many of the revolutionary patriots of the Old World. But the enthusiasm of the young generation astonished and excited him, and gave him a new view of himself—a future glimpse of himself—and such as he would be seen in after ages. Before them, he was in the presence of posterity; and in their applause and admiration he saw his own future place in history, passing down to the latest time as one of the most perfect and beautiful characters which one of the most eventful periods of the world has produced. Mr. Clay, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the organ of their congratulations to LaFayette (when he was received in the hall of the House), very felicitously seized the idea of his present confrontation with posterity, and adorned and amplified it with the graces of oratory. He said, 'The vain wish has been sometimes indulged that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains leveled, the canals cut, the highways opened, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is the realization of the consoling object of that wish hitherto vain. You are in the midst of posterity! Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endearing to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and that is, in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for

the very privilege of addressing you, which I now have.' He was received in both houses of Congress with equal honor, but the houses did not limit themselves to honors—they added substantial rewards for long past services and sacrifices. The ingratitude of republics is the theme of any declaimer; it required a Tacitus to say that gratitude was the death of republics, and the birth of monarchies, and it belongs to the people of the United States to exhibit an exception to that profound remark (as they do to so many other lessons of history), and show a young republic that knows how to be grateful without being unwise, and is able to pay the debt of gratitude without giving its liberties in the discharge of the obligation." When the proposition was pending before Congress to recompense LaFayette for long past services and sacrifices, Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the Senate, showed from history (not from LaFayette) his advances, losses, and sacrifices in our cause. He had expended for the American service, in six years, from 1777 to 1783, the sum of 700,000 francs ($140,000), "and under what circumstances?—a foreigner, owing us nothing, and throwing his fortune into the scale with his life, to be lavished in our cause. He left the enjoyments of rank and fortune, and the endearments of his family, to come and serve in our almost destitute armies, and without pay. He equipped and armed a regiment for our service, and freighted a vessel to us, loaded with arms and munitions. It was not until the year 1794, when almost ruined by the French Revolution, and by his efforts in the cause of liberty, that he would receive the naked pay, without interest, of a general officer for the time he had served with us."

Tennessee was among the foremost States to do honor to the nation's guest. Gov. William Carroll, one of the heroes of the war of 1812, and the companion and right arm of the great military chieftain and statesman, Gen. Andrew Jackson, invited LaFayette to honor Tennessee with a visit. The invitation was accepted, and LaFayette arrived in Nashville on the 4th of May, 1825, having come by steamer down the Ohio and up the Cumberland. During his stay here he was the guest of Gen. Jackson, at the Hermitage. The boat did not stop at Nashville, but went on up to the Hermitage. Upon the acceptance of the invitation by LaFayette, Gov. Carroll issued a proclamation inviting the

militia organizations of the State to assemble at Nashville to assist in paying a fitting tribute of respect to the gallant old soldier who had aided in so conspicuous a manner in gaining the liberty and free government we enjoyed. About four thousand men, armed and equipped, and commanded by proper officers, responded to the invitation of the Governor, and encamped in South Nashville, which was then a broad common. Gen. Jackson and Gov. Carroll visited our camps frequently, and renewed their acquaintance with companions in the Indian wars and that of 1812. It was a most enjoyable scene to witness the meeting of these veterans, many of whom had not seen each other for years, and hear them fight over their battles or go upon their toilsome and hazardous marches to surprise and capture an Indian camp. About twenty-five thousand people, embracing the beauty and chivalry of the State, assembled at Nashville on the 4th of May, to welcome the nation's guest, and right royally did they extend to him the old-fashioned hospitality of Tennessee. The windows in every house on the prominent thoroughfares were beautified with lovely women, waiving their handkerchiefs in honor of Lafayette as he and his escort passed. Triumphal arches, decorated with flowers, were erected over every important street, bearing the legend, "Welcome to LaFayette," while the star-spangled banner floated from the public buildings and many private residences. The military were drawn up in a semi-circle on the Public Square. And then LaFayette, accompanied by Gen. Jackson, Gov. Carroll, and Dr. Philip Lindsley, appeared in an open carriage, drawn by six blooded grays, and in the procession were thirteen lovely maidens, representing the thirteen States that achieved their independence. The eyes of twenty-five thousand people now rested upon LaFayette, and those fair women and gallant men gave him a most cordial and enthusiastic reception. To Dr. Lindsley was assigned the duty of welcoming LaLayette to the capital of Tennessee, and he did it in a handsome manner. LaFayette responded in a modest and appropriate manner. These ceremonies over, the procession marched to the Female Academy, which was most tastefully decorated, where the beautiful Miss Grundy, afterwards Mrs. John M. Bass, received the guest in an eloquent address, to which LaFayette made a felicitous response. Thence the procession marched to the Nashville Inn, where LaFayette was intro-

duced to thousands of Tennessee's fairest daughters and most gallant sons; the band meantime playing Auld Lang Syne and other favorite airs of that period. The charming manner in which the music was rendered, coupled with the occasion, is yet deeply and vividly impressed upon my mind. LaFayette was a square, stout, well-proportioned man, about five feet six inches high, with a large head, hazel eyes, sallow complexion, a large, fleshy nose, large mouth, broad forehead, bristly, sandy hair, long, oval jaws, that came together like a vise, indicating firmness and constancy, and large ears. There was nothing in him of the volatile, fidgety movement which we usually associate with the Frenchman. He was calm, self-possessed, and dignified in his manner and intercourse, which amounted to an assurance that he was a great and good man—a philanthropist in the truest sense. The military were drawn up in two "open columns," and Gen. Jackson taking the arm of LaFayette conducted him through the lines from one end to the other, shaking hands with and receiving the congratulations of the citizen soldiery. Among the latter was an old comrade in arms of LaFayette, Maj. Blackmore, my wife's father, who had fought with him at Brandywine, where both were wounded. They met and embraced, and many a tear was shed over this affecting scene. A ball was given at night in honor of LaFayette, which was largely attended by the *elite* of the city and surrounding country, headed by Gen. Jackson, Gov. Carroll, and other prominent citizens. The dance was opened by Gen. Jackson and the beautiful Miss McNairy. It was difficult to tell which most to admire, the beauty and sylph-like grace of Miss McNairy, or the stately step and courtly manners of Gen. Jackson.

LaFayette then again became the guest of the Hermitage during his stay in Tennessee, and upon his departure he presented Gen. Jackson the pistols given him by Gen. Washington, as the most worthy man to bear them. LaFayette then proceeded on his way to visit other States, and for many months the United States seemed one grand festive hall.

An incident occurred shortly after the departure of LaFayette which sent a thrill of horror and grief to every heart. LaFayette and suit left Nashville in a steamer bound for Cincinnati. A few days subsequently the mail brought news that the steamer had struck a snag in the Ohio river and had sunk, and that LaFayette

had been drowned. The next mail, however, brought the joyful tidings that, although the steamer was lost, LaFayette had been rescued. This news was hailed with unusual demonstrations of joy by the thousands who had made the acquaintance of the brave old Frenchman.

In 1803, the Congress granted to LaFayette 11,520 acres of land in what was then called the Territory of Orleans, in consideration of his services in the war of the revolution, but by some inadvertence a portion of the same was afterwards granted to the corporation of New Orleans, and by that city sold to parties who settled upon and improved the lots into which the land had been divided. LaFayette was advised to bring forward his claim; and eminent lawyers assured him it was perfectly legal. He showed his magnanimity in this, as in every act of his life. He promptly directed his agent to relinquish all claim to the land, observing, "I cannot consent even to inquire into the validity of my title. It was gratuitously bestowed by Congress, and it is for them to say what was given. I cannot for a moment think of entering into litigation with any public body in the United States." On this tract, so generously and delicately relinquished, the most valuable part of the city of New Orleans is built, and is now worth millions of dollars. Having relinquished his entry, he located the warrant upon lands which were entirely worthless.

Before his return to his native France, Congress, with great unanimity, and with the general concurrence of the American people, voted LaFayette two hundred thousand dollars in money, and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land in Florida. Loaded with honors, and with every feeling of his heart gratified in the noble reception he had met in the country of his adoption, LaFayette returned to the country of his birth in the summer of 1826, "still as the guest of the United States and under its flag. He was carried back in a national ship of war, the new frigate Brandywine—a delicate compliment (in the name and selection of the ship) from the new President, Mr. John Quincey Adams, LaFayette having wet with his blood the sanguinary battle-field which takes its name from the little stream which gave it first to the field and then to the frigate. Mr. Monroe, then a subaltern in the service of the United States, was wounded also in the battle of the Brandywine. How honorable to themselves and to the

American people, that nearly fifty years afterwards, they should again appear together, and in exalted stations; one as President, inviting the other to the great republic, and signing the acts of Congress which testified a nation's gratitude; the other a patriot, hero, tried in the revolutions of two countries, and resplendent in the glory of virtuous and consistent fame."

The names of Washington and LaFayette are kept green in the memory of a grateful people, and will electrify the generations yet to come. In the shock of battle, their names will nerve the souls of men to deeds of prowess and glory, and in the day of triumph, the memory of their great virtues will exert a wonderful influence in curbing the evil passions of all who struggle for liberty. The light of their glorious career will forever illumine the path that leads the weak and oppressed to freedom, strength, and boundless prosperity.

XXV.

East Tennessee's Great Preachers—A Noted Family and a Dog-Law Charge by One of Them.

Sixty years ago Gideon S. Blackburn, Isaac Anderson, and Frederick A. Ross, flourished in East Tennessee, and justly acquired the fame of being the most eloquent pulpit orators of the South. Blackburn's eloquence, as Gen. Jackson's Chaplain, inflamed the hearts and nerved the arms of the Tennessee volunteers who carried the victorious flag of our country through the great campaigns of Jackson. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Blackburn only once, when he addressed some three thousand people in the grove near Gallatin, Tennessee, about the year 1821. He then impressed my young mind that he was the most powerful and eloquent minister I had ever heard. I have heard many of the pulpit orators that have arisen since then, and my first impression has not been diminished, but deepened by the accumulation of years. His name is enrolled high in the temple of fame. Few of the American orators have showed themselves his equal—none his superior. These three ministers were the East Tennessee marble columns of the Presbyterian Church, taken from its finest quarries. All of them now rest under the clod of the valley except the Rev. Frederick A. Ross, who still survives his great works. He lives at Huntsville, Ala., aged about ninety years, beloved and honored by the many generations through which his useful life has passed.

Contemporary with these divines in East Tennessee was the Rev. Mr. Nelson, who was a minister of marked distinction. His work on infidelity is the cap-stone of his well deserved fame. His body now rests in the valley of his mountain home. A few years after this there arose in East Tennessee another brilliant star in the person of the Rev. Mr. Gallaher. After acquiring great distinction in his native State, he emigrated to St. Louis, and soon became the head of his Church in the South-west. He now sleeps on the bank of the great father of waters.

The Rev. Isaac Anderson was the eldest of four brothers, all of whom became distinguished, if not great men. The Anderson family are remarkable for their worth, their talent, and distinction. The four brothers, all of whom are now dead, were Isaac, Robert, William E., and Samuel. Isaac was a great divine, William E. a distinguished lawyer and Chancellor, and Robert and Samuel each good lawyers and fine Judges. Through their long lives the poisonous breath of slander never tainted their unsullied fame. They were large, portly men, of fine personal appearance. William E. was six feet eight inches high, of fine physique and commanding personnel; a man of great acuteness and depth of intellect. I served with him in the Senate, practiced law with him, and before him as Chancellor. He had but few equals in the State. The great firm of Rucks, Anderson & Grundy, of Nashville, existed for years, doing a sweeping and profitable practice. Chancellor Anderson was lured with the flush times of Mississippi, and moved to Vicksburg, where he died, after establishing a great reputation as a lawyer. He was a man of great humor, and noted for his sociability and fun. He was no office-lawyer, and was never known to study, but when called into a cause he was always equal to the occasion. He was "a wheel-horse" in any cause in which he appeared. All yielded to him the front rank, either to repel the attack or lead the column in the charge.

I practiced law with Samuel Anderson for twenty years, and appeared before him while he was a Judge. He was kind, courteous, and beloved by all. He knew nothing but the law, and devoted himself assiduously to it. He became a good and great Judge. Ned Keeble, of Murfreesboro, was a good lawyer, a fine orator, and a great wag, and knowing the confiding simplicity of Judge Anderson, got into a controversy with Charles Ready, also a fine lawyer and every inch a gentleman, upon the question as to which was the goose and which the gander. They were in the presence of the Judge, and Keeble maintained that the white one was the goose, while Ready insisted that the blue one was the goose and the white one the gander. Reasons were assigned on both sides, but when Keeble pointed to the fact that the white one guarded the young goslings, and would show fight to protect them, as evidence that the white one was the goose, Judge

Anderson was convinced, and gave it as his opinion that Keeble was right. An appeal was taken to the landlady, Mrs. Little, to determine the vexed question. All three went in, submitted the question to her, and she, being winked at, replied, certainly, the white one is the goose and the blue one the gander, and added that she thought everybody knew that. This excited the Judge, and he exclaimed, I told you so; I knew I could not be mistaken. A hearty laugh was indulged in at the expense of the Judge, and he was at a loss to know what they were laughing about, until informed the next day, when he replied, "Well, the best of Judges sometimes make mistakes."

Many were the pleasant incidents that occurred while Judge Anderson was at the bar and on the bench. Among many that I could relate, I confine myself to one other. The Judge was holding court in DeKalb county. He was extremely kind and popular with the people, who familiarized themselves with him off or on the bench. His old friends would sit by him on the bench and use great familiarty with him. It was a cold day. The Judge and jury were seated around a hot stove. Old man Richardson was sitting next to the Judge, calling him occasionally uncle Sam. After the Judge got through charging the grand jury, Richardson said to him, "Uncle Sam, did you ever before in your life charge such a jury as this? See there is one fellow who has an eye out, another his nose bit off, the next a part of the ear off, and others are cripples. Now did you ever in your life before charge such a set of fellows?" This was said so the jury and others could hear it. Judge Anderson was bound to take notice of this slur on the jury, so he said, "Mr. Sheriff, take Mr. Richardson out of the court-house." Richardson got up and went toward the door, and said, "Never mind, Judge, I was just going out myself, but I shall say that is a terrible looking jury, sure."

I close this sketch by giving my readers Judge Anderson's charge to the jury on the

DOG LAW.

The county of Grundy had just been organized, when, in the month of April, 1848, the Circuit Court met at a place on the top of Cumberland mountain to transact the business of the

county. The town consisted of one saloon, two or three small log-cabin dwelling houses, and one about eighteen feet square to be used as a court-house for the time being. Judge Sam. Anderson, by interchange with Judge Marchbanks, appeared to hold the court early Monday morning, when the jury was called, elected, and charged, and the clerk commanded to call the docket, whereupon William Armstrong, an old and efficient clerk of former days, responded (instead of the clerk who had been lately elected, but was not familiar with the routine of his duties), and proceeded to call the case of Alexander Caulston *vs.* John W. Nunnelly, the only case upon the docket. The Judge being somewhat elated with the idea that his court would have a short term, said, "Call the parties," when the Sheriff announced that the plaintiff and defendant were present, and also the yellow dog Sharp. This last remark to some extent disconcerted the Judge. There appeared before him two men, who seemed to be between the years of forty and fifty. The plaintiff was a lean, cadaverous faced, hump-shouldered man, dressed in yellow jeans pants and brown hunting shirt, with his yellow dog standing by his side. The defendant was a tall, slender-limbed, long-haired, big-footed, sallow-complected man. The Judge asked if they had attorneys, which was answered in the affirmative, and soon G. J. Stubblefield, A. S. Colyar, F. T. Estill, and Peter Turney appeared for the plaintiff, and Wm. P. Hickerson, Hugh Francis, Washington Britton, and R. A. Campbell, for the defendant, and announced themselves ready on both sides. After considerable challenging on both sides, a jury was sworn, when about forty witnesses were called and sworn and put under the rule, and a constable took charge of them, that they might be kept in hearing of the call of the Sheriff. There being no room to put them in, they were sent to the woods. The Judge, with a forlorn and quisical countenance, demanded, "Gentlemen, what's this lawsuit about?" when he was gravely informed that this was an appeal from a justice's judgment for ten dollars in favor of the plaintiff for the injury of the hearing of his slow-track dog Sharp, and he alleged that the injury had been inflicted by the hound puppies of the defendant, at his instance and connivance, all of which was denied by the defendant. The plaintiff then introduced his witnesses, who testified in substance that the plain-

tiff was a hunter, and made a living for his wife and children pretty much by the chase; that he lived in the wilds of the forest on the top of Cumberland mountain; that deer and much other game abounded there, and that the yellow dog Sharp was a slow-track dog, and as such was highly esteemed by the plaintiff and his associates, and was of great value in his calling; the witnesses proving the damage to be various sums, from ten dollars to one hundred dollars. The plaintiff had been hunting on the day of the injury, and returning home in the evening passed through defendant's neighborhood, and the dog Sharp passed the road running near defendant's house, when the hound puppies of the defendant were heard chasing Sharp, and the children of defendant encouraging and urging the puppies in the chase, while the defendant was standing in his yard cognizant of the fact, and did not interfere to prevent it, and that when Sharp reached home he had been so worried and injured that it rendered his hearing deficient for the purposes of a slow-track dog, and in that regard lessened his value to the amounts above stated.

The defendant offered to put the character of the dog Sharp in issue, to which the plaintiff's counsel objected, and after much controversy on both sides the Judge overruled the objection and let Sharp's character in on the question of damages. Various witnesses proved Sharp had a bad character as a sheep-killing dog, as a dog that would break into spring-houses and tan-yards in quest of food, while others proved he had a good character, and they had never heard him accused of these depredations. The defendant then offered to prove special cases of Sharp's depredations and misdeeds, to which the plaintiff's counsel again objected, and after an excited and energetic argument of counsel on both sides, the Judge overruled the objection, and witnesses were introduced to prove that sheep had been killed on the mountain, and Sharp had been seen in the neighborhood about that time; that Nunnelley's spring-house had been broken open at one time and milk and butter taken, and Sharp had been seen in that vicinity shortly afterward; and that Sharp had been caught at one time in the tan-yard of one Roberts on the mountain, pulling hides out of the vat, etc. The testimony occupied the court from Monday evening until Wednesday evening, at which time both sides closed.

The Judge said, "Gentlemen, we have already consumed unnecessarily a great deal of time, for the Court has not seen much to litigate about. The dog is here present, and seems to be in good health. The Court would like to know whether counsel wish to argue this cause, and if so, how many on a side?" The Judge stated that he was compelled to be at his court sixty miles away on Monday morning, and he had conscientious scruples about traveling on Sunday. The attorneys responded they would all like to say a few words on the case. The Judge reluctantly consented, with the remark that he hoped they would be very brief.

The plaintiff's counsel commented loud and eloquently upon the picturesque scenery, wild flowers, and dulcet tones of the songsters that gave such charms to the lonely hunter in these wild mountains; the indescribable emotions of excitement in the chase, and the unutterable satisfaction in the capture; with one companion to share his joys, and this was Sharp, who had been robbed of the only sense that made him efficient in these sports; the grief that it gave the master and the sadness it brought upon the matron and the little ones. They then described Sharp returning home in the dusk of the evening as he leaped into the little enclosure that encircled the cottage, and by the wag of his tale telegraphed to the mother and children that their loved one was coming from the jungles of the forest laden with the bountiful spoils of the chase; the greeting of the mother, the clapping hands and sparkling eyes of the little ones, the deprivation of which, damages in money sunk into insignificance.

The defendant's counsel most vigorously attacked the character of Sharp, and portrayed in elegant recitals the scenes of the milk-maid descending the path, with cheerful song, in the morning to the spring-house to find her lively anticipations blighted, and returning with saddened countenance to relate her story of gloom to the household; the farmer returning from the range of his flock, to detail the sad news to his family, that the sheep had been slain, and their fond anticipations of an income to meet their wants and necessities blasted; that the tan-yard had been entered and despoiled of the hopes of the blessings it would afford; and that the circumstances showed that Sharp was the cause of all these misfortunes, and they boldly asserted that the decisions of

the State of North Carolina, and the common law of this country was that a sheep-killing dog was outlawed, and only held his tenure of life by sufferance, and that all men had a legal right to kill him, and asked the Judge to so charge the jury.

The argument continued until Saturday just after noon when the Judge charged the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, we have been a long time engaged in the trial of this suit, and the time is now passed that the Court can reach the place where his court is to be held on Monday morning, but still we must do the best we can to decide this case, and to decide it correctly. The Court is not satisfied that he can be of any benefit in aiding the jury in their deliberations or conclusions, for the Court does not believe he understands the dog law, does not remember that he ever read anything about the dog law, and he is here on the top of Cumberland mountain where he is unable to get the aid of any books, if there be any written upon the subject, or if there has been any decisions bearing upon this case, but still it is the duty of the Court, made so by law, to charge the jury, which I will proceed to do, and if the jury should not be satisfied with the charge of the Court as being the law, then they must take the case and decide it for themselves. So, gentlemen of the jury, if you find from the testimony that the plaintiff was the owner of a dog named Sharp, of any value, and the defendant set his hound puppies upon the dog, and they worried, bit, and abused him so as to impair his hearing, or otherwise, then the defendant would be responsible to the plaintiff to the extent of such injury in damages; or if the defendant did not set his puppies on the dog, and his children did, and were there hissing or otherwise encouraging the puppies to worry the dog Sharp, and the defendant was present and aiding and assisting by his presence or otherwise, then he would be responsible for whatever damage was done to Sharp. But the witnesses seem to lay great stress upon the idea that Sharp was a slow-track dog. The Court has always been of opinion that a fast-track dog was of more value than a slow-track dog, but how this is you must determine from the evidence. The defendant has seen fit to put the character of the dog Sharp in issue, and the Court has permitted him to bring in testimony as to this question. Strictly speaking, whether a dog has any character or not, the Court does

not know, although the Court has been a lawyer, *ither* as attorney or upon the bench, for over forty years. If he ever read anything about the dog law, it has now passed from his memory, but for the present this question is left to the jury to determine, under all the circumstances of the case. The Court has always been of the opinion that if a dog is a sheep-killing dog, he would be of no value, but the witnesses seem to prove, with a knowledge of all these facts, that the dog Sharp would be of some value notwithstanding, owing to his slow-track qualities, which the Court does not understand, and leaves this to be decided in the discretion of the jury. The Court would charge that if Sharp was a sheep-killing dog, and broke into spring-houses and committed depredations therein, and went into tan-yards and pulled hides out of the vats, and gnawed them and otherwise despoiled them, and did this through malice and with intent to do mischief, then it would be a circumstance against him and detract from his value, but whether he did this or not, and whether he did it maliciously, is a question for you to decide under all the circumstances given in by the witnesses. But if Sharp did kill sheep and commit these other depredations, and whether he did or not is for you to say (for the Court is not allowed to charge the facts), and did not do these acts maliciously and for the purposes of mischief, but in quest of food to satiate his appetite as a matter of diet and for the purpose of gaining a living, the the Court would charge you that this would not be a circumstance against Sharp, and would not lessen his value; but how this is, gentlemen of the jury, you must decide for yourselves from all the testimony given in the cause. The court is not satisfied that he did not do wrong in ruling some of the testimony given in as competent, but the Court concluded, in doubtful cases, it was better to let it all in.

"The Court has been asked to charge the jury that a sheep-killing dog is outlawed, and any man has a right to kill him under the laws of this State. The Court would state to the jury that he is not satisfied whether this is the law or not, and is here on the top of Cumberland mountain where he can get no books to aid him in coming to a conclusion; he therefore declines to charge that to be the law, and would now say to the jury, take this case and look to all the testimony as detailed by the witnesses and the law as laid down by the Court, and decide it, and

decide it correctly and do justice between the parties." The Court further remarked to the jury that they had been nearly a week trying this case, and it was now nearly night, and he wanted them to decide that evening as he was compelled to go to another court and be there on Monday morning."

The jury retired and marched up to the saloon about sixty yards off, and immediately returned into court with a verdict for the plaintiff of two dollars and fifty cents. The Court then retired to his boarding house where he remained for the night, and next morning while he was at the breakfast table (being the Sabbath), the clerk appeared with the minutes drawn up, and while the Judge was eating, read them to him, when the Judge remarked that he did not know whether he had the legal right to sign the minutes on Sunday or not, he did not know how the law was, but he was going to sign them, whereupon one of the attorneys for the defendant moved for a new trial; the Court remarked that he overruled the motion, but being Sunday it need not be put upon the minutes, and adjourned the court until court in course.

The costs in this case were three hundred and twenty dollars, and the suit in the end broke up both the parties. They were moving to retax the costs, filing *certioraris* and injunction bills for five years after.

Mr. Britton, who is now dead, was a man of wit, a great mimic, was in the habit of entertaining the friends of Judge Anderson with a rehearsal of his charge on the dog law, accompanied with his theatrical action. This charge made a lasting impression on my mind, but for fear that I could not accurately give it to my readers, I called in my friend Gen. Stubblefield to write it out, which he has done with great accuracy. The Judge and four of the lawyers engaged in this cause now rest under the clods of the valley. The survivors, Judge Turney, of the Supreme Court; Judge Hickerson, late of the Circuit Court; Gen. Stubblefield, the distinguished Attorney General of the mountain circuit; and Col. A. S. Colyar, a distinguished member of the Confederate Congress, and member of the last Legislature, alone survive.

XXVI.

Construing the Statutes of Limitation of 1715 and 1796—How Judge John Catron got on the Supreme Bench of Tennessee.

There were many men from 1810 to 1825 who had acquired distinction at the bar in what is known as the mountain district. During that period the Supreme Court held its sittings first at Carthage, in Smith county, and then at Sparta, in White county. Among those who had made considerable reputation, was John Catron, who rose from the county of Overton. He was of poor but honest parentage, and his education was only such as could be secured in the mountain country at that early period, and that was of course quite limited. He was a large, well-proportioned man, of swarthy complexion, with a fine black eye, and firm, manly features, indicative of intelligence, industry, and a purpose to succeed in whatever he might undertake—to paddle his own canoe and ask no favors. During his keeping of "Agricola" in the mountain country, he studied law, being his own instructor. He obtained a license and commenced the practice of the law about 1815. He was bold and as rough as the hills he traversed in his circuit. He soon exhibited an unusual knowledge of the law for one of his opportunities, and gave evidence that he was destined to make his mark in the profession. He removed to Nashville about 1817, and soon took rank with such lawyers as Felix Grundy, Jenkins Whitesides, Dickinson, Crabb, Foster, Hays, Balch, Wm. L. Brown, and others. He was a laborious student, careful, pains-taking in the examination of authorities and the preparation of his cases, and never appeared in a cause on the spur of the moment. His citations of authorities showed that he snuffed the midnight lamp in the labor bestowed upon the cases entrusted to his care. He was a harsh, unpleasant speaker, with a squeaking, unmelodious voice, and his gestures were like those of a man engaged in a fight; but there was a continued flow of hard, practical sense, while his argument was so

enforced by homely illustrations, that his speeches were not only interesting but frequently convincing. He generally left a black eye before he came out of the battle.

In 1821 the Legislature placed an additional Judge upon the Supreme Bench, and Judge Catron had acquired such a reputation at the bar that the honor fell upon him. The following is the history of that election: There arose much conflict of opinion among the Judges and members of the bar in regard to the proper construction of the statute of limitations—acts of 1715 and 1796—wherein it was provided that a party in possession of land for seven years under a grant, or a deed founded upon a grant—a bar having been formed—such person would be protected in his possession. The early Judges ruled that the deed under which a party held possession must be connected by a regular chain of title to the grantee. The later Judges held that all that was necessary was that the land should be granted, and the party to hold under a deed, and it was not necessary to connect the deed by regular chain to the grantee. The Supreme Court of Tennessee was equally divided on the question of construction.

About this time Patrick Darby, a man of great natural talents, and not less distinguished for energy than he was for want of principle, relying upon the early construction of the law, that before the possession could be protected, the party holding under a deed must have a regular chain of title to the grantee, went abroad and made champertous contracts with grantees and their heirs to institute suits all over Middle Tennessee against the parties in possession, who held under deeds but not connected with the grant. Nearly half the landed estate in Tennessee was being involved in litigation. The system of surveys in township, range, and section had not been adopted. North Carolina, under the cession act, reserved the right of issuing grants to her soldiers of the Continental Line. Tennessee issued grants founded on entries. Hence there was an interminable conflict of grants and entries. Lands in the infancy of the State could be purchased for a mere song. David Shelby purchased the six hundred and forty acres embraced in the flourishing young city of Edgefield, opposite Nashville, for a young mare, a rifle gun, and a pair of leather breeches. In early times little attention was given to the preservation of deeds or their registration, or the tracing of titles.

A seven years' possession and cultivation of a part or the whole of the tract of land claimed by a party was held to be sufficient. Consequently half the population of Middle Tennessee were about to lose their lands through the litigation gotten up by Darby. The act of 1819 was passed for the purpose of guaranteeing the possession and rendering it available merely by deed or an assurance of title in all cases where the land had been granted. But this act failed to settle the land troubles, because it could not have a retrospective operation. Something else had to be done, and the plan was finally adopted by the Legislature of putting another Judge on the Supreme Bench, who would construe the acts of 1715 and 1796 as giving protection to parties in possession of land under a deed without its being connected with the grant. Judge Catron, who had argued many cases against Darby, insisting upon that construction of these acts, was in attendance upon the Legislature then sitting in Murfreesboro, the members of which were in a private way debating the question as to who should be elected, who would give the desired construction to the acts of 1715 and 1796, and thus carry a majority of the Supreme Court in favor of that construction. It was said at the time that Judge Catron remarked to some of the members who were advocates of the proposed construction, that if no other man who could be relied upon could be found, he would accept the position. He was thereupon elected a Judge of the Supreme Court, and the decision was rendered which drove Darby out of the State and gave repose to the people and the country.

Judge Catron remained on the Supreme Bench of Tennessee until 1835, when he was appointed by Gen. Jackson one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and he held this position until his death, which occurred at Nashville in 1866. As a jurist, Judge Catron ranked with Taney, Story, and others of his contemporaries. His decisions, to be found in the reported cases of the Supreme Court of either Tennessee or of the United States, are lasting monuments of his worth and ability as an upright and able jurist.

XXVII.

Brief Annals of Nashville from its Foundation to 1875.

[Prepared by Anson Nelson, Recording Secretary of the Tennessee Historical Society.]

Very large tribes of Indians must have occupied the country around Nashville for many miles, and possibly for several hundred years previous to the seventeenth century. This is attested by the numerous places of interment for the dead, covering several acres in each place. An immense "burying ground" was on Harpeth river, another at the mouth of Stone's river (not many miles from the city), another in what is now North Edgefield, and still another in and around the sulphur spring bottoms, in the city. In fact, at almost every lasting spring, graves can be found all over this section of country.

So far as we know, the Suwanee, or Shawnee, tribe were the original possessors of the soil, but they were driven out by the Chickasaws and Cherokees, who made it a hunting ground for all the tribes, until the whites came and took possession.

A Frenchman, whose name has not been handed down to us by history or tradition, was here as a trader in 1710, who had a cabin or trading post near the river, a little North of Lick Branch, and about midway between the river and the sulphur springs. Living with this Frenchman was a lad about fifteen years of age, named Charles Carleville, who eventually succeeded him in business, and who died at the age of eighty-four years. When the first American hunters came here, about 1770, they found Mons. Timothy DeMonbreun, also a Frenchman, occupying the place left by Mons. Carleville. The successive occupation of the post by Frenchmen for so long a period gave to the salt lick hard by the name of the French Lick. Mons. DeMonbreun lived here for many years, and died in 1826, at a good old age. His descendants, the Demonbreuns, are still with us, and Demonbreun street was so named in honor of the venerable Timothy.

The first permanent settlement made on the Bluff, now known as Nashville, was in the winter of 1779–80. In the early spring of 1779, a number of adventurers from the Watauga Settlement, in what is now East Tennessee, crossed the Cumberland mountains and pitched their tents near the French Lick, and planted a field of corn where the city of Nashville now stands. These pioneers were Gen. James Robertson, George Freeland, William Neely, Edward Swanson, James Hanly, Mark Robertson, Zachariah White, and William Overhall. A negro man also accompanied them. After the crop was made, Overhall, White, and Swanson were left to keep the buffaloes out of the unenclosed fields of corn, while the rest of the party returned for their families. A large party of immigrants, under the lead of Gen. Robertson, came here in the winter of 1779–80. They left the settlement in the Eastern portion of the State in October, but the inclemency of the weather, and the delay inseparable from traveling through a wilderness without roads, prevented the arrival of these colonists at their point of destination until the beginning of the year 1780. The winter had been intensely cold, and was for many years afterwards remembered and referred to as "the cold winter."* The Cumberland was frozen over, and it continued to freeze for many weeks after the party reached this point. They crossed the river near the mouth of Lick Branch, with their baggage and cattle, on the ice. The immigrants were from North Carolina and Virginia. A small party from South Carolina soon followed. In the spring of 1780, Capt. John Donelson arrived with the families of those who came with Gen. Robertson. Donelson's party came in a flat-boat, from the Watauga Settlement in

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*The winters of the close of the last and the beginning of the present century were much more severe than of late years. Ramsey, on the authority of the *Knoxville Gazette* of Jan. 9, 1797, says: "The winter of 1796–7 is chronicled as the coldest winter ever experienced by the oldest inhabitants. On the evening of the 22d of December, the river was entirely free from ice. On the morning of the 23d, the ice was moving down the river in great quantities; on the 24th, the river was frozen over, and was crossed by horsemen upon the ice. On the 25th, a Christmas dinner was given upon the ice, by the Federal officers at Tellico Blockhouse to a large company of gentlemen and ladies. 'Contiguous to the place of entertainment, two quarters of a bear were barbecued, where the ice was found to be, in thickness, sufficient to bear fire enough to have roasted an ox, without being materially weakened by the heat.'"

what is now upper East Tennessee, by way of the Tennessee, Ohio, and Cumberland rivers. A few rude cabins were built where the city now stands, whilst others were erected in the vicinity. Necessity soon compelled the settlers to erect forts, and the principal one was built on the bank of the river at the foot of Church street, because a large, bold spring gushed out from the bluff at that point. This post was agreed upon as the headquarters of the settlement, and the name of Nashborough was given to it, in honor of Gen. Francis Nash, of North Carolina, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Germantown, in October, 1777. At this fort on the 1st of May, 1780, a compact, or form of constitutional government, was entered into by the settlers for their mutual protection and safety. The meetings of the settlers were styled "the meetings of the Notables," and the government of the "Judges, General Arbiters, and Triers," was established, with power to punish crime, aid the needy, assess fines, regulate military defenses, land entries, etc. There were seven stations in the surrounding country which were represented at Nashborough, making eight in all. The nearest one of these stations was located on the ground occupied by the Horticultural Garden, in the northern part of the city, and was known as Freeland's Station.

Joseph Hay was the first white man killed by the Indians, and he was buried in the open ground East of the Sulphur spring. Soon after Dr. Larimer was killed near Freeland's Station. Solomon Phillips was shot near the present Hume and Fogg school buildings, and died at the fort a few days after. S. Murray and Robert Aspey were killed at the point where Phillips was wounded. Isaac Lafever was shot and killed while fishing near where the present city work-house stands. These were the first scenes of bloodshed at this place among the whites.

In the summer of 1780, Robert Gilkie sickened and died, and was the first man of the white settlements who died a natural death. Philip Conrad was killed by a tree falling on him, near the junction of Cherry and Demonbreun streets, the same summer.

Capt. Leiper was the first man married in the settlement, and his was the first wedding West of the Cumberland mountains. His marriage occurred in the summer of 1780, and the ceremony

was performed by Gen. Robertson, who was at the head of the Government of Notables. No liquors were used on the occasion, but there was a feast and dancing. The great delicacy for the ladies was roasting ears, while the men ate dried meat, buffalo tongues, and venison.

John Rains is entitled to the credit of introducing meat cattle and horses upon the West side of the Cumberland river, and into this section of the State, and his example has not been lost upon his posterity. Rains was a "mighty hunter," and in one winter killed thirty-two bears within seven miles of Nashville, mostly in Harpeth knobs, South of the city.*

The first white male child born in Nashville was Felix Robertson, the sixth child of Gen. James Robertson, whose birth occurred on the 11th of January, 1781. He became a noted physician, was mayor of the city in 1817, 1827, and 1828. He lived to see the village in which he was born grow to a large and prosperous city, and he was held in the highest esteem by the descendants of those who were his playmates in boyhood and a very large circle of acquaintances. His death occurred July 9, 1865.

A treaty was held here in June, 1783, between commissioners from Virginia and Gen. Robertson and the settlers on one side and the Indians on the other, which resulted in a better understanding between the whites and Indians, from which comparative peace was obtained for a short time. The Revolution had closed, and general good feeling prevailed, as life and property seemed to be more secure. North Carolina sent commissioners to look into the pre-emption rights of the settlers, and also to lay off twenty-five thousand acres of land, which the Legislature of that State proposed to give to Gen. Nathaniel Greene for his great services in the war of the Revolution. These commissioners were accompanied by a guard of one hundred soldiers. Several families of immigrants came with them, and valuable additions were thus made to the infant settlement. It is proper to remark, how-

* The abundance of game these early times in what is now Middle Tennessee may be inferred from the fact that Big Jo. Copeland, of Overton county, killed as many as sixty-two grown bears in a single hunting season, and old Jacky France, of the same county, in the intervals of labor, killed one hundred and fifty-six wolves.

ever, that at different times from 1780 to 1790, a portion of those who came here removed to Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and other points in the West; so that the number of permanent settlers was not very large at any time, and some of these were scattered over the surrounding country.

James Montgomery was the first sheriff under the Notables, but being suspected of belonging to "Colbert's Gang," which was engaged in piratical or filibustering operations, he left the settlement, and Thomas Fletcher was elected sheriff by the committee. Andrew Ewin was the first clerk. All the proceedings were dated, "North Carolina, Cumberland District." But the Government of Notables passed away in 1783, when North Carolina spread her motherly wings over the inhabitants of this part of her territory, by issuing commissions to Isaac Bledsoe, Francis Prince, and Isaac Linsay, to organize an Inferior Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions at Nashborough. "This Inferior Court," says Putnam, "was invested with extraordinary powers—not unlike or much inferior to those which the Committee Government or Notables had exercised for years previous. This newly created State tribunal was indeed clothed with legislative, military, and judicial powers, as may be seen by an examination of the acts of Assembly; and to men so well skilled and accustomed to the exercise of such high prerogatives, the continuance of powers and functions under a new name caused no inconvenience." On the 6th of October the members of the court were qualified; and of course elected Andrew Ewin as the Clerk of the Court. He had to give a bond in the sum of £2,000 for the faithful performance of the duties of the office. It is a noteworthy fact that at this term of the Court he added a "g" to his name, which he ever afterwards wrote Ewing. A court-house and jail were at this term of the Court ordered to be erected, to be constructed of hewn logs. The contract for these buildings was let at public outcry, October 14, to the lowest bidder.

The Court was again convened in January, 1784, and there were present four justices who had not attended the previous sessions, to-wit: James Robertson, Thomas Mulloy, Anthony Bledsoe, and David Smith.

By acts of the Legislature of North Carolina, in April and May, 1784, a town was established at the Bluff, called Nashville, and

from July 1st of that year the name of Nashborough was dropped and that of Nashville substituted. The commissioners designated by the act were directed to lay off two hundred acres of land near to but not to include the French Lick, in lots of one acre each, with convenient streets, lanes, and alleys, reserving four acres for public buildings. Those who subscribed for lots were to draw for choice, and were to receive deeds, with the condition that within three years thereafter they should each build a "well-framed, log, brick, or stone house, sixteen feet square at least, and eight feet clear in the pitch." S. Barton, Thomas Mulloy, and James Shaw were the commissioners appointed by North Carolina, and the deeds executed by them are among the first titles recorded in Davidson county. The first survey of the lots was made by Thomas Mulloy (for whom Mulloy street was named) in 1784. The original copy of the survey was lost, and Mulloy made another survey in 1789 for Judge John Overton, a copy of which is now in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society.

A ferry was established by order of the Court across the Cumberland at a point above the mouth of Lick Branch.

Gen. Robertson secured the passage of an act by the Legislature of North Carolina, December 29, 1785, "for the promotion of learning in the county of Davidson," under which Davidson Academy was established. The name was subsequently changed to Davidson College. Its name was again changed, in 1806, to Cumberland College, and was incorporated as the University of Nashville in 1826. In 1855, Montgomery Bell bequeathed to the University a fund of $20,000, which now amounts to nearly $50,000, and endows a grammar school, known as Montgomery Bell Academy. The Medical College, a department of the University, was organized in 1850, and is still in operation in connection with a similar department of Vanderbilt University. In 1875, the collegiate department of the University was suspended, and its grounds, buildings, and funds appropriated to the State Normal College, which is sustained mainly by the Peabody educational fund. The tuition in the Normal College is free to young women and young men alike, who wish to qualify themselves for teachers. Twenty-three acres of land and four large buildings constitute the property of the University, the value of which is estimated at $150,000.

The first physician made his appearance in Nashville in 1785, in the person of Dr. John Sappington, who compounded pills, covering them with mystery and a coat of sugar, known as "Sappington's Pills," and they were regarded as a sort of cure-all and extensively used for many years.

Lardner Clark, "merchant and ordinary keeper," was the first man to open a dry goods store in Nashville, which he did in 1786. His stock of goods came from Philadelphia, and was packed on ten horses through Virginia, East Tennessee, and Kentucky. Mr. Clark's goods consisted of coarse calicoes, unbleached domestic, coarse woolens, etc., and he combined liquor-selling and tavern-keeping with his dry goods operations. Other licensed taverns were opened soon after.

Edward Douglas and Thomas Mulloy were announced to practice law in all the courts of Davidson county. They were men of sound practical sense, and of good business talent, but had never studied law as a science. A few pamphlet copies of laws of North Carolina were all the law-books which were in this section for several years.

In 1787, there were about half a dozen framed and log houses and twenty or thirty log cabins in Nashville. In this year the twenty-six one-acre lots, which had been sold for four pounds, North Carolina currency, each, were taxed one dollar, making a revenue of twenty-six dollars for the public treasury. The first assessment of real estate for taxation occurred in this year.

Among those who subscribed for town lots in Nashville, was one James C. Montflorence, a French spy. To cover his real purpose, he subscribed for town lots, bought and sold tracts of land, gave dinners and wine parties generously, talked politics knowingly, gallanted the ladies, circulated extensively, and flourished grandly. His residence in Europe, and the position he occupied near the American Commissioners; his connection with Gov. Davie, of South Carolina, and his extensive general information and fine conversational powers, made him a welcome guest at the houses of Robertson, Smith, Bledsoe, Menees, Prince, Montgomery, and other distinguished citizens of that day. He was a decided character, and attracted a good deal of attention in this "lodge in the wilderness."

In 1788, the constitution of the United States was voted on by

the citizens of this settlement, and the vote was almost unanimous against it.

Black Bob (a negro) opened a tavern, and for several years kept the most aristocratic hotel in the place.

Andrew Jackson was admitted as an attorney at law, Jan. 12, 1789, and was appointed United States District Attorney by President Washington in 1790.

Gov. Blount appointed John Donelson a justice of the peace for Davidson county in 1790. The population of the Mero District at this period was about 7,000, and the men able to bear arms numbered only 1,000 to 1,200.

The years 1791, '92, and '93 were noted for murders, horse-stealing, etc., by the Indians, and retaliation on the part of the whites. A good crop of corn was raised in 1792, especially by the McGavocks at Freeland's Station, North of the town, and it sold for a handsome price. About fifty whites were killed by Indians in the settlement in 1793, among whom were some of the best citizens.

The first church was erected in Nashville in 1796, on the Public Square, near the court-house, jail, and stocks.* It was known as the Methodist Church, and was torn down in 1807 or 1808. A few business houses and a small brick were put up in 1796; and the first fire occurred this year, which destroyed Williams & Black's store. The building contained many valuable papers, public and private, which were consumed.

In 1796 or '97, Thomas Bailey, an Englishman, reached Nashville from Natchez, on a tour of observation through these Western wilds. In the account he wrote home of Nashville, he mentioned the fact that he saw more wheeled vehicles here than any one would have supposed were to be found in such a new, wild settlement. He said the early settlers were strong-minded as well as strong-bodied, and capable of carrying on a government of their own if need be, and that they were becoming wealthy, and

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*There are now in Nashville and Edgefield forty-four churches, as follows: Methodist 13, Baptist 8, Presbyterian 5, Episcopal 6, Christian 4, Cumberland Presbyterian 2, Catholic 3, Hebrew 1, Lutheran 1, Congregational 1. Eight of these are for colored people, as follows: Methodist 3, Baptist 3, Christian 1, Congregational 1.

were making rapid improvement in education, manners, and dress.

In May, 1797, three young Frenchmen arrived in Nashville, and attracted a good deal of attention, while their presence afforded great joy to old Mons. DeMonbreun. They were brothers, sons of the Duke of Orleans, and the eldest was subsequently known as Louis Phillippe, King of France. They came by way of Knoxville, Tellico, Fort Grainger, etc., and left here in a canoe, proceeding down the Cumberland, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers to the French settlements in Louisiana.

The first newspaper published in Nashville* was established in 1797, by a printer from Kentucky named Henkle, and was called the *Tennessee Gazette and Mero District Advertiser*. The following year he sold the paper to Benjamin J. Bradford, who changed the name to *The Clarion*, and soon after sold it to his cousin, Thomas G. Bradford. *The Clarion* was afterward enlarged and called the *Clarion and Tennessee Gazette*. In 1805 another paper was established here, called the *Impartial Review and Cumberland Repository*. It is thus seen that the newspaper press kept pace with the advance of civilization in that early period just as it has in later years.

In 1801 the town was placed under the government of an Intendent and six Commissioners, and a law was passed by the Legislature at Knoxville authorizing them to levy a tax to build a market-house. Water street was laid off and opened this year.

In 1804 the population of Nashville was about four hundred. The Legislature authorized the authorities to sink a well on the Public Square, and also to draw a lottery to aid in the extension of the north-eastern boundary of the lots on Water street to the Cumberland river.

Aaron Burr arrived in Nashville May 29, 1805, and was the

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*November 5, 1791, is signalized in the Annals of Tennessee as the day on which the first newspaper was issued within the borders of the State. The pioneer printer, publisher, and editor, in Tennessee, was George Roulstone. He established his press first at Rogersville, in Hawkins county, which thus claims the credit and distinction of the nativity of the newspaper press of the State. Though at first published at Rogersville, Mr. Roulstone's paper was called the *Knoxville Gazette*, as it was intended to be issued at Knoxville, where Gov. Blount had determined to fix the seat of government. In February of the next year Knoxville was laid off, and the *Gazette* removed to that place soon after.

guest of Gen. Jackson. A public dinner was given him, and he was caressed and toasted by every one. He came again August 16, the same year, and had great honor and attention paid him, and was again the guest of Gen. Jackson. But when his scheme began to be developed, his name became odious, and he was burnt in effigy by the citizens in the fall of 1806.

In 1806 the town was incorporated, with a mayor and six aldermen. Joseph Coleman was the first mayor.

In 1810 the population of the town was about 1,100. The Legislature assembled here this year for the first time. It subsequently met in Murfreesboro, Kingston, and Knoxville, until its final location in Nashville.

In 1811 and 1812 a great many men volunteered for the war against Great Britain. Thomas G. Bradford printed, in 1812, a book entitled "The Military Instructor," containing Baron Steuben's tactics, which was the first book printed in Nashville, and probably in Tennessee. Four years afterward "Clark's Miscellany, in Prose and Verse," was printed here.

In 1813 the celebrated fight between Gen. Jackson and Hays on one side, and Thomas and Jessee Benton on the other, took place at the City Hotel, which stood on the site of the "City Hotel Block," on the East side of the Public Square.

The volunteers from this section who served in the Creek war returned in May, 1814, and a public dinner was given them at the Bell Tavern. Felix Grundy delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by Gen. Jackson on behalf of the volunteers.

Gen. James Robertson, the old pioneer and founder of Nashville, died at the Chickasaw Agency, Sept. 1, 1814. "This father of Tennessee; this founder of the settlements on the Watauga and Cumberland; this most successful negotiator between his countrymen and their Indian neighbors; this citizen, who so well united the character of the patriot and the patriarch, continued to the close of his useful life an active friend of his country, and possessed, in an eminent degree, the confidence, esteem, and veneration of all his contemporaries; and his memory and services to the Western settlements, in peace and in war, are recollected with grateful regard by the present generation."

The Nashville Female Academy was incorporated in 1816, and

had a successful career from that time until 1861, when it was closed on account of the disturbed condition of the country growing out of our civil war. Thousands of the best ladies of the South were graduates of this institution.

In the spring of 1818 the people hailed the arrival of the first steamboat, which was named "General Jackson." This boat was built at Pittsburgh for Gov. Wm. Carroll. He subsequently sold it to Messrs. Fletcher, Young & Marr, for $33,000. Freight from here to New Orleans was then five cents per hundred pounds. In the course of two or three years the steamboat business increased considerably, wharves were built, and commission and forwarding houses were opened. The pioneer boat was snagged and sunk in Harpeth Shoals June 20, 1821. The steamers "General Robertson," "Rifleman," "James Ross," "Fayette," and "Feliciana," were running the river in 1821. The last named boat exploded near Eddyville, May 3, 1821, by which six or seven lives were lost.

President Monroe arrived in Nashville June 6, 1819, and was the guest of Gen. Jackson, at the Hermitage, as was also Maj. Gen. Edmund P. Gaines at that time. The President came to town on the 9th, in company with Jackson and Gaines, and a large company of citizens and military met them on College Hill, where addresses of welcome were delivered by Wilkins Tannehill, Esq., on the part of the Masonic fraternity, and by Col. Williamson on the part of the military. He was then escorted to the residence of Col. Ephraim H. Foster, Mayor of the city, where Hon. John H. Eaton welcomed the distinguished guest to the city of Nashville. Mr. Monroe made appropriate replies to these addresses. A public dinner was given him, and a ball at night. Mr. Monroe took his departure on the 11th, through Kentucky, and was accompanied by Gen. Jackson as far as Col. Richard M. Johnson's, in that State.

The financial panic of 1819–20 caused the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Nashville to suspend specie payment on the 18th of June, 1819, which example was followed by the Nashville Bank on the 22d, and the Bank of the State of Tennessee on the 29th. These financial troubles continued, and to such an extent that Gov. McMinn convened the Legislature in extraordinary session at Murfreesboro, then the seat of government, in

1820, and one of the acts of that body was to charter the Bank of the State of Tennessee, with a capital of one million dollars, and to have a branch at Knoxville. The bank went into operation Oct. 14, 1820, but it met with considerable opposition, its opponents declaring that it was a swindling concern. A twenty-dollar note of the bank was put up at auction in the town of Carthage, to be sold for silver, and was knocked down at five per cent premium—some ardent friend of the bank probably being the purchaser. The bank outlived all this opposition.

The store of Thomas Deaderick (for whom Deaderick street was named) was robbed of several thousand dollars' worth of goods in May, 1820. The steamboat "Rifleman" arrived at this port May 15, having made the trip from New Orleans in thirty days, which was then considered fast time.

A substantial bridge was built across the river from the northeast corner of the Public Square to the Gallatin turnpike in 1822, at a cost of $85,000. It was taken down in 1855 because it obstructed navigation. It is said to have been the best bridge that ever spanned the Cumberland. The same year the City Cemetery, on South Cherry street, was opened for interments. The sulphur spring bottom had been previously used as a burying ground. The population of Nashville in 1823 was 3,460.

In 1825 there were from fifteen to twenty steamboats running from Nashville to New Orleans, and points on the Ohio river as far up as Pittsburgh. During this year over one million dollars' worth of cotton was exported from this place.

Gen. LaFayette, son and suite, arrived here on the 4th of May, 1825, and were received with the greatest demonstrations of joy. An immense procession was formed, the streets were decorated with arches of evergreens, and patriotic mottoes were inscribed upon them. The General landed on the grounds of Maj. Wm. B. Lewis, above the water works, where Gen. Jackson and a number of citizens received him, and Gov. Carroll addressed him in behalf of the State, tendering him a welcome to Tennessee. The procession, with the military, escorted him into the city, where Robert B. Currey, Esq., the Mayor, addressed him in behalf of the city, and tendered him its freedom and hospitality. The joy of the people knew no bounds, and Gen. LaFayette ever after spoke of his reception at Nashville as one of the most pleas-

ant events of his life. He was taken to the residence of Dr. Boyd McNairy, who threw open his doors to the distinguished visitor and his suite. The next day the General went to the Masonic Hall, where he received the ladies of Nashville in that polite and cordial manner for which he was remarkable. A public dinner was given him at the Nashville Inn, at which Gen. Jackson acted as President, assisted by George W. Campbell, Henry M. Rutledge, John Somerville, and Felix Grundy, as Vice Presidents. Our old friend Timothy DeMonbreun was at this dinner, and was toasted by Col. Andrew Hynes, as the patriarch of Tennessee, and the first white man that settled in the country. Gen. LaFayette visited the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, the Royal Arch Chapter, and the Masonic fraternity generally, and was welcomed by Wilkins Tannehill, Esq., as a friend and a brother. A collation was furnished on the occasion, and all hands had a "good time" generally. Before his departure, the General called on Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Littlefield (the daughter of his old companion and friend, Gen. Green, of Revolutionary memory), Gov. Carroll, Rev. Dr. Philip Lindsley, and others.

The city was divided into six wards in 1826.

The Branch Bank of the United States was established here in 1827, and did business in a little brick building on the Northwest corner of the Public Square, where the Hicks Block now stands.

In 1829–30 our physicians commenced using quinine in fevers, and Dr. Felix Robertson is credited with introducing it here.

The population of Nashville in 1830 was 5,566, of which 1,108 were slaves, and 204 free negroes.

The city developed wonderfully in business and progress generally in 1830–31–32, and part of 1833—checked then by the first visit of cholera to Nashville.

Christ Church, corner of Church and High streets, was built in 1831–2, at a cost of only $16,000. The old McKendree Church was built in 1832–3, and was dedicated the last Sunday in 1833, by the venerable Bishop McKendree, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Douglass, McMahon, and Maddin. This building was taken down in 1877, and the present magnificent structure erected upon the old site. The Presbyterian Church had no regular pastor till 1821, although Dr. Blackburn organized a

Church in 1813. Dr. Campbell was pastor from 1821 to 1826, when Rev. Dr. O. Jennings took charge. He died in 1831, and the Church was without a pastor until Dec. 25, 1833, when Rev. Dr. John T. Edgar was installed, and served the congregation for nearly twenty-eight years. A Baptist Association was formed here in 1820, but a division took place in 1825, those holding to the regular Baptist faith giving up their house and worshipping in the Masonic Hall, until Rev. Dr. R. B. C. Howell became the pastor, by whose efforts the present handsome edifice on Summer street was erected in 1837. Dr. Howell occupied the position of pastor over a quarter of a century. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church was dedicated in May, 1832, and was ready for the reception of the General Assembly, which convened here that year. The first Catholic Church, on the North side of Capitol Square, was built in 1830–31.

The penitentiary was built by the State in 1830–31.

The establishment of the water-works was decided upon by the Board of Aldermen in 1831, and the work was soon commenced. It was completed in 1833, and began to furnish a supply of water on the first day of October of that year. The introduction of water into the city was made the occasion of a grand demonstration; a cannon was fired and a procession of citizens marched through the streets. The cost of the water-works, pipes, fire-plugs, etc., to the city, exceeds one million dollars. There are two hundred and eighty fire-plugs in the city, and nearly fifty miles of pipe laid in the streets. The average consumption of water in the city amounts to two million gallons for every day in the year.

The steamboat "Lady Jackson," of two hundred tons burthen, was built at our lower wharf, and launched August 4, 1832.

The highest state of political excitement existed here in 1832, on the subject of nullification. Mr. Calhoun's position, backed by the State of South Carolina, where secession was openly avowed, created an excitement in Tennessee, as well as throughout the Union, seldom equaled. A great union meeting was held here on the 29th of December, 1832. Hon. Ephraim H. Foster called the meeting to order and nominated Gov. William Carroll as chairman, which met the unanimous consent of the meeting. John P. Erwin and Allen A. Hall were appointed secretaries.

Dr. Samuel Hogg offered the preamble and resolutions, strong and to the point, which were enthusiastically adopted, after speeches by William G. Hunt, O. B. Hayes, and others.

The Union Bank of Tennessee was chartered in 1832, and went into operation in 1833. The Planter's Bank was chartered in 1833, and went into operation in 1834. The Tennessee Marine and Fire Insurance Company was chartered by the Legislature in 1833, and its capital stock subscribed in twenty minutes—no person being allowed to subscribe over $5,000 of stock in his own name.

Duncan Robertson, who came to Nashville in 1806, died May 1, 1833, aged sixty-three years. He was, perhaps, the most generous, philanthropic, and benevolent man that ever lived here. The citizens erected a monument over his grave, from which we copy this sentence from a lengthy inscription: "In the dungeon of the forsaken prisoner, at the bedside of the wretched and friendless, and in the abode of poverty and distress, was he almost constantly found. In imitation of his Divine Master, he literally 'went about doing good.'" The Robertson Association, which has done so much for the relief of the poor and afflicted, was so named in honor of this good man.

The old Lunatic Asylum was built in 1833–4 on the Granny White turnpike, South of Vauxhall Garden. In those days Vauxhall Garden was a place of fashionable resort, wherein were held political meetings, social gatherings, public dinners, etc.

The people of Tennessee having, by vote, decided to call a convention to revise the constitution of the State, the delegates elected to that body met in this city May 19, 1834—Francis B. Fogg and Robert Weakley being the delegates from Davidson county. While the convention was in session, Gen. Jackson visited the city, and accepted a public dinner which was tendered him. A good deal of partisan feeling was exhibited at this meeting, the exciting question being "Bank or no Bank."

Our townsman, William B. Cooper, the artist, painted the portrait of Hon. John McLean, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, who was holding court here at the time.

The steamer "John Randolph" was burnt at our wharf on the 16th of March, 1836. by which three lives were lost, all slaves, one of whom was a pilot, and he remained at his post until the rope was burnt and the boat became unmanageable. The "Randolph" took fire before landing, the flames spread rapidly, but the boat touched the wharf, and afterwards swung out into the stream, and burnt to the water's edge, in sight of nearly the entire population of the city. The amount of freight lost was valued at over $200,000.

Gen. Armstrong's brigade of Tennessee volunteers met an enthusiastic welcome on its return from the Florida campaign, February 4, 1837.

The House of Industry, for girls and women, was established in 1837. About this time (date unknown), the Sisters of Charity founded their hospital.

The financial revulsion of 1837, caused a suspension of specie payments by our banks, and a considerable depreciation in the prices of real estate. A number of citizens left the city and State, a few for the Northwestern States, but the larger number for Texas, which was then the "grand attraction" for everybody in the country who was dissatisfied with his home. Nashville suffered considerably this year in wealth and population. A majority of those who moved were in debt, some of them hopelessly insolvent, while a few desired to better their condition.

Hon. John Catron received his appointment from President Jackson as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1837.

The Hon. Hugh Lawson White died at Knoxville, April 10, 1840, and a public meeting was held here on the 15th of that month to testify the respect of the people of Nashville for his memory. He had been Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, Senator in Congress, and had received the electoral vote of the State for President in 1836.

Soon after the terribly destructive tornado at Natchez in May, 1840, the citizens made contributions to the sufferers to the amount of $1,500.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows made their first public parade in Nashville, June 1, 1840.

The great Whig Convention was held here on the 17th of August, 1840. Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, and other distinguished gentlemen were present. During the summer and fall the "Harrison Guards," the "Nashville Blues," and the "Straight-outs," politico-military companies, took an active part in the campaign of that year.

Hon. Felix Grundy died at his residence in this city, December 19, 1840. He had occupied various positions of honor and trust —was United States Senator from this State, and Attorney General of the United States during Mr. Van Buren's administration. He was noted as the best criminal lawyer in the South. Out of one hundred and sixty-five persons whom he defended, charged with capital offenses, only one was finally condemned and executed. His practice extended to several States. He was buried with Masonic honors, and an immense concourse of citizens followed his remains to the tomb.

In 1840 the Mayor's Court, which had been established in 1836, was abolished by act of the Legislature.

A series of popular lectures was delivered in Masonic Hall in the winter of 1840–41, under the auspices of a library society then in existence. The Rev. Dr. Philip Lindsley, Rev. Dr. R. B. C. Howell, Prof. Gerard Troost, Dr. Thomas R. Jennings, Prof. Nathaniel Cross, Prof. J. Hamilton, Rev. Dr. John T. Edgar, Hon. Abram P. Maury, and others, were the lecturers, and the course was remarkably successful.

A large public meeting was held in April, 1841, in relation to the death of President Harrison. C. C. Trabue was chairman and Andrew Ewing was secretary. Thomas Washington reported the resolutions. Funeral honors were performed by the "Harrison Guards," Capt. R. C. McNairy, and the citizens generally.

Ex-Gov. Newton Cannon died in 1841, and his death was announced in appropriate terms in the United States Court by R. J. Meigs, Esq., and in the Circuit Court for Davidson county by Thomas Washington, Esq., and a meeting of citizens was held and appropriate resolutions adopted. The Legislature adjourned to attend the funeral, which was conducted with Masonic honors at the McKendree Church. The remains were taken to Williamson county for interment.

A public dinner was given to James K. Polk, then Governor

of the State, at the Nashville Inn, in 1841, at which a number of speeches were made. The Mechanics' Library Association was organized this year. Mr. Clayton made a successful balloon ascension, Nov. 13, 1841.

The first daguerreotype likenesses taken in this city were by an artist named Moore, who stopped at the Union Hall, on Market street, nearly opposite Union, in 1841, and he had quite a run of custom for a short time.

The Morus Multicaulis excitement raged in this section in 1840, '41, and '42; and a silk manufacturing company was organized here, but subsequently failed.

The bankrupt law went into operation in the spring of 1842, and the first day of the spring term of the United States District Court thirty cases were disposed of, and as many persons adjudged bankrupts.

The Criminal Court of Davidson county went into operation in 1842, with Wm. K. Turner as Judge, who had been elected in February of that year.

Ex-President Van Buren arrived here April 25, 1842, on the steamer "Nashville," and the next day, in company with his traveling companion, James K. Paulding, went out to the Hermitage to visit Gen. Jackson. They all came into the city two days afterwards, and were escorted to the Nashville Inn by the Nashville Blues and a procession of citizens. A public dinner was tendered to the ex-President, which he declined. Mr. Van Buren went from here to Columbia to visit Gov. Polk, after which he returned and set out for Lexington, Ky., to pay a visit to Henry Clay.

The banks, which had suspended specie payments in 1837, resumed in August, 1843.

A shock of an earthquake was felt here Wednesday night, January 4, 1843, and another on the night of the 16th.

Three men, Payne, Carroll, and Kirby, were hanged on the commons South of the city (now in the eighth ward), February 10, 1843, for the crime of murder. Payne was convicted in Franklin county, Carroll in Sumner, and Kirby in White.

Several gentlemen of distinction were here in the spring of 1843; among them Maj. Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, who stopped at the City Hotel; Gen. Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, who

accepted the hospitalities of his old friend, Col. R. H. McEwen; Hon. Alex. Porter, United States Senator from Louisiana, who stopped with his friend, Maj. Alex. Allison. F. P. Blair was on a visit to Gen. Jackson at the Hermitage at the same time. Generals Gaines and Patterson reviewed the military (the "Guards" and "Blues"), and then went out to Belle Meade as the guest of Gen. W. G. Harding.

The steamer "Nashville" made the trip from New Orleans to Nashville in May, 1843, in six days and thirteen hours. The "Talleyrand" made the trip a short time afterwards in five days and twenty-three hours. Then in June the "Nashville" put forth all her energies and made the upward trip in five days and nineteen hours. In 1820, thirty days was considered quick time for a steamboat from New Orleans to Nashville.

The fourth of July of this year (1843), was celebrated with unusual animation; and among other modes, the military had an encampment from the first to the fifth, and invited the military of neighboring towns to participate. The Clarksville and Franklin companies accepted the invitation. The encampment, which was at Walnut Grove, Northwest of the city, was named Camp Gaines.

Marshal Bertrand, of France, arrived here September 29, 1843. He was accompanied by his son, Napoleon Bertrand, and his aid, M. Mansoe. After visiting the Hermitage, the party partook of the hospitalities of Judge Catron. They returned the visits of Gov. Jones, Gen. Carroll, Gen. Armstrong, and C. C. Norvell, editor of the *Nashville Whig*.

The constitution of 1834 provided that the seat of government should be permanently fixed during the first week of the session of the Legislature of 1843. That body convened Monday, Oct. 1, and on Thursday following the Senate voted to locate the seat of government at Kingston, Roane county, and the House of Representatives voted to fix it at Murfreesboro. But finally, on Saturday, Oct. 7, the city of Nashville was agreed upon by both houses, and became the seat of government. The corporation of Nashville bought Campbell's Hill, at a cost of $30,000, which was donated to the State upon which to erect a capitol building, and constitutes the present magnificent capitol grounds. An interesting anecdote is told in connection with this property. Many

years previous Judge Campbell had sold a cow and calf to a neighbor, who subsequently, determining to remove from the country, notified his creditor that a rifle gun and that cedar hill was all he had to give for the debt he owed. The Judge accepted the property, thinking that the sum he might be able to sell the gun for would be all he would realize for his cow and calf. Besides the $30,000 received from the city, he sold portions of the hill and retained the lot upon which his residence was built, opposite the South front of the capitol.

Maj. Henry M. Rutledge, only son of Hon. Edward Rutledge, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. Francis B. Fogg, January 20, 1844. The Legislature, and all the courts of law then in session, adjourned and participated in the funeral obsequies. Thomas Crutcher, who had been a citizen here for half a century, died on the 8th of March, 1844, and had the largest funeral procession that had ever been seen in Nashville. He was a benevolent, good man, the best friend the Nashville Female Academy ever had, and in life had occupied several positions of trust and honor. Wm. McNeill, who had been a resident here for more than half a century, died on the 21st of the same month; and on the next day Gen. Wm. Carroll expired. He had lived here thirty-four years, twelve of which he was Governor of the State. His military services are well known to the country. The death of these old and esteemed citizens, following so closely one upon another, caused a profound sensation among our people, and the writer well remembers that the morning after the death of Gov. Carroll, he went to Capital Hill at daylight, for purposes of meditation, where he was soon joined by the venerable Robert Farquharson (himself an old resident), who spoke feelingly of the rapidity of death's doings, and lamented the departure of friends who had been so long familiar to himself and the people of the city. He mentioned many, many changes on these streets since he first came here, and remarked that "you young men will see greater changes than these in half the time, but whether for the better or not is doubtful." The conversation, though brief, made a strong impression. On the 6th of April, the mortal remains of Senator Porter, of Louisiana, arrived here for interment among his relatives.

The Institution for the Instruction of the Blind went into operation early in 1844, the Rev. Dr. Edgar, the Rev. Dr. Howell, and the Rev. John T. Wheat acting as trustees under an appointment from the Governor.

The corner-stone of the Second Presbyterian Church was laid April 25, 1844.

The Presidential campaign of 1844 was characterized by an excitement little less than that prevailing in 1840. Large meetings, by both political parties, were held, and most of the distinguished political speakers in the United States were here at one time or another during the campaign.

The steamer "Belle of Clarksville," a Nashville boat, was sunk in December, 1844, by which thirty-three lives were lost, principally deck hands. The accident occurred near Old Town landing, on the Mississippi river. For several years the merchants and business men of Nashville owned the largest and finest boats that floated on the bosom of the Mississippi.

Hon. Thomas H. Fletcher, who had lived here from 1809, died of appoplexy, alone in his office, on Sunday, January 12, 1845. He was a successful lawyer and an able writer.

Col. Robert Weakley, who had occupied many posts of favor in military and civil life, and who had arrived here before a single house had been built, died at his residence in this county February 3, 1845.

In April, 1845, our citizens contributed nearly $1,200 for the relief of the sufferers by the great fire at Pittsburgh.

Louis Philippe, King of France, sent the artist Healy to paint the portrait of Gen. Andrew Jackson. The portrait was completed in May, 1845.

Gen. Andrew Jackson died on Sunday evening, the 8th of June, 1845, and various meetings were held on the subject. Gen. Sam. Houston, of Texas, arrived here the same day, but reached the Hermitage after the death of his distinguished and life-long friend. His funeral was attended by an immense number of people.

The corner-stone of the capitol was laid, with imposing Masonic ceremonies, on the 4th of July, 1845. Hon. Edwin H. Ewing was the orator on the interesting occasion. Wm. Strickland was the architect. The Board of Commissioners, of which

our fellow-citizen, Samuel D. Morgan, was chairman, and who devoted a great deal of time personally to the work and the purchase of material for its execution, received the appropriations made by the State, from time to time, and faithfully accounted for every cent expended. The State required no security or bond from her commissioners, and no thought of dishonesty, mismanagement, or negligent waste was entertained on either side. Col. Morgan yet has possession of the books containing an account of the expenditures for the entire work. The building is a parallelogram, 138 by 238 feet, with an elevation of 74 feet 8 inches above the ground. It has four fronts, each side graced with noble porticoes, supported by twenty-eight Ionic columns in all, four feet in diameter, thirty-three feet high. The house contains a large chamber for the use of the House of Representatives, another chamber for the Senate, rooms for the valuable State library (in one of which are the curiosities, relics, and papers of the Historical Society of Tennessee), rooms for all the State officials, committee rooms, and in the basement the State arsenal. The entire height of the building, from the ground to the top of the tower, is two hundred and six feet five inches. Cost, something over one million of dollars. The architect, Mr. Strickland, died on the 7th of April, 1854, and his funeral services were held in the hall of the House of Representatives. He was entombed in a recess in the north east corner of the building, left by himself for that purpose. He lived to see his work nearly completed. The last stone of the tower was laid on the 21st of July, 1855, and the last stone of the lower terrace on March 19, 1859. The Legislature met in the capitol the first Monday in October, 1855. Previous to that time the sessions of that body had been held in the court-house. Work has been going on either on the building or the grounds, to a greater or less extent, nearly ever since. The entire work, with the adornment and arrangement of grounds, fencing, walls, gateways, etc., is now about completed, and presents a beautiful and tasteful appearance, with one of the most commanding views, from the tower as well as the rooms, that can be found in the United States. Want of space prevents a more detailed notice of this great work of art—the pride of every Tennesseean.

Gen. Robert Armstrong, who had been postmaster here from

1829, continuously, resigned that position in 1845, having been appointed Consul to Liverpool by President Polk.*

The progress of the city in buildings and improvements was marked and general in 1845. About one hundred houses were erected, including two churches and one hotel.

John Somerville, who came to Nashville in 1799, and who had occupied various positions in the banks of the city, and especially as cashier of the Union Bank, died in April, 1846.

The war with Mexico commenced in 1846, and the "Nashville Blues," "Harrison Guards," and "Texas Volunteers," promptly tendered their services to the Governor, in response to the call by the President for volunteers from this State. The "Guards" had previously disbanded, but Capt. R. C. Foster, 3d, reorganized his company in an hour, and immediately reported to the Governor for duty. Military companies all over the State did the same thing, and it soon became apparent that not the half of those offering their services would be needed to fill up the quota from Tennessee, as the call from the War Department at Washington was for only fifty thousand men in the whole Union. In Nashville, the "Harrison Guards" and "Nashville Blues" considered themselves highly favored on being accepted. These companies embraced some of the noblest young men of the city. Gen. B. F. Cheatham was Captain of the "Blues." They were mustered into service on the 28th of May, their services having been tendered ten days previously. Twelve companies assembled here, and effected the organization of the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. Gen. Wm. B. Campbell, of Smith county was elected Colonel; Gen. Samuel R. Anderson, of Sumner county, Lieutenant-Colonel; and R. B. Alexander, of Sumner, and Maj. Farquharson, of Lincoln, first and second Majors.

* It has passed from the memory of the oldest inhabitant who was the first postmaster at this place. Robert B. Currey was appointed by President Jefferson in 1801, and held the office for twenty-four years. In 1825, John Quincy Adams appointed John P. Erwin. In 1829, Gen. Jackson appointed Gen. Robert Armstrong, who retained the office for sixteen years. In 1845, Col. L. P. Cheatham was appointed by President Polk. In 1849, Dr. John Shelby was appointed by Gen. Taylor. In 1853, Gen. Samuel R. Anderson was appointed by President Pierce, and held the office eight years. In 1861, President Lincoln appointed W. D. McNish (and he was subsequently appointed by Jeff. Davis under Confederate rule), who held the office until the evacuation of Nashville by the Confederates in February, 1862.

The senior class of the Nashville Female Academy presented a splendid flag to the regiment, in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens in front of the Academy. The principal of the institution, Rev. Dr. C. D. Elliott, made an address on behalf of the senior class, after which Miss Laura M. Taylor presented the flag, accompanied by an address; to which Gen. Campbell responded on behalf of the volunteers. This flag went through the war, was the first American flag hoisted as a signal of victory on the heights of Monterey, came back after the war, having been riddled with the bullets of the enemy, and was returned as a trophy of the war to the Female Academy. Some years subsequent Rev. Dr. Elliott presented this flag to the Historical Society of Tennessee, in the presence of an immense assemblage at Watkins' Grove, and it is now in the possession of that society, among its relics in the capitol. The first regiment fought so bravely and sustained such heavy losses in battle, that it has ever since been known as the "Bloody First." The survivors of this regiment returned in June, 1847.

Maj. Joseph Norvell, who founded the *Nashville Whig* in 1812 (in connection with his brother Moses Norvell), and who was for several years City Treasurer, and also Past Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Tennessee, died January 7, 1847.

A meeting for the relief of the starving people of Ireland, was held in the spring of 1847, and upwards of $3,600 was contributed for that purpose.

A freshet occurred in March, 1847, and another in December of the same year, which caused a great deal of suffering among the poor who lived in the lower portions of the city which were inundated. A great freshet occurred here in 1808, and another in 1826. A vast amount of wood, fencing, and produce was swept away by that of 1826. There was another great freshet in 1842, which did considerable damage. The freshet of March, 1847, was two feet higher than that of 1842, and five feet three inches lower than that of 1826. The freshet of December, 1847, was the greatest that had occurred here since the settlement of the country by white men. The river rose that time fifty feet above low-water mark, and was twenty inches higher than in the freshet of 1826. The water commenced rising on the 17th, and continued to rise for upwards of a week, the weather being cold

and snow falling alternately with rain. The water extended a considerable distance into Broad street, the front lower floor of the warehouse on the south-east corner of Broad and Market streets being ten inches under water. It was during this freshet that a steamboat, in ascending the river, passed over the Gallatin pike beyond the old bridge. After the river commenced falling three men, in attempting to pass over what is now Edgefield, were washed on the pike fully a hundred yards from the bridge, and two of them were drowned. An immense quantity of corn along the Cumberland bottoms was swept away, together with stock, fences, and out-houses. When it is stated that more than one hundred families in Nashville were compelled to leave their homes and seek refuge wherever it was to be found, some idea may be formed of the suffering resulting from this memorable freshet. There was a high rise in the river in February, 1862, immediately succeeding the fall of Fort Donelson, which enabled the largest class of boats navigating the Ohio to come up here in safety with troops to occupy Nashville.

The corner-stone of Odd Fellows' Hall (now the Olympic Theatre) was laid with imposing ceremonies June 1, 1847.

The year 1847 was noted for an unusually large number of incendiary fires, and the firemen were kept almost constantly on duty during the spring and fall.

On the 12th of October, 1847, a powder magazine, situated West of Capitol Hill, was struck by lightning and exploded, by which four persons were killed and twenty wounded. Fifty houses were demolished, or rendered unfit for use, and the destruction of window glass in the city and in the suburbs was immense.

The first telegraphic dispatch received in Tennessee was in March, 1848, on Henry O'Reilly's line from Louisville to Nashville, and Mr. O'Reilly sent his compliments to the people of Tennessee, among the first dispatches.

On the 14th of September, 1848, the First Presbyterian Church was a second time destroyed by fire, on the site of the present large and elegant church edifice. The corner-stone of the present edifice was laid April 28, 1849.

The Tennessee Historical Society was re-organized in May,

1849; Prof. N. Cross, President, and Col. A. W. Putnam, Vice President.

The Hon. James K. Polk, tenth President of the United States, died at his residence in this city on the 15th of June, 1849, and was placed in a vault at the Cemetery with Masonic honors. The cholera prevailed here at the time, but nevertheless a very large assemblage attended to pay a tribute of respect to their distinguished deceased fellow-citizen. On the 22d of May, 1850, his remains were deposited in the elegant mausoleum prepared for the purpose, on his own grounds, on the eastern front of Polk Place, with solemn and impressive ceremonies. The Masonic fraternity, Governor and staff, Mayor and City Council, Fire Department, Judges of Courts and members of the bar, and an immense number of citizens, attended in procession. Minute guns were fired, and at the tomb the Rev. John B. McFerrin offered an impressive prayer, an original dirge was sung, an appropriate discourse delivered by Rt. Rev. Bishop Otey, and the Masonic funeral rites performed, conducted by Charles A. Fuller. Every demonstration possible was made to testify to the public grief.

The Nashville Gas Light Company was chartered November 14, 1849, and the city was lighted by gas on the night of February 13, 1851. The city has now over six hundred lamps to light the streets.

The steamer "James Dick" was burned May 7, 1850.

May 22, 1850, the first wire was stretched across the river for the present suspension bridge, and on the 28th of June the first horse and buggy crossed over. The bridge was soon afterwards completed. The architect was Col. A. Heiman, of this city, and the contractor was M. D. Field, brother of Cyrus W. Field, who superintended the laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable.

The Southern Convention met on the 3d of June, 1850, and was in session eight days.

The Adelphi Theatre was opened July 1, 1850, under the management of John Green.

On the 15th of August, the celebrated geologist and mineralogist, Dr. Gerard Troost, died, universally respected in this country and in Europe for his great attainments in geology. His collection of specimens amounted to over twenty thousand in num-

ber, and some years after his death was sold to an institution in Louisville.

The first Hoe power printing press was introduced by B. R. McKennie, publisher of the *Nashville Whig*, in 1845. The first cylinder Hoe printing press was by the *Christian Advocate* office, in 1850.

Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, gave two concerts and a matinee, March 31 and April 2, 1851, under the management of P. T. Barnum. Such a musical treat had never been experienced here, and none since. Immense preparations had been made to pack people into the Adelphi by building new galleries and utilizing space generally. Choice seats were sold at auction, the highest bringing $200. Tickets $6, standing room $3, etc. The house was packed to overflowing, and every one seemed wild with enthusiasm. Her singing was the best ever heard in Nashville.

The first passenger train on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad was run out as far as Antioch April 13, 1851, and the first through train to Chattanooga January 18, 1853. This road was chartered in 1845, and some of the oldest and ablest citizens of Nashville labored zealously to secure its construction. Among those foremost in the work, were Dr. James Overton, John M. Bass, John M. Hill, Francis B. Fogg, Andrew Ewing, A. O. P. Nicholson, V. K. Stevenson, John Bell, Willoughby Williams, Wm. Nichol, S. D. Morgan, Joseph T. Elliston, and Dr. John Shelby. The press also gave a wonderful impetus to the enterprise. But the city and country are chiefly indebted for the successful and speedy construction of this important work to the untiring energy of its President, Col. V. K. Stevenson. He aroused by his ingenious eloquence the people along the line of the road to the great necessity of this improvement. He pushed the work forward with unusual vigor, and by the close of the fifth year from the commencement of work on the road had it completed. The road now runs to Chattanooga, South, and to Hickman, Ky., Northwest, the company having leased the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad.

On April 22, 1851, the corner-stone of the first public school was laid in South Nashville, with Masonic rites, conducted by the venerable Wilkins Tannehill.

A post office was established in South Nashville April 26, 1851, W. W. Parks, Postmaster. South Nashville had a separate corporate existence for several years, but finally united with the old city, 16th July, 1854, by a popular vote.

The old bridge fell at 6 o'clock, November 14, just after the workmen who were tearing it down had left off work.

A coal famine existed from January 1st to the 16th, in 1852.

The fire bell, weighing 2,100 pounds, was hung in the courthouse March 16. On the 28th of July impressive funeral obsequies, in honor of Henry Clay, were held; Col. Ephraim H. Foster was the orator of the day. The demonstration was unusually large, and the ceremonies impressive.

The fight (really a private duel) between John L. Marling, editor of the *Union*, and Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, editor of the *Banner*, took place on the 20th of August, 1852. The first named gentleman was seriously wounded, the latter slightly.

The Presidential campaign of 1852 was very spirited, and party excitement ran high. Processions, the marching of military campaign companies, etc., were constantly going on, and a number of street fights occurred. One man was killed. After the election, a large torchlight procession moved through the streets, in honor of the election of Gen. Pierce.

In 1850–51, a few citizens agitated the question of establishing a system of genteel and elevated free schools, which finally aroused the Board of Aldermen, who, in the spring of 1852, selected Alfred Hume, long an eminent private teacher in Nashville, to visit various cities in which public schools were in operation, to see how they worked. He did so, and made a report to the Aldermen and the public on the 26th of August. The city then bought the lot on the corner of Spruce and Broad streets, to erect a building. The corner-stone was laid on the 19th of May, 1853, Dr. W. K. Bowling being the orator of the day. The house then and now known as the Hume building, was completed in 1854, and formally opened for pupils on the 26th of February, 1855. M. H. Howard, Esq., long a resident here, but now living in New York city, gave the lot on which the Hynes' building now stands, in 1859. The lot on which the Howard building now stands was purchased with the proceeds of the sale of lots donated to the city by Col. Andrew Hynes. The Hon. John

Trimble donated the lot on which is erected the Trimble School building. The city now has eight school houses, with an average attendance of nearly three thousand. Joshua F. Pearl was the first Superintendent; S. Y. Caldwell is the present Superintendent. Both were very happy selections. There are not over five hundred scholars in Nashville that attend other than the public schools—so well conducted and popular are they in every characteristic that makes up a good school. They are maintained by taxation, at a cost of $55,000 to $60,000 per annum. Some statistics in regard to the Public Schools, gathered from the report of the Board of Education for the session of 1877–78, made public as these sheets are going through the press, will be found interesting:

Enumeration from 6 to 18	9,219
Different pupils enrolled (none re-entered)	4,235
Average monthly enrollment	3,459
Average number belonging	3,258
Average number attending	3,118
Probable number in private schools	400
Number of special teachers	3
Number of regular teachers	75
Number of pupils to the teacher	43
Cost of tuition per pupil enrolled	$11 09
Cost of tuition per pupil belonging	14 42
Cost of tuition per pupil attending	15 07
Average salary paid teachers	602 00
Total paid special teachers	2,630 00
Total paid regular teachers	44,358 00
Total cost of tuition	46,988 00
Total incidental expenses	11,012 00
Total annual expenditures	58,000 00
Number of school-houses	8
Number of school-rooms	36
Number of recitation-rooms	45
Number of seats	3,750
Value of school buildings	116,000 00
Value of school lots	45,000 00
Value of school furniture	7,000 00
Total value of property	$168,000 00

The annual cost of tuition per pupil has been reduced from $18.14 in 1874 to $13.42 for last session. The total number of seats is three thousand in white, and seven hundred and fifty in

colored schools, while the average monthly enrollment was in the former 2,712, and in the latter 747.

The numbering of the houses was completed February 1, 1853.

March 24, 1853, the city and county voted a subscription of $1,000,000 to aid four railroads coming into Nashville, as follows: To the Tennessee and Alabama (now known as the Decatur), $200,000; to the Louisville and Nashville, $300,000; to the Henderson and Nashville (now the St. Louis and Southeastern), $200,000; and to the Nashville and Northwestern, $300,000.

April 7, 1853, Ole Bull and Adelina Patti gave their first concert here. Nashville had, this year, six daily newspapers. Hon. Morgan W. Brown died March 7; Judge Alfred Balch on the 22nd of June. July 16, young Watkins jumped into the river from the suspension bridge, in the presence of a large crowd of sightseers, and was picked up by some fishermen not much injured. W. M. Paulding made a balloon ascension on the 15th of October, and landed four miles from the city. Col. Wm. Walker, of Nashville, was declared President of Lower California on the 16th of October, 1853.

Ex-President Fillmore arrived in Nashville, May 4, 1854, and was handsomely entertained. W. S. Whiteman, who had been engaged in the manufacture of paper for several years in Nashville, completed a large new mill October 1, 1854. The steamer "Rock City," built in Nashville, departed for Paducah October 15.

The funeral services of Gen. Robert Armstrong occurred on the 8th of January, 1855. On the 10th of March, an unsuccessful attempt was made to burn the Penitentiary. June 18, the South Nashville Furniture Factory was destroyed by fire. October 1, the State Fair was held, and the Mechanics' exhibition of wares, fabrics, and handicraft took place at Odd Fellows' Hall. Mount Olivet Cemetery was laid off into burying lots in October, 1855.

A large fire occurred on the Public Square March 16, 1856, by which thirteen houses were destroyed, including the old Nashville Inn and the court-house. Another destructive fire broke out on the corner of Church and Cherry streets, where the Maxwell House now stands, on the 9th of July, by which eight buildings were burned, including the Masonic Hall. August 15, the

Grand Union Association of Steamboat and Ship Engineers met in Nashville. The Hon. John L. Marling, United States Minister at Gautemala, died October 16.

In May, 1857, the Hon. Randal W. McGavock presented the Historical Society with a life-size portrait of Hon. Felix Grundy, in the presence of a large audience. May 10, the American Medical Association met here, being its tenth annual session. The Siamese Twins were on exhibition October 9, 1857.

The talented and venerable Wilkins Tannehill died on the 2d of June, 1858. He was a great Masonic light, and a literary writer of more than ordinary brilliancy. The corner-stone of the new Masonic Hall was laid October 6, 1858.

The steamer "Quaker City" was burned at our levee February 17, 1859. On the 4th of March the funeral obsequies of ex-Governor Aaron V. Brown took place. He had been a prominent politician for many years, Postmaster General, Governor, etc.

Gen. Wm. T. Haskell, the finest orator in all this region of country, died March 13, 1859, in Kentucky. Dr. John Shelby died at his residence in Edgefield May 17. By a popular vote the City Council was instructed to levy a tax of $270,000 to aid the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad, June 4. The first sermon in the new Central Baptist Church, South Nashville, was preached by Rev. Dr. W. H. Bayless, July 3. The Mulberry Street Methodist Church was dedicated July 22. The first passenger train from Nashville to Bowling Green went through August 13. August 24 a meeting was called of the subscribers to the new hotel project, when Maj. R. C. McNairy offered a resolution appointing John Kirkman and Sam. D. Morgan Commissioners to act for the subscribers to the hotel, to be erected by John Overton, Esq., on the corner of Cherry and Church streets, which was adopted; and the first spade pierced the soil for the present Maxwell House August 17. The presentation of Gen. Jackson's gold snuff box to Gen. Ward B. Burnett, of New York, took place on the 19th of August. The celebration of the opening of the Winchester and Alabama Railroad to Fayetteville took place the same day. A great "Opposition" meeting was held in Watkins' Grove August 30, and ten thousand people were said to be present. The remains of Lieut. Chandler,

who died in 1801, were removed, under the auspices of the Historical Society, from the Sulphur Spring bottom to Mount Olivet; an immense procession escorted the remains; Hon. E. H. East was orator of the day.

The excavation of the foundation of the Church of the Advent was commenced September 3. The Hon. M. F. Maury delivered his celebrated lecture on the Geography of the Sea, before the Historical Society, September 8.

The railroad bridge was completed in October, 1859, and the first passenger train, through from Louisville, passed over it the 28th of that month. It was regarded as one of the finest drawbridges in the country, and was built for the joint use of the Louisville and Nashville and Edgefield and Kentucky Railroads, at a cost of about $250,000. The funds to build it were loaned the two companies by the State of Tennessee under the general internal improvement laws. The bridge was built under the supervision and direction of A. Anderson, Chief Engineer of the Edgefield and Kentucky Railroad Company.

On the 18th of November, 1859, George G. Poindexter, one of the editors of the *Union and American*, was shot and killed by Allen A. Hall, editor of the *News*, the result of a newspaper quarrel. On the 23d of the same month Maj. Elbridge G. Eastman, principal editor of the *Union and American*, and one of the most influential political writers in the State, died suddenly at his residence in this city. Thus within five days that paper lost both of its editors.

Street sprinklers were introduced March 24, 1860. Dr. Henry Carow was killed by a young man named Truett, from Sparta, Tenn., who was intoxicated at the time. April 9 a large fire occurred on Union street, the loss amounting to $30,000. The National Typographical Union was held in the Capitol May 7. A grand parade of firemen occurred on the 17th. St. Cloud Hotel was burned May 21; loss $10,000. Corner-stone of the Church of the Advent laid May 21, by Right Rev. Bishop Otey. It was opened for sevices on the 17th of April, 1870. The great National Temperance Association met here on the 22d of May, 1869. On the 24th of July the Board of Aldermen passed the ordinance to establish a paid steam fire department, which was promptly signed by the Mayor. Capt. John S. Dashiell was the

first Chief. November 13 the Rev. John Todd Edgar, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, died suddenly, universally beloved.

On the 30th of December, 1860, a large meeting of citizens was held at the Court House, and great excitement prevailed in consequence of the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and the secession of South Carolina. Great excitement prevailed in the early part of 1861 in regard to the secession of South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, and the election of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States. Military companies were organized for home protection, the courts were suspended, and every thing was in confusion, even the United States Post Office being discontinued on the 6th of June. August 13. W. D. McNish was appointed Postmaster for the Confederate Government.

It is simply impossible, in a brief paper like this, to go into detail in regard to the war commenced in 1861. The State, as well as the city of Nashville, was decidedly opposed to separating from the other States, as expressed by a popular vote, as well as in other ways, until the firing on Fort Sumpter took place, which forced the people to take the Confederate side. A volume would be necessary to give the history of the struggle in this State, and of legislative action prior thereto. We can give only a few meagre items, simply to preserve dates of important events. Intelligence of the capture of Fort Donelson reached Nashville on Sunday morning, February 16, 1862, and produced the utmost consternation. The Legislature was convened, but speedily adjourned to Memphis, whither the public archives and money were also removed. Gen. A. S. Johnston's army, concentrated at Bowling Green, commenced passing through the city, and continued until the entire force went through. Gen. Floyd was left to cover the retreat. It was a real panic. On the 18th, at night, the troops destroyed the suspension bridge and the railroad bridge, against the earnest protest of the leading citizens.* On the 23d the rear guard of the Confederate army left, and Gen. D. C. Buel occupied Edgefield with Federal troops. On the 25th Mayor Cheatham and a committee of citizens, consisting of Messrs. James

* The railroad bridge was rebuilt by the Federal military authorites in May following.

Woods, R. C. Foster, 1st, Russell Houston, William B. Lewis, John M. Lea, John S. Brien, James Whitworth, N. Hobson, John Hugh Smith, and John M. Bass—previously appointed by the City Council to meet the Commanding General, make a formal surrender of the city to him, and negotiate for the best terms they could in regard to the protection of the property and rights of the citizens—crossed the river in the steamer "C. E. Hillman," where they were met by Generals Nelson and Mitchell, by whom they were escorted to Gen. Buell's headquarters. What transpired at this meeting of the representatives of the conquerors and the conquered, except the bare fact of the surrender of the city, remains, and is likely to remain, a portion of the unwritten history of the war. It was understood, however, that Gen. Buell was solicited to issue a proclamation defining the policy he should pursue, and what he should expect of the people, but he declined, assigning as a reason that he preferred to let his acts speak for himself. [It is noteworthy that of the actors in this conference only four survive—Gen. Buell and Messrs. Russell Houston, John M. Lea, and James Whitworth.] The day following Mayor Cheatham issued a proclamation in which he said "the interview was perfectly satisfactory to the committee, and there is every assurance of safety and protection to the people, both in their persons and their property." Gen. Buell and his army conducted themselves, as did the citizens, with "marked propriety." Gov. Johnson acted as Military Governor from March 12, 1862, to the close of the war. He ousted the Mayor and City Council for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, and appointed others in their places. A great many citizens, most of them leading men in society, and several of them ministers of the gospel, were arrested by order of Gov. Johnson and put into prison. A Union meeting was held in Nashville on the 12th of May. On the 24th several newspaper offices were seized for confiscation. Gen. Forrest, Gen. Morgan, and others, made occasional sorties about the neighborhood, which only frightened the citizens, without doing any particular harm. But the city was sometimes cut off from all communication with the outside world. Gov. Johnson levied specific contributions on the wealthy to aid the poor in procuring food. It is proper to say that he did not himself

even see the money thus collected and disbursed. He entrusted it to others. Gen. Buell and his army had left the city for the Tennessee river, and Gen. Rousseau took command in the latter part of August, but was succeeded by a man named Negley—not the regular officer, Gen. Neglee, but a volunteer General. The battle of Lavergne, fifteen miles from the city, was fought October 7, a signal little victory for the Federal troops. Gen. Rosecrans was in command in November, and made his headquarters here till the close of the war. Gen. Grant, as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Cumberland, made his headquarters here for a considerable length of time. The result of the battle of Nashville, commanded by Maj. Gen. George H. Thomas on one side, and by Gen. Hood on the other, is well known. After the struggle was over, a military force was kept here for several years. The army officers and people got along very harmoniously together, and the removal of the troops was generally regretted.

October 20, 1865, Champ Ferguson was hung at the penitentiary on account of war operations. On the 20th of November Wm. Heffran was dragged from his carriage and murdered by some ruffians belonging to the Federal army, who were subsequently apprehended, tried by court-martial, convicted, and hung. The execution took place January 26, 1866.

During the latter months of 1865, the city was full of thieves and robbers, and deeds of blood and robbery were frequent. It was unsafe to go out at night without arms. A committee of safety was appointed, and extra policemen placed on duty, until the turbulent spirits were arrested and imprisoned or driven from our midst.

The system of letter carrying was introduced January 1, 1866. The Stacey House (now Scott's Hotel) was opened the next day. A destructive fire occurred on the Public Square January 9, and Chas. H. Moore was burned to death. Dr. David T. McGavock, a life-long citizen here, died January 7. Street cars were introduced in March, 1866, the South Nashville line, of which Anson Nelson was president, being the first. The new suspension bridge, destroyed in the early part of the war, was completed June 21, 1866. The Board of Health was established June 27. Prof. Hayes made a balloon ascension September 20. Rev. Dr.

Samuel D. Baldwin, author of "Armageddon," died October 9. A fire occurred October 24, on Cedar, Cherry, and Deaderick streets, by which more than twenty houses were destroyed; loss, $300,000.

Fisk University—so named in honor of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, who had charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at this place during the war—was established by the American Association in 1866. It was known as the Fisk School till 1867, when it was incorporated as a university. It makes no distinction of race or sex, but the institution was especially designed for colored youth, and the students are composed almost entirely of colored persons. In 1871, a number of the students were organized as a singing band, known as the "Jubilee Singers," who, by concerts in the Northern States and in England, made, clear of expenses, $130,000, which was devoted to the purchase of a permanent site for the University, comprising twenty-five acres, in a beautiful suburb of the city, and to the erection of a fine building called Jubilee Hall. The singers are now engaged in their work in Europe, raising an endowment of $100,000 for the institution. The number of instructors is fourteen; the property of the institution is valued at $200,000. The school has been remarkably successful. Prof. John Ogden was Principal of the University from 1866 to 1870; Prof. A. K. Spence, from 1870 to 1875, when Rev. E. M. Cravath was elected President, and is now in service.

The Central Tennessee College, located in the southern part of the city, was organized in 1866, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is supported almost entirely by the Freedman's Aid Society of that Church. The buildings, valued at $45,000, are large and imposing. The school has been very successful, and has an average attendance of over two hundred. The Rev. John Braden, D. D., is the President.

The Nashville Normal and Theological Institute, for colored pupils of both sexes, was opened by the American Baptist Home Mission Society in 1866. The Rev. D. W. Phillips, D. D., was then, as now, the Principal of the institution. From an humble beginning, in obscure quarters in the northern suburbs of the city, it has grown to almost gigantic proportions, and now occupies one of the largest and most elegant houses in the south-

western suburbs, situated on a lovely and beautiful site. The grounds alone cost $30,000. It is in sight of, and not far from, Vanderbilt University. It is well patronized.

The cholera appeared here late in August, 1866, and raged with terrible fury for about six weeks. Many families fled the city, and much of the time during the prevalence of the disease business was pretty generally suspended and the streets almost deserted. So marked were these features that the city presented the appearance of a continuous Sabbath. The *Nashville Dispatch* of October 13 (the epidemic was then a thing of the past), estimates, from the best data at hand, at over eight hundred the harvest which the pestilence gathered while it held high carnival in the city, and says, "With the single exception of Memphis, the mortality has been greater in Nashville, according to population, than any other city it has visited in this country." It also states that "the pestilence raged with greater force than during its former visitations," in 1833, 1849, 1850, and 1854. In 1873, a year whose fame will long be connected with that of Asiatic cholera, Nashville received another severe scourge. The number of deaths was about the same as during the visitation in 1866, but the population of the city was estimated to be less in 1873 than in 1866, the result of the removal of large bodies of troops and camp-followers, who were still here in the latter year, so that the death rate from cholera in 1873 is estimated to be greater than that of 1866.

On the 8th of March, 1867, the funeral obsequies of Col. DeBow, the founder and editor of *DeBow's Review*, and of Bishop Joshua Soule, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, took place. Ex-Mayor Andrew Anderson died on the 15th of April, aged seventy-two years. He was for more than twenty years connected with the city government, and was highly esteemed.

On the 14th of May, a mutiny occurred in the penitentiary, there being an uprising of three hundred convicts. The mutiny was suppressed before any escapes were made. The east wing of the penitentiary was burned on the 24th of June; loss, $50,000.

A large bell (the largest and finest in the city) was placed in the western tower of the First Presbyterian Church on the 10th of July. It was a present from Mrs. Adelicia Cheatham, wife of Dr. W. A. Cheatham. July 26, William N. Bilbo, Esq., a

lawyer, an orator, and a writer of considerable note, departed this life. Ex-Gov. William B. Campbell died August 19, and Judge John S. Brien on the 6th of November. The Alloway residence, next to the McKendree Church, was destroyed by fire December 22, 1867.

Col. A. W. Putnam died on the 20th of January, 1869. He was the President of the Tennessee Historical Society, the author of the "Life and Times of Gen. James Robertson," and a lineal descendant of Gen. Israel Putnam, of revolutionary fame.

Work on the Tennessee and Pacific Railroad commenced June 17, 1869. In the summer of this year the city government was placed in the hands of a receiver, owing to the bad management of those who acted as mayor, aldermen and councilmen. Hon. John M. Bass was appointed receiver by the Chancery Court, and gave a large bond for the faithful performance of his duties. He discharged the trust committed to him with great fidelity, and to the entire satisfaction of the taxpayers. In the latter part of the year, the people elected men of their choice as mayor and aldermen and councilmen; Mr. Bass made a full report, and turned the affairs of the city over to K. J. Morris, Esq., the new Mayor, and his colleagues of the City Council. The Hon. John Bell, one of Tennessee's noted politicians, died at Cumberland Furnace, September 10. His body was brought here, laid in state in the capitol for one or two days, and buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery. The Maxwell House was opened for guests on the 22d of September, 1869, by M. Kean & Co.

The post-office was removed to the corner of Cedar and Cherry streets, January 14, 1870, its present location. Ex-Mayor John Hugh Smith died July 7. The College Hill Foundry was burned September 11; loss, $27,000. The improvements on the capitol grounds were resumed, after ten years' neglect, October 26, 1870.

The Nashville Industrial Exposition committees were organized on the 26th of February, 1871, the building commenced on the 17th of March, and the Exposition was formally opened on the 8th of May. Dr. Wm. H. Wharton, a physician and minister of the Christian Church, died May 8. Christina Neilson sung in Nashville May 4. The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church met in Nashville May 18, 1871.

On the 10th of April, 1871, our German citizens had a grand

jubilee procession in commemoration of peace between France and Germany. The death of Rev. T. V. Moore, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, occurred August 5, 1871. Judge W. K. Turner died on the 10th of the same month. On the 19th of November the large and elegant cotton factory, in North Nashville, was put in operation, running over 75,000 spindles. Col. Samuel D. Morgan was president of the company, and had superintended the building from the very beginning, looking after the minutest details, as he had previously done in the erection of the capitol. He was for many years one of our leading wholesale merchants.

January 22, 1872, a great fire occurred on Market street; loss, $200,000. Col. G. C. Torbett died February 14. Mrs. Francis B. Fogg, one of the best and most benevolent women that ever lived here, died on the 14th of March. A destructive fire took place on the corner of Market street and the Public Square; loss, $50,000. The epizootic, or horse disease, made its appearance in November, and nearly all the horses in the city were attacked. The street cars stopped running, and oxen were in demand for hauling goods to the different depots.

January 1, 1873, a fire on the Public Square destroyed property to the amount of $25,000. McCrae, Maury & Co.'s distillery was burned January 28.

The Industrial Exposition was again opened, May 1, 1873, and was carried on with remarkable success for one month.

The Vanderbilt University, located in the western suburbs of the city, owes its foundation to the munificence of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, who, on the 27th of March, 1873, made a donation of $500,000, to which he afterwards added about $200,000, to found an institution of learning of a high grade here.* The ground was broken for the main edifice

* Dr. Charles F. Deems, who is so widely known in the South, and who became an intimate friend of Commodore Vanderbilt from the time he took charge of the "Church of the Strangers," in New York, recently gave the following as the words used by Commodore Vanderbilt in a conversation which took place some time after the founding of Vanderbilt University: "I concluded to do this because I fought the South when the South was in rebellion. I gave a vessel worth a million to show my views on that subject; and now I am willing to give a larger amount of money to show these people who have been subjugated that the Northern men do not bear animosity."

September 15, 1873, and the corner-stone was laid April 28, 1874. The University opened its first term October 3–4, 1875, on which days suitable dedicatory and inaugural services were held. The apparatus for astronomical observations for the school of physics, the chemical laboratory, etc., are not surpassed in this country. The cabinet of minerals, stones, etc., embraces about six thousand specimens.

The Tennessee Historical Society was reorganized in May, 1874, and has been in successful operation ever since. Its present officers are: Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, president; Hon. John M. Lea, vice-president; Gen. G. P. Thruston, corresponding secretary; J. S. Carels, treasurer; Dr. J. B. Lindsley, librarian; and Anson Nelson, recording secretary.

The new Cumberland Presbyterian Church was completed April 22, 1874. The corner-stone of the new Odd Fellows' Hall was laid, with imposing ceremonies, on the 30th of June. September 16, the Fourth Annual Industrial Exposition was opened, with an imposing procession of societies and citizens.

The funeral procession to do honor to the memory of Andrew Johnson, ex-President of the United States, ex-Governor, etc., in January, 1875, was unusually large. The Hon. Joseph S. Fowler was the orator of the day.

The Fire Alarm Telegraph went into operation on the 30th of January, 1875, and cost the city $22,500. It has about twenty miles of wire in the city, which is divided into four fire districts, united by an automatic repeater. The Fire Department consists of four steam fire engines, with necessary apparatus, horses, etc., and one hook and ladder truck. Capt. Wm. Stockell is the Chief, a position he has occupied since the summer of 1869. The cost of the department is about $35,000 a year.

Policeman Frazer was killed April 30. The celebrated Whittle and Bliss meetings were held in April and May, in the old exposition buildings, and created a profound impression. Vice-President Henry Wilson visited the city in May.

Work on the Custom-house was commenced November 17. Its white granite walls, ornamented with an imposing front and with beautifully designed and exquisitely ornamented windows, now reach the third story. This building, for architectural design and magnificent appearance, will rival any building of the kind in the United States.

NOTES.

THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

Judge Guild was a member of the Legislature of Tennessee from Sumner county when the proposition came before that body to charter the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He carried the measure through the Legislature, and also voted for State aid to the road. He was the author of the act submitting to the people of Sumner and Davidson counties the proposition for a subscription of $300,000 to the capital stock of the road, and carried the vote in favor of the measure by a vigorous canvass of those counties. Gov. Helm was the first President of the road, and Judge Guild was the Vice-President for Tennessee, and each devoted himself to the location and construction of this important enterprise. This road is the great artery of commerce and transportation between the North and the South, forming a connection with the railway system of those sections.

THE HON. BAILIE PEYTON

departed this life on his farm in Sumner county, August 26, 1878. At the bar and citizens' meeting in Gallatin, Jo. C. Guild pronounced the eulogy upon his life and character.

CONCLUSION.

The South has just passed through one of the most terribly destructive scourges with which it has ever been afflicted. The yellow fever has prevailed in a most virulent form in New Orleans and Memphis—where it is estimated that fully thirty-five thousand people were attacked by the pestilence—and in many interior towns in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky, while the death-rate has been simply appalling, amounting in some places to sixty per cent of the population. The scourge appears to have traveled up the Mississippi river and by the railroads. It diverged at Memphis, one line extending up the river into Kentucky, while the other followed

the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and the Tennessee river as far as Chattanooga. It also followed the lines of railroads in West Tennessee, and raged with fearful severity in many of the towns in that section. By God's blessing, Nashville was exempt from the scourge, and afforded an asylum to thousands who fled from infected districts. While the South was thus sorely afflicted, and in need of nurses, physicians, and means of subsistence, the appeals of the suffering people were promptly responded to by a sympathising, generous, noble people of the North, who, for three months, made large donations of money and supplies of all kinds, not only for the sick, but for the starving poor. This generous and noble bearing of our brethren of the North makes us feel that we are one people, one country, with a common destiny. Notwithstanding we have been engaged in an intestine war, the noble generosity of the North has made us feel like Henry IV, when he said, in anticipation of a cessation of the wars of the Roses:

"No more the thirsty Erinnys of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks
March all one way; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master."

...ary of Nashville ... Davidson County
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